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An old-time reminder for today's winter health . . .

'Way back in grandma's time . . . the first cold breath of winter was the signal for scenes like the one you see here.

Without modern heating systems, the change to long, fleecy underwear was a wise precaution against winter ills. If a cold did start coming on, grandma insisted on another ritual . . . a hot bath before the roaring fire in the kitchen stove, a daub of ointment rubbed on the chest and a quick retreat to a warm feather bed.

Today, as in grandma's time, it is not wise to make too light of a cold. What seems to be only a slight cold may actually be the beginning of pneumonia and other respiratory ailments. So, even if you don't feel "really sick" with a cold, authorities urge you to do these things:

1. Rest more than usual . . . eat lightly . . . drink plenty of water and fruit juices.

2. Be sure to check your temperature . . . and if you have even a degree or so of fever, go to bed. If fever persists, call your doctor.

Fever is important because it may indicate trouble of a more serious nature . . . sinusitis, ear infections, bronchitis and pneumonia . . . to mention a few. When these and other common winter ailments are promptly treated, the chances for rapid recovery are good—thanks largely to the antibiotic drugs.

The effectiveness of these drugs is perhaps most strikingly illustrated in the treatment of pneumonia. This disease used to claim one fourth to one third of the patients who had it. Today, all but a very small proportion of pneumonia patients are saved.

Even though medical science can now bring about more and quicker recoveries from the major winter ailments, it is wise to take every precaution against catching a cold. Here are some measures which may help:

1. Guard against drafts and chilling . . . and always wear clothing suited to weather conditions.

2. Get enough sleep and rest . . . and eat well-balanced meals to help keep resistance built up during the cold months.

3. Whenever possible avoid exposure to those who have respiratory illnesses.

4. If you have frequent colds, or if you are generally "run down," ask your doctor about preventive measures against respiratory infections.

REMEMBER, too, what seems to be a cold in a child often turns out to be the beginning of measles, whooping cough or some other communicable disease. So, it is always wise to keep a child with a cold at home to protect others as well as himself. The communicable diseases are most contagious in this early stage.

Metropolitan's new booklet called *Respiratory Diseases* gives additional information to help improve winter health. Simply clip and mail the coupon below for your free copy.

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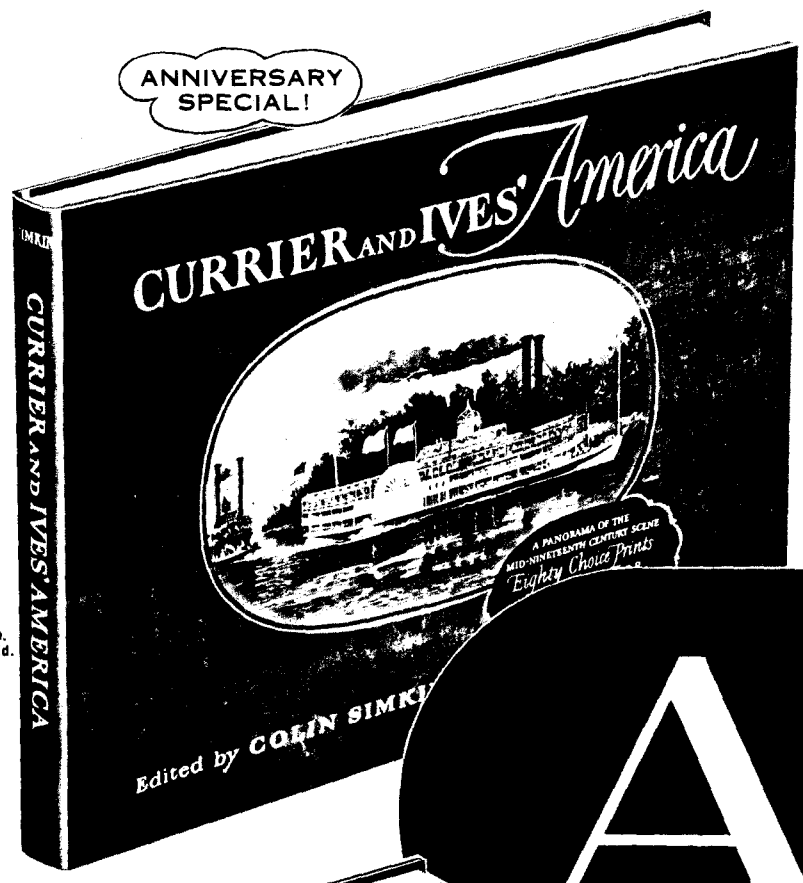
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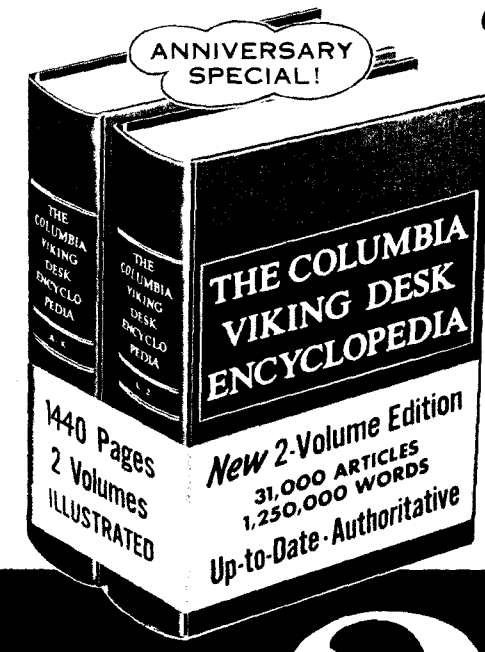

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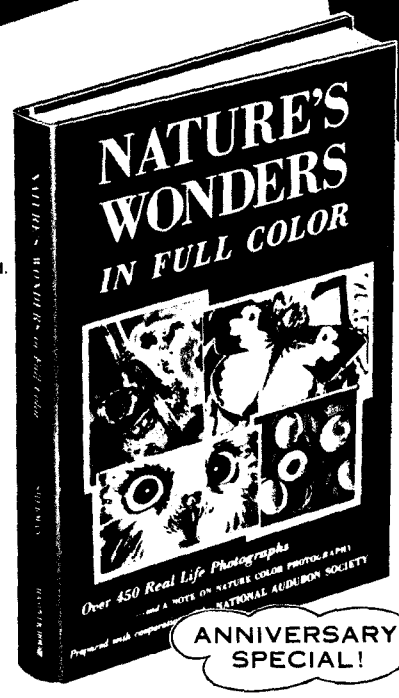

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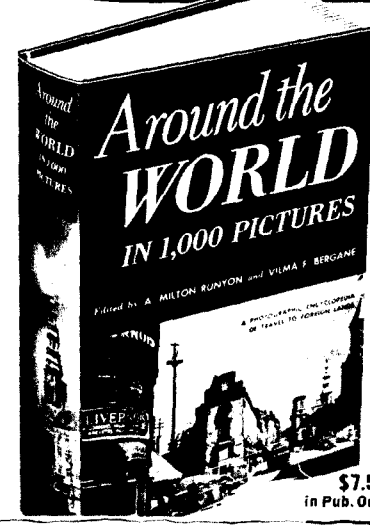

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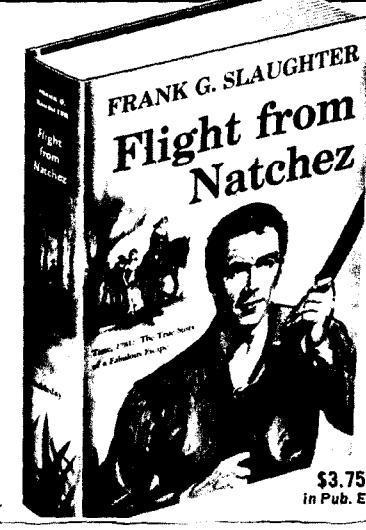

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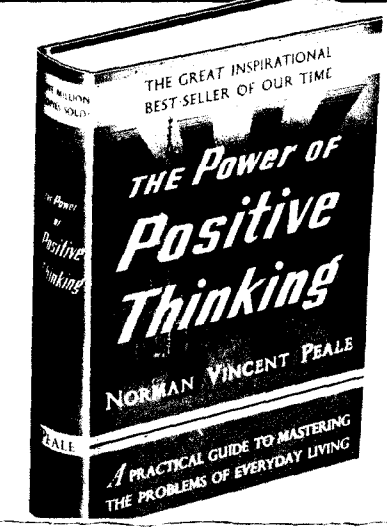
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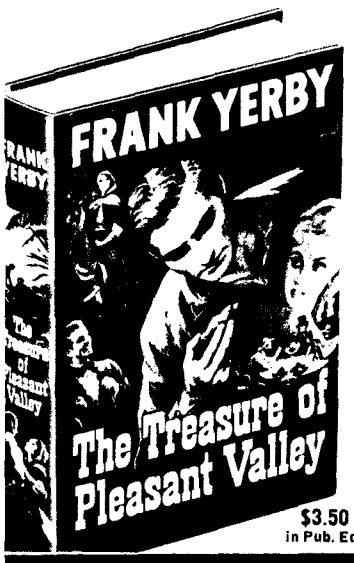

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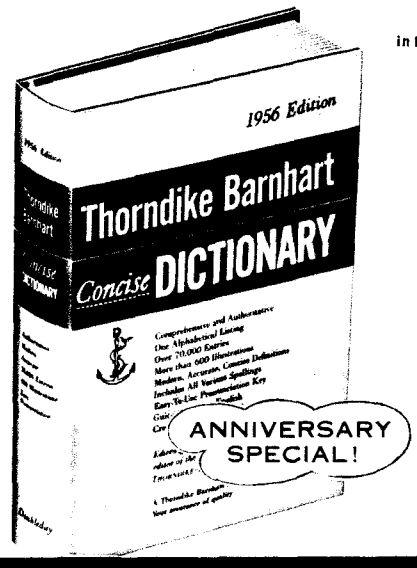

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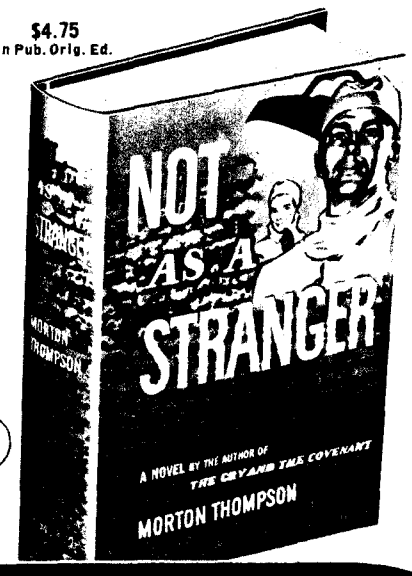

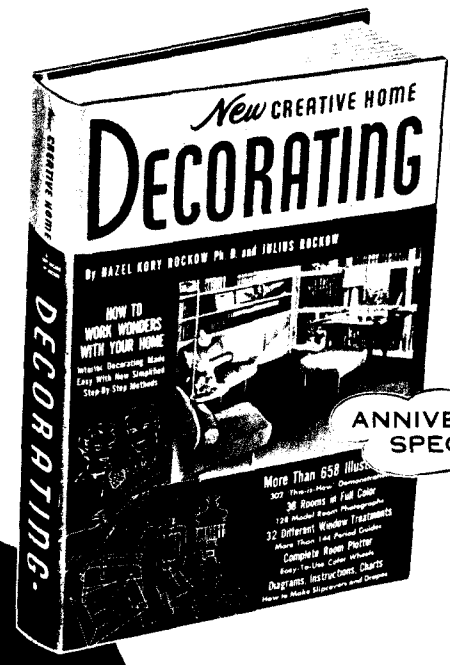
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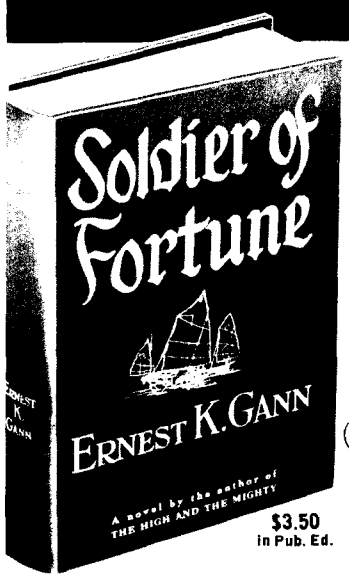

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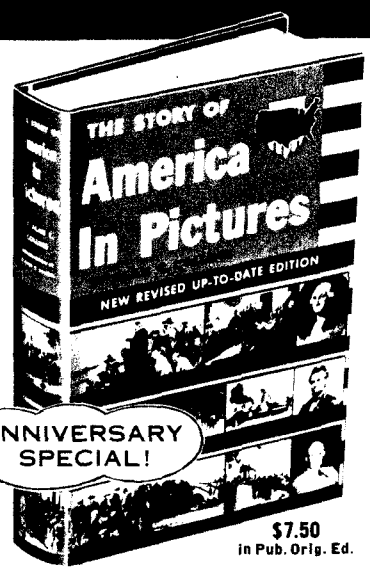

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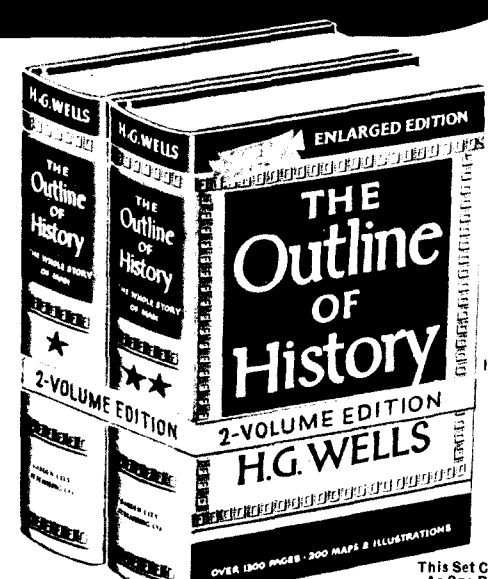

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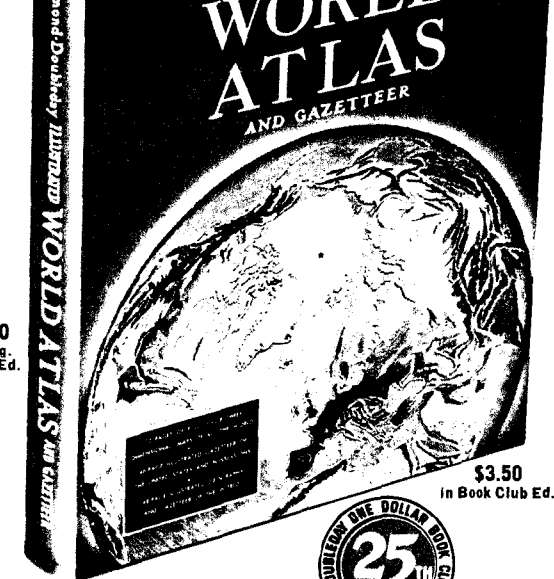

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

I WAS HIRED for this job because I have had a great deal of experience as author, critic and press agent in the entertainment field, and because I am a master of the simple declarative sentence. The Big Entertainment this year will be, of course, The Election, but Collier's in hiring me did not know that they were also hiring a political expert.

In political matters, by which I can only mean predictions, I am almost always right. Right in the sense of correct, or accurate. The only time I was wrong on a Presidential election I had allowed sentiment to influence me: I was so very much for Al Smith as Al Smith, and because I had gone to prep school with two of his sons, that I lost $50 on that election. (That same night I also lost money playing, for the first time, a new game called contract bridge, and the obvious lesson from that night was: never try to learn contract bridge while Herbert Bayard Swope is conceding New York State to Hoover.)

Well, I have decided to give you the benefit of my vast political experience, writing my stuff with deceptive frivolity so that I do not appear to conflict with the card-carrying experts, but don't think for one minute that I am out to make a chump of myself. I am a serious-minded man underneath it all.

I shall start out by predicting that President Eisenhower will not run again.

My long-range prediction is that the Republican candidate will be Earl Warren.

My long-range conditional prediction is that Warren will win, barring a major economic collapse.

On the Democratic side I predict that the Presidential candidate will be Governor Averell Harriman and that the Vice-Presidential candidate may very easily be Senator John F. Kennedy.

I do not suggest that you paste these predictions in your hat. The hat industry, full of gratitude for something I wrote last year, offered to give me a hat, but that was the last I ever heard of it, so I suggest you paste these predictions in your Thunderbird, your Corvette or your Mercedes-Benz.

Oh, yes: I have never voted anything but the straight Democratic ticket.

★ ★ ★

FIRST, A QUOTE: "If there's anything I hate in the novels these days it is this sex obsession. This pseudo-tough realism in which every sexual depravity is intimately described—it drives me straight back to Jane Austen. I liked The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit. For the first time in a long while, I *cared* (italics *not* mine: J.O'H.) about the people in the book. I cared what happened to them . . ."

Who do you think said all that? Ellery Sedgwick? John P. Marquand? J. Donald Adams? Mrs. Roosevelt? Ilya Ehrenburg? Edward Weeks? Well, you know neither one of them said it or I wouldn't be mentioning them.

Who said it was Noel Coward, in one of a series of interviews, press parties and personal appearances to scatter good will for his new television career, and, very likely, to drum up a little trade for a novel he is writing.

What might be called The New Piety is going to sit well (Osbert, Edith or Sacheverell; take your choice) with all those who have recognized Coward as a person of talent while deploring his subject matter and, in some cases, the explicitness of demonstration; as, for instance, when in a play called Point Valaine he had Alfred Lunt spit in the face of Lynn Fontanne; or, in The Vortex, the discovery of a box of nose candy by someone who was only looking for a cigarette lighter. Or, possibly less explicit but plain to see, the *ménage à trois*, as in Design for Living: mate-swapping, as in Private Lives; and other departures from the Jane Austen school of literature as evident in countless songs such as Mad about the Boy.

Look, old bean, don't knock the roast beef because you've stuffed yourself with hors d'oeuvres. And stop trying to kid the public. Cavalcade didn't get you a knighthood, and popping off here for the church people isn't going to get you elected to anything. The conventionalism was always there, but you've always worked the other side of the street. Don't be so holy while you've still got that warm Vegas dough in your reticule.

You mustn't ever think that I have soured
On Mr. Coward.
But when the 1955 Petronius
Gets sanctimonious,
I burn, I gripe, I squawk and I complain.
(Coward wants to sing: "I'll CBS again.")

AL HIRSCHFELD

I haven't soured on Noel Coward, but I do gripe when he gets sanctimonious and tries to kid the American public

★ ★ ★

WE ARE GETTING quite close to the birthday of James G. Blaine, Zane Grey, Irving Langmuir, Anna Pavlova, Franz Schubert, Eddie Cantor, Isham Jones, Rupert Hughes, Mrs. David Hearst and Tallulah Bankhead. Well, I haven't got much in common with the man whose friend, the Reverend S. D. Burchard, characterized us Democrats as the party of "rum, Romanism and rebellion"; like Zane Grey and Rupert Hughes I am an author; I know a couple of fellows that won the Nobel prize, and that's all I have in common with Dr. Langmuir; I fancy myself on the dance floor, but not doing a *pas de Basque*, which takes care of me and Mme. Pavlova; I admire the music of Isham Jones and Franz Schubert; I am not pretty like Hopie Hearst, and I am not a comedian.

It *could* be argued that Tallulah Bankhead and I have similar tastes. But I'm afraid that all I really share with those talented and decorative people is a birthday, and I have enough of them to go around. But since my birthday is also my wedding anniversary, and since I am secretly convinced that I grow in wisdom and tolerance and geniality and mastery of my profession, I shall refrain from the columnist's conventional lugubriousness. Remind me to send shiny dimes to all the Rockefeller children and my blessings to all but one or two incompetent book reviewers.

★ ★ ★

I NOTICE that Larry Clinton has written a piece called Strange Noise in the Attic.

If Mr. Clinton wants to know what the strange noise in the attic is, it's the old Dorsey record of Stop, Look & Listen.

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A TASTE OF FEAR

By WALT MEADE

FOR a matador, Luis, you are stupid," old Giolito said softly. He could not be angry with his son, for anger did no good. The boy had to learn courage himself, perhaps on the horn of a bull.

"It's the bulls that are stupid!" Luis said, "strong and vicious, sometimes, but not brave."

"When you first feel the horn in your flesh, you will think differently," the old man said.

Luis had fought well that afternoon; old Giolito had to concede that. But Luis lacked that quality that matadors must bring with them into the ring—the fear of bulls. And without fear he could not have courage.

Luis was an unusual matador: he was tall—six feet in his slippers—and he had red hair, and he had been fighting bulls as long as he could remember. His skill had come to him too easily, and he thought little of the romantic notions of death and truth cherished by old men who no longer fought.

Luis's cold detachment, his thin-lipped smile fascinated his audiences but did not move them. "They come to see a bull killed well," he would say.

"How you have missed it, Luis! They come to see danger and courage, victory over fear. One day, if you learn this, you will be great; if you do not, you will be dead."

One Sunday in January when he came to see his son fight in La Plaza Mexico, the old man was more than usually anxious. He knew there was a *corrida* of eight great Miura bulls from the same stock as the animal that had killed Manolete. All about the streets of Mexico City were heard reports of the fantastic price paid for the bulls. And Luis Ramazas had drawn a red bull! They could match his hair if they could not match his skill.

By midafternoon the Plaza was filled to capacity. People sipped beer, bought cushions, and moved about, restless as crowds always are before a much-publicized performance. Finally the president of the arena entered his box, and the music began.

Old Giolito stood near the wooden *barrera* that surrounded the ring. He smoked constantly during the first fight. During the second fight he went out to have a beer in the areaway. Luis was third on the card and it was not until the gate was opened to turn out the red bull that the old man got back to his place at the edge of the ring.

Suddenly there was the rush of a great black-red Miura bull churning up the shining sand. The crowd roared. Here was a bull to merit cheering: a mature animal, probably five years old, well muscled, with a neck that could move hills. No one had seen such a bull in the Plaza since Giolito Ramazas, Luis's father, had fought there years ago.

In the first third of the fight, the red bull took the pic seven times, but it did not slow. It seemed to grow more fierce, until at last it had tossed one of the horses and its rider. If one of the *toreros* had not moved quickly with his cape to draw the bull away, the fallen picador would have been gored.

During the passes with the cape the bull scored again. This time an apprentice *torero* was wounded. Luis stepped to the *barrera* where his father stood. "His right is the master horn, Papa. Watch how the right ear twitches before he charges. He knows how to use his horns."

"He is a brave bull," the old man said.

Luis smiled. "We shall see."

It was the time to place the *banderillas*. Luis always placed his own. He walked with the two bright, barbed sticks, each about a yard long, out into the arena toward the bull.

The crowd applauded politely. They liked to see a matador who could also be good with the *banderillas*. Luis cited the bull and, as the animal charged, he began to run toward it. A quick movement and it was over, the pair of barbed sticks well placed in the neck and not too deep.

Luis placed two more *banderillas* and then came the signal of the white handkerchief waved by the president and the trumpet signal for the last third of the fight—the third of death.

Luis walked briskly out into the ring, the red serge *muleta* in his left hand, the unsheathed sword in his right. He stopped in front of the stands to dedicate the bull: "To the greatest of them all—to Giolito Ramazas, my father."

A piece of paper, floating down from the stands, swirled around the head of the bull as it stood in the ring. The bull charged it, head high, and speared it on one horn. The crowd roared. Even near the moment of death, the animal was fighting. Not even the skillful placing of the *banderillas* had seemed to correct the hook of its master horn.

Luis watched the bull tearing the bit of paper, and he smiled. Then he turned his back on the animal as if to reassert his dominance. There was a shout from the crowd. Luis pivoted instinctively, but before he could move the *muleta* the bull caught his thigh and flung him high into the air.

The old man stood gripping the *barrera,* his face pale. This was the moment that his son's life, his honor, the finding of his courage depended on.

There was a rush of capes as the assistants tried to move the bull from the fallen matador. The red bull turned Luis over and over on the sand with its muzzle, unable to get the master horn in again.

AT LAST, confused by the capes, the bull turned away. Luis stood up before anyone could get to him and signaled to the president that he would go on. His tights showed red on the thigh.

Luis lowered his arms, brought the *muleta* in front of him and held it there to force the animal directly at him in half charge. It was now a battle of basic courage, both contestants tired and bleeding, both impressed with the merit of the other.

The bull charged quickly, and with the *muleta* in his left hand, so that the bull would move away from his body, Luis passed it in a *natural,* the most dangerous pass of all. For the first time, he swayed back on his feet to avoid the horn.

Luis turned again to receive the bull. He brought it this time across his chest in a *pase de pecho.* When the pass was completed, Luis's shirt front showed red from the blood of the bull. Smiling faintly he glanced toward the edge of the ring, where his father stood. When their eyes met, the cynical, boyish smile slowly faded from Luis's lips.

The Miura bull moved two short steps, lowered its head and charged. Luis passed it so close in a *natural* that the crowd screamed, "No!"

The animal and man stood opposite each other again. It was the moment. Luis placed his feet together. He sighted between the horns with the sword in his right hand, the *muleta* in his left. He turned then, his left shoulder toward the bull, and flicked the *muleta* with his wrist. The crowd shouted, "No! No!" He was going to receive the bull in a *suerte de recibir,* so dangerous and deadly that it was very seldom seen, even in Spain.

The bull charged and the action seemed to freeze. What perhaps took three seconds seemed minutes long. The sword seemed to sink in slowly, Luis leaning far into the horns and the bull following the tip of the fluttering *muleta* around his body. Then, from the crowd, came cheers.

Luis saluted the president's box, walked once around the arena and then out of the sunlight into the cool areaway. The pain in his leg welled up inside him and seemed to press against his eyes. And then the doctor was there, and his father, and they walked together toward the infirmary.

"I have never seen such a fighter, Papa."

"We learn all we know from the bulls."

"It was a good fight, Papa?"

"Very good," old Giolito said. They reached the infirmary and he stopped. "I will be in your dressing room, Luis," he said, and turned away.

Someday, perhaps, he would tell his son what he had done; after today, Luis might understand. The arena would never have paid such a price for one *corrida* of bulls. And to create a great matador it sometimes takes a great bull—a bull worth the hard-won savings of an old man.

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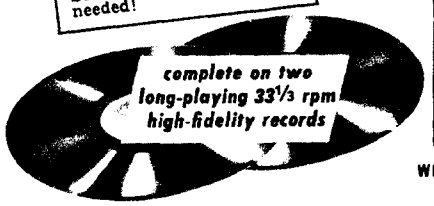

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Somewhere west of Topeka, Kansas, this gentleman asked a farmer how far it was to Alma. "Used to be ten mile," the farmer said, "but the way things have gone up lately, it might be twenty-five." We're depending on the rumor that television has cut heavily into reading and that you haven't come across this jape before.

★ ★ ★

Short time back John (Appointment with) O'Hara spoke of his enduring affection for the late, great Albert Einstein. And that churned our memory. It must have been about 1921 that old 48, then a brash, green cub reporter, was sent to Schenectady, New York, to see the late, great Charles Proteus Steinmetz, General Electric's engineering genius. Einstein, in Europe, had said that he knew of only three Americans who understood his theory of relativity and that one of them was Steinmetz. So said we to Steinmetz, "Doctor, can you explain relativity in such simple terms that the average newspaper reader too can understand?" Said Steinmetz: "Yes." And we said: "Good. Will you do so?" Steinmetz shook his head. "No," said he. We asked him why. "Because," he replied, "you wouldn't understand it." And that was that. We still feel funny about the emphasis he put on "you."

★ ★ ★

She weighed in at 115 pounds. Then Mrs. Miriam Long, of Greensburg, Pennsylvania, proceeded for six hours to eat cookies, candy, cakes, bread, rolls, doughnuts and similar products of proud Pennsylvania ovens. On her taste buds depended the awarding of prizes to contesting cooks. Who won is of no concern here. But for three fourths of a union workday, pausing

IRWIN CAPLAN

only occasionally for a reviving glass of water, Mrs. Long ate the above-mentioned avoirdupois boosters and when she quit weighed only 14 ounces more than her starting 115. The secret: "Simple," says Mrs. Long. "Always nibble. Never gulp."

★ ★ ★

After devoting several seconds to deeply absorbed contemplation of the scientific discovery that most cats are left-handed, we have decided that this will in no way alter our personal way of life. We have also received from a gentleman in Ten Sleep, Wyoming, instructions on how to stampede a buffalo herd. This last may be handy, so we've tucked it away in our file labeled Recreations for Rainy Days.

★ ★ ★

We pause for a private word to a politician we know and like, who hankers to move to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D.C. Listen: slip down to McComb, Mississippi, someday when nobody's looking. A few miles west you'll find the home of Mrs. Bennett Willoughby. Knock gently on

the door. Ask Mrs. Willoughby for permission to sit in "the victory chair." Three candidates whose chances of becoming governor of the state were smaller than a cricket's appendix sat in that chair and they all won. Please keep this to yourself. Mrs. Willoughby does not like parades.

★ ★ ★

The debate in the Missouri legislature, says Mrs. Margaret Lucas, of Crane (same state), was just a few decibels short of deafening. It was something to do with roads. Bitterness boiled and rancor raged. Just one honorable gentleman had remained wordless and apparently uninterested. The presiding officer fixed that by shouting: "The member from Stone County has not yet spoken. What is your reaction, sir?" The member from Stone County rose slowly. "In Stone County," said he with dignity, "there's some that's for it and some that's agin it. And that's the situation in Stone County." Then he sat down.

★ ★ ★

In Leicester, Massachusetts, Mrs. Helen Hultman threw her newspaper down and said to Mr. Hultman: "I shall have to write old 48 at once. He will know what to do about this letter to the women's editor." The letter: "I have several recipes which call for buttered bread crumbs and they are such a job to make. Can you tell me if there is an easier method than trying to spread the butter on the crumb?" Well, we usually hang the crumb by a string and squirt butter at it. (No charge for this advice.)

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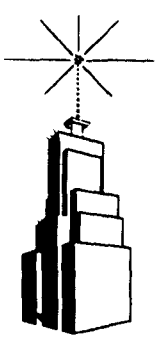

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LETTERS

In This Corner . . .

EDITOR: As a fellow player who has been through many such pitched battles with other personalities like those described by Bette Davis in All about Me (Nov. 25th, Dec. 9th), may I congratulate you for not editing out this "cold turkey" material from her story? It should encourage people in all fields to realize that they cannot make the most of their abilities unless they are prepared, like Miss Davis, to be sure of their ground and then to fight the good fight on it. FITZROY DAVIS, Highland Park, N.J.

. . . I wondered at Miss Davis's statement, "The only feud I ever had was with Miriam Hopkins—and that was a beauty." For, only a few paragraphs later, she remembers being beautifully slapped on the stage by the late Laura Hope Crews. And what else could one call Miss Davis's lawsuit with Warner Brothers? . . .

The most puzzling part of Miss Davis telling all about herself is her report of the first day of shooting The Old Maid: "Miriam Hopkins swept in wearing an exact replica of the gown I had worn in my award-winning picture Jezebel. . . ."

It is well known to everyone in the motion-picture industry . . . that a leading lady's professional wardrobe is never designed by her. Every major studio has a top costume designer, Orry Kelly in this instance. After the costumes are designed they are approved by the producer and the final okay must come from the head of the studio. . . . Now how on earth could I have possibly worn a replica of Miss Davis's Jezebel costume?

Bless your memory, dear Laura Hope Crews! MIRIAM HOPKINS, New York, N.Y.

The President's Pastor

EDITOR: We wish to register our deep appreciation for The President and His Pastor, by Caspar Nannes (Nov. 11th). The article was excellently written, informative and intelligent. . . .
(REV.) WALTON W. RANKIN, Manager, Publicity Dept., The Presbyterian Church in the U.S.A., Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . Mr. Nannes says President Eisenhower's parents belonged to the River Brethren, a Mennonite group. I feel sure that both your editorial staff and Mr. Nannes are unaware that . . . for 50 years, from 1896 until her death in 1946, the mother of the President was an active Jehovah's Witness. David Jacob Eisenhower, the President's father, was also a Jehovah's Witness for many years. LINDA M. PIERCE, Baytown, Texas

Transmutation

EDITOR: The official record of the Bikini atomic tests in the summer of 1946 gives the weight of the column of water raised by the underwater explosion (Test Baker) as 10,000,000 tons. That was the figure I mentioned in my article, The Promise of Tomorrow (Dec. 23d), but unfortunately in the printed text it was somehow transmuted (by typographical alchemy, no doubt) into 2,000,000. I am calling this to your attention to set the record straight. WILLIAM L. LAURENCE, New York, N.Y.

Ten Demerits . . .

EDITOR: Shades of Smedley Butler! A Marine on the cover of Collier's (Nov. 25th) with his shirt pockets unbuttoned. JOHN HENDERSON, Santa Monica, Cal.

. . . Ten demerits for Captain McCutchen! . . . JACK BOYD, Tampa, Fla.

Says McCutchen: "Yeah, I goofed!"

The Democrats

EDITOR: Theodore White's article on The Democrats (Oct. 28th) is a first-class job. THOMAS K. FINLETTER, New York, N.Y.

. . . A very fine article. . . .
JOHN F. KENNEDY, U.S. Senate

. . . I enjoyed reading it tremendously. . . . DAVID L. LAWRENCE, Democratic National Committee

. . . A mountain of prose but new information therein was mouse-size. . . .
A. T. GIBSON, Boston, Mass.

. . . The article pleased me more than anything ever done about Adlai. As a sister I am constantly surprised how few of the men writing about him have really enough penetration to *see* him. But at last I've found my writer. . . .
ELIZABETH S. IVES, Bloomington, Ind.

The Cover Philippe Halsman and Bob Willoughby

Vice-President Nixon has had a meteoric career in his 43 years. He practiced law from 1937 to 1942, then served in the Navy for three years. In 1946, Republicans in his California district, seeking a Congressional candidate, advertised in the papers. Nixon answered, was nominated—and won election. As a House member, he played a vital role in bringing Alger Hiss to trial. In 1950, Nixon was elected U.S. senator—and in 1952, Vice-President. Now, says Roscoe Drummond on page 17, he could be tapped for higher office • In the upper right corner are Steve Allen and Benny Goodman, whose stories on the old B. G. band are on p. 26

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COLLIER'S CREDITS..

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE'S article on disarmament in this issue blows like a fresh breeze on the weary international-affairs headlines of today.

Having made a career of studying the civilizations of the past and present, Dr. Toynbee, more than most of us, has had strong feelings and convictions about world affairs in the form of East-West fencing at summit meetings, Foreign Ministers conferences and the like. So Collier's asked the distinguished British historian to set down his thoughts on what the chances are for peace at this time, and what can and ought to be done to achieve it. The result, Disarmament after Geneva, can be found on page 32.

Toynbee's career was capped in the fall of 1954 when the last four volumes of his 10-volume work, A Study of History, were published by Oxford University Press. He is presently Research Professor of International History in London University and Director of Studies at the Royal Institute of International Affairs.

★ ★ ★

HE HAS eaten in a few fancy and exclusive places around the world, Associate Editor Cornelius Ryan tells us, but nothing like the club Admiral Jerauld Wright took him to, while Ryan was writing NATO's Navy (page 24).

This club is so exclusive that we aren't even allowed to mention its name. It's situated in an inconspicuous brownstone house on a Washington, D.C., street and there are only 35 members, all famous people like Admiral Wright. No use trying to go there or telephone the place—you'll never get to first base.

"He who enters here," says a sign, "leaves rank and precedence behind." Ryan says he had neither when he entered the door as one of Wright's 20 dinner guests—all high NATO officials. They wore civilian clothes, drew their place cards from a silver bowl, and then sat at a huge round table, so nobody outranked nobody.

"We had steamed clams to start with," Ryan recalls with a smile, "a monstrous beef-and-kidney pie, salad, freshly made corn bread, crepes suzette, delicious wines throughout the meal and brandy afterward."

Oh, yes, Admiral Wright himself made the crepes-suzette sauce and the recipe, too, is a great, big top secret.

★ ★ ★

BENNY GOODMAN was, I think, the first idol I ever had," Dick Gehman says. "I can remember that in 1937-'38 I used to travel (by thumb) fearful distances to hear his band, and no other band ever has sounded quite so good to me.

"Well, last year we moved from Lancaster, Pennsylvania, to Stamford, Connecticut, and who should turn out to be my next-door neighbor—give or take a house—but the King himself."

It was too much to resist. Gehman's red corpuscles surged to his note-taking and typing fingers, and the piece in this issue eventually resulted.

Gehman calls himself a magazine writer who does novels in his spare time (most recent: Driven, and The Slander of Witches). He's married to television actress Estelle Parsons and they have eight-month-old twin girls.

★ ★ ★

YOU might say that John Herling has just completed an orbit. Here he is in his latest story (page 54) writing about the AFL-CIO merger, when his *first* assignment back in 1935 (for The Milwaukee Leader) was the convention where they fell apart.

Herling is a Harvard ('28) chap who studied classics and philosophy, considered being a lawyer, but "labor is the great running story of the twentieth century. So I got into it," he says today. He's been writing about that subject for 20 years now, and is best known for his weekly Labor Letter out of Washington and for his regular column distributed by the Editors Syndicate to papers from Oregon Journal to Minneapolis Star to Boston Globe, and points between.

★ ★ ★

THE fellow seen below is Duncan MacDougald, Jr., plunging his hands into a binful of garlic at the Garlic Corporation of America in New York City, an import house without a name or number on the front of the building for obvious reasons: you just can't fail to notice when you come to it.

Philologist, musicologist, ethnologist and garlic fanatic (page 20), MacDougald studied at Princeton and universities abroad, meaning to be a professor, but got sidetracked into writing stories about sports, fashion, gastronomy and so forth. When not doing learned research in some *bibliothèque*, he is apt to be found living it up in Capri, Austria, Saint-Moritz, Deauville or even Brevard, North Carolina, his home town.

On his last trip to New York to put the finishing touches on the garlic article for us, he ran into a friend—a stately, patrician, decorous lady who is a retired stage actress. He rushed to greet her and enthusiastically informed her, "I've just written a long story on garlic." She quickly drew back, threw up a hand and replied, "You're telling me!"

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

Garlic fancier Duncan MacDougald, Jr., shows a complete grasp of his subject

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"Competition gives us better values

– *we got a good buy on our TV set!*"

Inquiring Reporter: What do you folks think of the proposals in Congress that would give *regulated* forms of transportation more freedom to price their services in competition with each other – and with unregulated trucks and barges, too?

Husband: Well, we've just bought a new TV set at a very good price – with every store in town competing to give us the best value. Competition always gives us more for our money.

Wife: Isn't there competitive pricing in transportation, too?

Inquiring Reporter: Not always. Present government regulations frequently require regulated carriers, such as all railroads and some trucks, to make freight rates higher than would otherwise be necessary – just to protect competing forms of transportation.

Husband: I read about that. Didn't a Cabinet Committee appointed by the President recommend a change?

Inquiring Reporter: Yes. The Committee says that if each form of transportation were given the right to make rates related to its own costs and needs, everybody would benefit – including consumers like yourselves.

Wife: I should think so. After all, freight charges are part of the cost of everything we buy.

Husband: Like our new TV set, for example. Yes indeed, you can say we favor competitive freight rates!

For full information on this vital subject, write for booklet, "Why Not Let Competition Work?"

Association of American Railroads

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Report on the Republicans

Triumph Or Trouble Ahead?

A leading Washington newsman examines the dilemma confronting Republicans as they get ready for the 1956 campaigns. The big question: Does the party stand a chance without Ike?

By ROSCOE DRUMMOND

ROSCOE DRUMMOND is one of the nation's foremost political writers, and is widely rated the best-informed reporter in Washington regarding what goes on inside the Eisenhower administration. "On White House matters," one of his colleagues wrote recently, "there are few statements more authoritative than Mr. Drummond's." His syndicated column, which appears in the New York Herald Tribune and 130 other newspapers, is considered a model of accuracy and objectivity, and his views are studied carefully by experts of both parties.

For this report on the state of the G.O.P., Mr. Drummond interviewed virtually every top-ranking member of the Republican party, as well as a number of intimate personal friends of President Eisenhower and members of the White House staff. The writer also sought out the opinions of many Democratic party leaders and innumerable voters before reaching the conclusions he reports in the accompanying article.

IN RECENT weeks I have been interviewing influential Republican leaders in nearly every part of the United States and I am sure I faithfully reflect these conversations when I report that they shudder when they think about the 1956 election—and would rather not think about it at all.

There is good reason. The candid, careful truth is that after 20 gaunt years of exile from the White House (1932 to 1952) and after only two years of controlling both Congress and the Presidency (1952 to 1954) the Republican party faces political calamity.

For Republicans to pretend that the outlook is any better than that is to invite the calamity which they hope to avert. Perhaps it can be averted, but from a detached look at the facts I am convinced that to do so will take heroic measures.

Republican prospects, when they are appraised realistically at this stage, have to be described as follows:

1. At best, which means if President Eisenhower consents to run again and even if he is elected by the expected handsome majority, there is no certainty that the Republicans will be able to regain either House of Congress. It is wholly improbable that under any circumstances they will be able to win back the Senate.

What does this mean? It means that neither by its record in Congress when it was out of office nor by its record while it has been in office has the Republican party been able to win anything like the sustained confidence of a majority of the American voters.

Apart from General Eisenhower's personal triumph, the Republican party has received a majority vote only once in the past 24 years—that was in 1946, at the low ebb of the Truman administration. Even in 1952 the Republican party could not win a majority vote for Congress.

The outlook now is that the Republican party will not fare as well this year as it did in 1952—and this estimate rests on the best of all possible premises, namely, that the massively popular Ike will say yes.

2. At worst, the Republicans face far more calamity.

If Mr. Eisenhower decides that he cannot or should not run again, then the gap—in stature, prestige, experience and popularity—between the President and any of the admittedly available Republican candidates will be acutely visible. It will be inevitably felt by the voters. It will make more difficult the already improbable chance of the Republicans recapturing Congress. It will help the Democratic nominee, whoever he is.

The withdrawal of President Eisenhower would mean:

- That the Republicans would find it extremely hard to agree on a nominee to succeed Mr. Eisenhower.
- That a bitter, divisive battle for the nomination would be in prospect. (The personal, harsh, hostile feud between Vice-President Richard M. Nixon and Governor Goodwin J. Knight in California is only temporarily covered up by mollifying handouts. Because the stakes are high, it will soon be out in the open again—to the public detriment of the party.)
- That any probable Republican nominee would

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"My best information," says the author, "is that Mr. Eisenhower would cordially welcome Warren's nomination"

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Chief Justice Earl Warren, though rated liberal, is liked as a candidate even by conservative Republicans —if Ike doesn't run. Big stumbling block is Warren's own feeling that the court should avoid politics

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Vice-President Richard M. Nixon is top choice of many party members who think he'd appeal to both G.O.P. wings. But others, including people who admire him personally, feel that Nixon is too inexperienced to be President—and perhaps not popular enough to be elected

go into the campaign with the odds against him—more likely to lose than to win.

- That no probable Republican nominee would have any solid chance of carrying Congress with him.
- That a defeated Republican party would almost certainly find itself in the grip of the most conservative forces in the party, the effect of which would be to rob it of nearly all the gains in policy and personnel under the unifying leadership of President Eisenhower and thus consign it to another long period in the political wilderness.
- That such a consequence could mean disaster for the whole Republican party, undermining the health of the two-party system—which is at the heart of our way of government.

This may not happen, but it is in sight to anyone willing to look beneath the surface of the political news.

The purpose of this article is to try to look beneath the surface, to bring the facts into view faithfully and frankly, to reflect the inner thinking of the many Republican leaders with whom I have recently talked and to give an informed report on the following questions:

Will President Eisenhower run?

Will Chief Justice Earl Warren consider a draft?

Will the President act to name his successor—and how?

Who else would be on the Eisenhower list?

Is Vice-President Nixon the inevitable heir?

What of Thomas E. Dewey—and Milton Eisenhower, and the others?

TO RUN OR NOT TO RUN. The decision has not yet been made in the President's own mind, at least not at the time this issue of Collier's went to press. I was informed, and I believe reliably, that before his heart attack Mr. Eisenhower had not finally decided that he would run and that since his illness he has not finally decided that he would not run. My information is that it will be into February before the President can get the full medical data on the extent of his recovery and that if there is then any hope that the answer could be yes, he will be urged by his associates to take all the time he needs to determine the answer.

The factors, apart from the problem of his physical strength, which might impel Mr. Eisenhower to accept another nomination are more formidable than they were even a month ago.

The collapse of the conference of Big Four Foreign Ministers, the inability to make any headway with Moscow toward unifying Germany, the steady loss of the "spirit of Geneva," the menace of war between Israel and Egypt and, finally, the new wave of Democratic criticism of the President's foreign and defense policies, which could easily get Mr. Eisenhower's dander up—this accumulation of events could hardly fail to impel the President to run if he were possibly up to it.

This trend of events would be more persuasive with Mr. Eisenhower than any other of the politicians' arguments.

He can see how important his world prestige might be in preserving the peace.

He can see that any likely alternative Republican candidate cannot conceivably match his ability to unify and solidify the American people behind his objectives at home and abroad and thereby keep the extremists in both parties from lacerating and weakening American leadership in a period when the safety of the free world continues in peril.

He can see that his policies of "liberal conservatism"—liberal in relation to the peoples' problems and conservative toward the taxpayers' money—now have their roots no more than an inch or so into the soil of national politics, and that a Republi-

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can defeat this fall could easily sweep all into the discard and leave Dwight D. Eisenhower a long- and much-loved President whose accomplishments would be so short-lived as to be nearly invisible in the pages of history.

These circumstances mean to me that if the President is physically able to run, he will run.

The question then is, what is "physically able"?

I am confident that to Mr. Eisenhower it means something on top of whatever the doctors report; that to Mr. Eisenhower it means a firm inner conviction that his recovery is such he would have a normal prospect of serving out his full second term.

He simply will not accept renomination with any mental reservation or concealment about his health.

I know that the President's position is that if he makes another four-year contract with the American people, he must feel normally confident that he can live up to it. Also, he does not want to be a party to turning the Presidency over to anyone who has not been elected to fill it.

Because the President has not himself reached a firm and final decision, there can be no reliable inside tip regarding what, without qualification, that decision will be. But I can report the private judgment of several who are extraordinarily close to Mr. Eisenhower, personally and politically, and their judgment is that he will not run. Despite the ebullient optimism of National Republican Chairman Leonard Hall and others, in the detached judgment of most who are qualified to have an opinion it is more likely that he will say no than that he will say yes. They know that he will never consent to run with the expectation that he will be a part-time President or function merely as "chairman of the board." They feel certain that the doctors are not going to say to him—and to the nation—that he can run and thus risk being sadly and grimly proved wrong when the going gets too tough.

On the assumption that the voters ought to have something to say about Presidential nominees of both parties, it is none too soon to begin thinking about alternatives to Mr. Eisenhower. However clumsy and inadequate the machinery by which the public participates in a Presidential nomination, have no doubt about it, the Republican leaders and ultimately the Republican convention will be sensitive to public opinion.

THE COURT AND THE PRESIDENCY. To many Republicans and independents the case for the nomination of Chief Justice Warren, the thrice-elected former governor of California, is impressive.

My best information is that Mr. Eisenhower would cordially welcome Warren's nomination, that he would feel relieved by such a nomination since it would be one in behalf of which he could campaign with unreserved zest and confidence. Mr. Eisenhower has the highest regard and esteem for Mr. Warren's views, his talents and his instincts. He considers making him Chief Justice one of his administration's finest appointments.

Mr. Warren scores more powerfully, more consistently and more completely than any other Republican in all the public-opinion polls. A recent Gallup poll, for example, records that 58 per cent of the Republican voters, 44 per cent of the Democratic voters and 51 per cent of the independent voters would like to see him the 1956 Republican nominee. George Gallup reports that "Mr. Warren has come out on top in every Institute 'trial heat' in which he was matched against various Democratic opponents." Adlai Stevenson has led every Republican in these polls except Warren and Eisenhower.

In the increasing flow of spontaneous letters which the Republican National Committee is receiving from interested voters in different parts of the country, not necessarily party workers, the name of Earl Warren is most frequently mentioned. It is evident that he is the Republican nominee presently most desired by Republican voters and by uncommitted Democrats and independents.

Would he accept? He said no before Mr. Eisenhower's heart attack and he seemed to be making it as "positively no" as words could contrive.

But what might he say if a representative of the White House, as is quite likely, should call on the Chief Justice and make the following argument:

"The need for continuing, at home and abroad for at least another four years, everything which President Eisenhower stands for is so imperative that everything possible should yield to its attainment. Much as the President preferred retirement, he would out of duty be the announced candidate today were it physically possible for him conscientiously to ask the voters to re-elect him.

"True, it is a sound general rule that the Supreme Court should not be the steppingstone to the Presidency, that the justices should be free of the temptation to temper decisions with an eye to their political effects. You have never been so tempted; you know you have not done so and the American people know you have not done so.

"A sound general rule is not impaired by making a conscious, rare, historic exception. When the one and only past exception was made forty years ago, none of the theoretical consequences developed in reality. Associate Justice Hughes never rendered a political decision when he was on the court before he resigned and ran for President, he never rendered a political decision when he later was appointed Chief Justice, and nobody ever accused him of doing so. The Supreme Court was as much shielded by the integrity of Charles Evans Hughes as it would have been shielded by his refusal to run for President in 1916.

"Part of the genius of American democracy is its flexibility within its own self-imposed rules. To that end we don't want the nation's military leaders making any military decisions with thought of political preferment. We don't want the nation's judicial leaders making judicial decisions with thought of political preferment.

"Both are sound rules and sound practice. And the nation has lived by those rules so that they have become accepted parts of our system. But the nation has deliberately made exceptions to both those rules when events required and justified the exceptions. General Eisenhower is President today because the circumstances of 1952 were more compelling than the general rule.

"Mr. Chief Justice, if the American people want to make an exception in your case and draft you for the Presidency because they deeply believe you are the man needed by events, you should be willing to permit them to make that exception.

"I hope you will."

Earl Warren is undoubtedly the Republican party's best vote getter outside of Ike himself. His stature and prestige as Chief Justice are such that if elected he would almost certainly emerge as an American leader and spokesman for the free world comparable to the President himself. He is progressive, internationalist—firmly in the Eisenhower pattern of policy and philosophy, probably slightly to its left. But one important Midwestern conservative Republican leader remarked to me: "If he would accept, Warren would be nominated on the first ballot—and elected."

Would he accept? He might if President Eisenhower personally and vigorously appealed to him. But my information is that it is altogether unlikely that the President himself will do so. He would warmly welcome Warren's nomination but since he does not expect others to tell him whether to run, Mr. Eisenhower does not feel he can urge Warren to run. Nine months ago, when talk was active about the President retiring for reasons unrelated to health, Earl Warren issued the following statement:

(Continued on page 44)

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Increasing prominence is being given to Milton Eisenhower, head of Penn State University. Ike calls him "brightest of the Eisenhower brothers"

MAXWELL FREDERIC COPLAN

Massachusetts' Governor Christian A. Herter has been rated a contender since 1954, when he was only G.O.P. governor to better his '52 vote margin

PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Former Governor Thomas E. Dewey of New York was twice defeated in Presidential elections—but, the author found, is still a 1956 possibility

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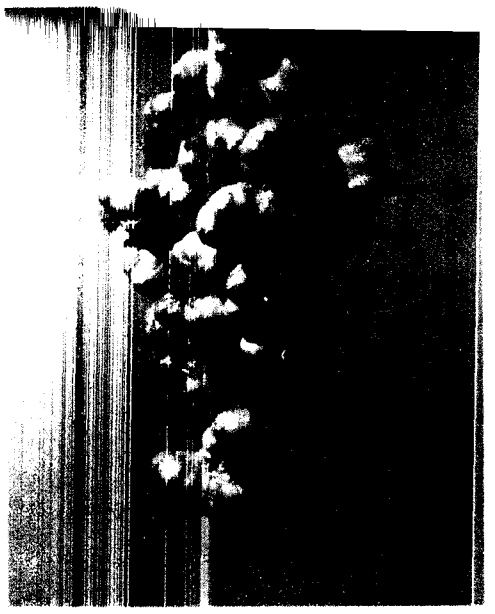

ANTON BRUEHL

California grows 90 per cent of U.S. garlic—and the product, above, is ranked with world's best

This pungent and much-maligned plant, once the black sheep of the lily family, is now being eaten at a record rate—and no wonder. Any gourmet will tell you that garlic is the spice of life

By DUNCAN MACDOUGALD, JR.

For Garlic Lovers Only...

GARLIC is the Fifth Element. As important to our existence as earth, air, fire and water. Without garlic I simply would not care to live." So rhapsodized Louis Diat, former master chef of New York's late Ritz-Carlton Hotel. Diat, celebrated for his creation of Vichyssoise, spoke of garlic in these glowing terms just last year, but he was echoing the praises of centuries.

"Garlic has very powerful properties," wrote the gossipy Roman historian, Pliny. "The very smell of it drives away serpents and scorpions."

"Garlick," huffed the sixteenth-century English novelist, Thomas Nashe, in wrath over the plant's reputation as a stimulator of amatory and alcoholic desires, "maketh a man winke, drinke and stincke."

For at least 5,000 years, such has been the story of garlic—the most cherished, and most hated, of seasoners. To many it is a wonder-working catalyst that gathers up all the savors in a dish and affectionately blends them. Others denounce its pungent, reeking odor as something vile.

During the past 25 years garlic has worked its way up to unprecedented heights of popularity in the United States, and it has won its new status through social climbing. Until fairly recently the principal garlic eaters in this country were those families—Greek, Italian, French, Jewish, Mexican, Slavic, Chinese—who were accustomed to using garlic in their typical national dishes. Then, during the early 1930s, garlic was taken up by gourmets in all parts of the country. And finally, just before World War II and especially during the war, cooking with garlic became a vogue in the kitchens of millions of housewives. It's all been part of the nation's recent, phenomenal increased interest in fine cooking and its emphasis on herbs and spices as seasoners.

Twenty-five years ago, only 4,502,000 pounds of garlic were sold annually in this country. Today, however, Americans are blissfully consuming 36,000,000 pounds, and there are more converts by the meal. The U.S. Tariff Commission reported in 1953: "Since World War II the average annual consumption of garlic in the United States has been about 50 per cent greater than in prewar years."

But although garlic is used all over the country, its popularity varies from region to region. Heavy concentrations of garlic lovers are found in those areas where there are large settlements of nationalities which use the herb as part of their traditional cooking habits. These areas include the Gulf States, the Southwest and Far West, and all the large cities of the nation. New York, which has more citizens of foreign extraction than any other city in the world, is the garlic capital of the country. No less than 5,000,000 pounds of this plant, some 14 per cent of the nation's total, are consumed annually by the gourmandizing citizens of Greater New York.

The over-all popularity of the plant is shown by the impressive assortment of food products featuring garlic which are now on the market everywhere throughout the country. A quarter of a century ago you could get garlic only in its natural form, as a bulb which breaks up into cloves. But today you can find not only garlic salt and garlic powder, but also garlic vinegar, garlic juice, garlic paste and sliced garlic. Furthermore, you can treat yourself and your friends to garlic olives, garlic cheese, garlic dressing, garlic croutons (little cubes of garlic toast used to flavor soups and salads), and at least five kinds of prepared cocktail appetizers including garlicked bacon rinds, garlicked meat tidbits, garlicked Melba toast and garlicked potato chips. A couple of decades ago garlic bread was practically unknown in this country. Now it borders on the commonplace; innumerable restaurants from coast to coast serve it as a principal side dish to steaks, and young housewives all over the country pride themselves on their own way of preparing it.

The typical housewife buys her garlic at the neighborhood grocery store and seldom wonders where it came from or how it got there. But it's a complicated business. Garlic is harvested in different countries at different times of the year. The United States is supplied by Argentina in January, by Chile (in very small quantities) in February, by Mexico in March, by Egypt in April and May, by Sicily in May, by northern Mexico, California and Arizona in late June, by Naples in July and by the area surrounding Venice in July and August. These last four regions ship enough garlic to keep this nation's food flavored until January, when the new Argentine crop starts coming in again.

Each garlic-growing area has its own particular variety, and there is a tremendous difference in the quality of the plant.

MEXICAN CREOLE is one of the three kinds of garlic grown in Mexico, which is the largest supplier to the United States. The other two varieties are Mexican White and Chileno. These Mexican garlics are purplish to white in color and are especially characterized by the long, hard stem that runs through the center of the bulb. The Chileno variety is grade-A garlic, but Mexican Creole, the cheapest and most popular type, has stunted cloves which are difficult to peel and prepare.

Egyptian and Moroccan garlic are rather alike: white in color, large bulbs and cloves, and have high-water and low-pulp content, which causes them to dry easily.

Garlic from Spain can be recognized by the reddish, outer skin of both the bulb and the clove and by the pencil-like, hard stem that runs through the bulb; it is hard and possesses a delightful savor-bouquet.

You can spot Sicilian garlic by its silver-white color, with white inner skins and the slightly greenish cast of its pulpy part.

And finally there is Venetian garlic, about which the merchants grow practically lyrical. "Whenever I dream about garlic, which I do often," Robert Comagys of the Garlic Corporation of America told me in New York City, "I always dream about Venetian. And when I die," he added, "I hope they'll eat Venetian at my funeral." The principal characteristic of Venetian garlic is its symmetrical appearance and full sheathing of the outside leaves. It has a silver-white to white color, which, to garlic handlers at least, makes it a thing of beauty; the cloves are large (10 to 14 per bulb compared to 20 to 40 per bulb for Mexican Creole) and, since it is very hardy, it keeps excellently.

But the patrician Venetian has an American competitor breathing

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWARD ZIEFF

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Besides being a culinary boon, garlic is a vital ingredient of many folk cures—and several scientific ones, too

down its neck. Many connoisseurs rate the garlic grown in California and Arizona as high as Venetian. Ninety per cent of the 12,000,000 pounds of garlic produced in the United States is grown in a 90-mile area in the California counties of Santa Clara, Monterey and San Benito. About 60 farmers in these three counties grow garlic, and four of these 60 produce half of all the garlic in this area. The largest producer is the Joseph Gubser Company of Gilroy, which last year grew some 3,000,000 pounds of garlic and distributed another 4,000,000 pounds of foreign garlic. The latter figure causes dark mutterings about the future of U.S. garlic by thirty-two-year-old Joseph Gubser, Jr., who founded the Gubser Company when he was nineteen. He is worried by the rise of foreign imports in the past 15 years—from 3,500,000 pounds to 22,000,000 pounds.

ABOUT FIFTY PER CENT of California garlic now goes to dehydrating companies, which are probably the fastest-growing phase of the garlic business. Dehydrated garlic is sold to mayonnaise companies (there's a pinch of garlic in much commercially produced mayonnaise); it is used in tomato paste, garlic salt, salad dressings, sausages and other prepared meats, and by picklers.

But despite all these prepared and indirect uses of garlic, the housewife usually buys it raw in the grocery store, and this brings up the question: Is the American public being supplied with the best possible garlic? Joe Levatino, general manager of New York City's Levatino Company, a large handler of garlic, snorts: "No! We can supply the packers, and consequently the American public, with superior garlic, but they refuse to pay for it and keep on buying Mexican Creole, which is cheap but ought to be used mainly for pickling."

Complaints about the quality of garlic have probably rung down through the centuries, because this plant is almost as old as human history. Garlic, which means "spear plant" on account of the shape of its leaves, belongs to the lily family, specifically the allium group, which includes onions, scallions, shallots, leeks, chives and ramps. No one knows when garlic was first used, but its original habitat is the Kirgiz region in Siberia. The only other place where it grows as a native plant is Sicily.

From Kirgiz, garlic slowly made its way down into the Middle East, carried by tribesmen as they wandered and fought their way out of Central Asia. One of the earliest references to garlic is by the Greek historian, Herodotus, who describes the building of the Great Pyramid at Giza. According to Herodotus, 100,000 men toiled 20 years, moving the pyramid's 2,300,000 huge rock blocks into place. And the diet of these laborers as they sweated under the Egyptian sun was composed principally of onions and garlic. The Egyptians literally worshiped garlic and used to invoke it in oaths.

There is one mention of garlic in the Bible, Numbers XI:5, where the Israelites cry out in despair over having to give it up during their journey out of the wilderness of Sinai. The Greeks looked down on garlic, but the Romans used it extensively, especially in hopes that it was a sexual stimulant—which it is not. The Latin poet, Horace, condemned the herb as a sign of "vulgarity" just as it later was to be condemned for the same reason in Shakespeare's day, when garlic was so popular with the working classes.

During the Middle Ages, garlic was, like so many herbs and spices, considered a practically indispensable healing agent, and Charlemagne valued it so highly that he grew it commercially in his royal gardens.

For centuries garlic has been part of the folklore of most countries. Homer says that it was to the virtues of yellow garlic that Ulysses owed his escape from being changed into a pig by the enchantress Circe. Roman soldiers ate garlic before going into battle in order to have greater courage against the foe. In India, one of the Sanskrit names of garlic means "slayer of monsters," and it was—and still is—used to combat evil, whether in the form of demons, witches or monsters. But in certain parts of India there is another tradition which holds that the presence of evil spirits can be detected by the smell of garlic in the air. In many countries, including China, Greece and Turkey, garlic is held to be one of the most effective means of driving off the evil eye. In Romanian Transylvania, the habitat of Dracula, garlic is hung over the door to keep the vampires out. In Palestine a clove of garlic is often put in a groom's buttonhole as a symbol of a successful marriage. Not all of garlic's reputation is favorable, however, because there is a Mohammedan legend to the effect that "when Satan stepped out of the Garden of Eden after the fall of man, onions sprang up where he put his right foot and garlic where he put his left."

For thousands of years and in many countries garlic has been an important folk medicine, used to combat scores of diseases and sicknesses. Not only is it taken orally, it is also utilized as an amulet, in liniments and salves, in poultices and as an inhalant. Among the many ailments for which garlic has been taken are chills, colds (the Berbers of North Africa bake it in a loaf of bread as a remedy), gout, rheumatism, nervousness, toothache, general weakness, tapeworm, coughs, chest complaints, snake and insect bites, and whooping cough (in southeast England it is placed in children's stockings as a preventative).

The twentieth-century reader may smile, or be horrified, at folk medicine's cure-all uses of garlic, but modern science has given garlic credit as an antiseptic and as a relief for intestinal ailments. The most spectacular medical use of the herb in modern times was during the first World War when the British government made an appeal for tons of garlic, offering one shilling per pound (about 20 bulbs). The juice was pressed out of the raw bulbs, mixed with water and applied to swabs and bandages which were in turn applied to wounds. The germicidal qualities of garlic were officially credited with saving the lives of thousands of seriously wounded British soldiers whose wounds might otherwise have become infected.

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The best of garlic—from soup to sauce

What follows adds up to a garlic-spiced meal which would really stay with you, but only the brave deserve this fare all on a single menu. Each dish owes much of its flavor to the herb—from the hors d'oeuvre and soup to—well, not including the dessert. Connoisseurs prefer no more than two garlicked courses to a meal; each recipe below provides an item designed to enliven the complete dinner. To prescribe exactly how much garlic should be used in a recipe is virtually impossible; tastes vary violently. Cooks will want to test, and re-test, until results suit individual tastes.

COCKTAIL APPETIZER Chop hard-boiled eggs. Use enough mayonnaise to moisten well. Add black pepper, salt, red pepper, parsley and *orégano* to taste and then finely chopped or pressed garlic, allowing one clove to two or three eggs. Mix thoroughly, serve on crackers and sprinkle with paprika. Three eggs of average size will make about one cup of this spread.

GARLIC BLACK BEAN SAUCE It may not be generally known that garlic is a cornerstone of Chinese cooking, as demonstrated in this recipe for Black Bean Sauce obtained from the Chinese Rathskeller in New York City (some of the ingredients can only be obtained in specialty stores): Wash and drain and mash ¼ cup of Chinese black bean (conserve), add two large cloves of garlic peeled and mashed with the side of a cleaver. Mix in one small slice of candied ginger chopped very fine. Put into a bowl, season with ¼ teaspoon black pepper and ½ teaspoon salt. Add one tablespoon soy sauce and one tablespoon peanut oil. Result: 1¼ cups of the sauce. Refrigerate in tightly covered bowl until served. It will keep for several days. Use sauce on pork, chicken, beef or shrimps.

JOE KAUFMAN

GARLIC SOUP *Sopa de Ajo*, the easily prepared garlic soup of Spain, as served in La Zambra Restaurant, New York City: Peel three or four cloves of garlic and brown in four tablespoons of olive oil. Garlic can be halved or left whole. Add two cups of bouillon, salt and pepper to taste and a little paprika for coloring. When the soup starts to boil, add two raw eggs; turn off flame and allow eggs to poach in the soup. Pour soup into a bowl over toast or stale bread. Serves two.

ROAST LEG OF LAMB Cut narrow gashes in the sides of a leg of lamb—four or six gashes, depending on the size of the leg—and insert half a clove of garlic in each one. Season with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, bay leaf and rosemary. Place lamb in oven, fat side up, and roast 30 to 35 minutes per pound at 300 degrees.

CLAM SAUCE FOR SPAGHETTI Heat one cup of olive oil and drop in six cloves of minced garlic. As soon as garlic starts to brown, add the broth from a 10½-ounce can of minced or diced clams and then half a bunch of chopped parsley. Let simmer for three to five minutes and then add clams. Simmer for four minutes, then pour over spaghetti cooked as follows: Put one pound of spaghetti in three quarts of boiling water, salted. Cook for nine minutes or until tender. Serves four.

GARLIC BREAD Cut a loaf of French bread into one-inch slices, but not through to the bottom of the loaf. Mash two cloves of garlic in a garlic press (if no press is available, mince garlic very fine), put in a saucepan with ⅛ to ¼ pound of butter, according to size of loaf, and a couple of pinches of pepper. Heat over a medium fire for several minutes. Add two or three pinches of finely chopped parsley to the garlic butter. Use a pastry brush and thoroughly coat each slice of French bread on both sides and on the top and sides of the loaf. Cook in the oven until the top of the loaf starts turning brown.

SAUCE *AÏOLI* This mayonnaise to be used on fish, meat and vegetables is one of the specialties of Provence in southern France—the garlic headquarters of the world, which Alexandre Dumas described as being "perfumed by the refined essence of this mystically attractive bulb." Here is the *aïoli* recipe of Robert, the chef at the Hotel Negresco in Nice: Crush three or four cloves of garlic in a bowl and add three yolks of egg and ¼ teaspoon of salt. Beat thoroughly, then begin adding a few drops of olive oil as in making the usual kind of mayonnaise. Continue adding oil and beating well until one cup of oil has been used. Makes 1¼ to 1½ cups of mayonnaise.

GREEN SALADS In France a favorite method of incorporating garlic in a green salad is to use *chapons*, pieces of bread crust well rubbed with a cut piece of garlic and then tossed in with the salad greens. In the United States, many people prefer to rub the inside of the salad bowl with some cut garlic. For well-garlicked salads, cut up a couple of medium-sized cloves, add two or three pinches of coarse salt, then crush with a pestle, add to traditional French dressing and pour into full bowl of salad.

At the present time there are two preparations made and sold by recognized manufacturers of pharmaceutical products. One is made of garlic and vegetable charcoal, and is used extensively as an intestinal antispasmodic. The other, a mixture of garlic and parsley, is successfully taken for hypertension.

However, through the ages research into another mystery of garlic has been intense: how to expunge, or at least abate, its odor. The ancient Greeks had a ruling that people who ate garlic were not to be allowed to enter the magnificent temples of Cybele, the mother goddess. Like almost everybody else since, the Romans of old racked their brains over the best way to overcome the odor of garlic and came up with the theory which may have been as effective as some of our modern ones: they decided that if the herb was planted when the moon was below the horizon and gathered when the moon was nearest the earth, it would be deprived of its objectionable smell.

TODAY IT IS generally assumed that the odor of garlic lingers in the mouth, especially the teeth, and that if you brush thoroughly and use a mouthwash after eating garlic, you will remove the smell to a great degree. Although this is a logical explanation, it is not a scientific one, according to a series of recently conducted tests. In these experiments, the esophagi of several volunteers were artificially closed off, and garlic was rubbed around the interior of their mouths and on their teeth. Then the oral cavities were thoroughly cleaned, and it was found no odor remained. But when the process was repeated with the esophagi unstoppered, the odor persisted. Conclusion: garlic's long aftertaste and odor well up from the lungs.

The culprit in garlic's malodorous reputation is its volatile oil containing the plant's chief chemical constituent, a sulphide compound.

There are a number of traditional ways to fumigate away the unpleasant odor of garlic, including fresh, chopped parsley munched slowly, lemon juice used as a mouthwash, and salt applied to the hands, which are then washed in cold water (never hot, because hot water makes the pores open, thus expanding the areas of the odor). But none of these remedies can be said to be completely effective.

The odor is present, however, only when you use garlic raw; it is not detectable, unless used excessively, when garlic is cooked. Many people who bewail the odor of garlic and protest they "simply can't stand its smell" frequently eat, and enjoy greatly, food that is flavored with this seasoner without ever being aware of its presence in the dish.

The amount of garlic to be used depends, of course, on the dish involved and the individual's own taste, but it is safe to say that one medium-sized clove, finely crushed, is suitable for use in soups, chicken, fish and salads as prepared for four average eaters, while a large-sized clove would be better for meats. Now, in addition to the majority of people who like their garlic used "with care and discretion," there are some individuals who are garlic fanatics and who cannot savor their favorite seasoner in sufficient quantity. These hardy folk, who might be called culinary commandos, literally devour garlic—in spreads and sauces, and even whole garlic sandwiches.

Several years ago there was a violent controversy in the British press over the merits of garlic which reached its culmination in this remarkable testimony:

To the Editor of the Daily Telegraph

Sir, Your leader [editorial] writer stresses insufficiently the virtues of garlic.

I once served in France with a Belgian major, aged seventy-five, who made his breakfast entirely off this strange food. He was the fittest man, among 20 different nationalities, on the Pyrenees frontier. He climbed the mountains daily.

For 12 months I sat with this gallant major on the opposite side of my office table without wearing a gas mask, and I have never been so fit before or since. And I have never had such few visitors to bother me.

Yours faithfully,
A. M. Cree, Capt, (S), R.N. (ret'd),
Southsea THE END

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DAN WEINER

U.S. Adm. Jerauld Wright, Supreme Allied Commander in Atlantic, and some top advisers. Left to right: Lt. Jean M. Planeix of France; Cmdr. John A. J. Dennis of Britain; Rear Adm. James H. Thach, Jr., U.S.; Adm. Wright; Rear Adm. Robert B. Pirie, U.S.; Cmdr. James V. Steele, Canada

NATO'S NAVY

On a quiet Virginia street sits a small building that's headquarters for the little-publicized NATO sea arm. There, seamen of eight nations prepare for M day—when they may be called on to guard 12,000,000 square miles of ocean

By CORNELIUS RYAN

TUCKED away on a pleasant tree-lined street of the U.S. Naval Base, Norfolk, Virginia, is a two-story red-brick house undistinguished from its neighbors except in two important respects: the international naval brass which bustles in and out its doors all day long, and the flags of 15 nations which flutter in a semicircle on the lawn. This otherwise inconspicuous building is the nerve center of NATO's little-known Atlantic naval arm, SACLANT—Supreme Allied Command Atlantic—the only NATO headquarters on American soil.

Most people think of NATO as the great alliance of land and air forces commanded by General Alfred Gruenther in Paris. Few have even heard of NATO's Atlantic fleet, whose mission in the event of war would be to prevent an enemy from cutting off North America from Europe.

Eight NATO nations bordering the Atlantic—the U.S., Britain, Canada, France, Portugal, Holland, Denmark and Norway—have earmarked naval forces for SACLANT. And the man who runs it is Admiral Jerauld Wright, a handsome fifty-seven-year-old American.

Wright's command covers a staggering area: more than 12,000,000 square miles of ocean extending all the way from the Tropic of Cancer, just north of Cuba, to the North Pole, and from the eastern shores of North America to the coast of Europe. The only North Atlantic waters beyond his control are those around the British Isles, which come under a separate NATO command.

But unlike his coequal in Europe, General Gruenther, who has great land and air forces physically under his control, Admiral Wright has neither fleets, planes nor men. His bailiwick at the moment consists of only the Norfolk headquarters and 150 international officers. "We don't even have a rowboat to call our own," one of them told me.

There are other frustrations, some stemming from Wright's simultaneous position as Commander in Chief, U.S. Atlantic Fleet. At times he must feel like a naval Jekyll and Hyde.

Recently, for example, as C. in C. U.S. Atlantic Fleet, he had to decide on the number of aircraft carriers he could allocate himself as Supreme Allied Commander Atlantic. His U.S. staff and his NATO staff disagreed on the figure. To resolve the issue, his U.S. staff suggested that he write an official letter to his international staff—in other words, a letter from himself to himself.

Wright exploded. "Look, boys," he said, "I may talk to myself now and then, but I'll be damned if I'm going to write myself letters."

The problem was later solved by the two staffs—on the telephone.

The exact size and strength of NATO's "paper navy" has never been revealed, but it's no secret that the U.S. Atlantic Fleet alone, with its 600 ships, thousands of aircraft and more than 200,000 men, will make up the backbone.

What does exist now is the organization necessary to run the combined NATO fleet. Since 1952, SACLANT's officers have been at work on such gigantic tasks as standardizing equipment—everything from shells to bolts; they've also developed plans to co-ordinate maintenance and supply, and devised a communications system.

STANDARDIZATION probably never can be fully achieved, but as Lieutenant Jean M. Planeix, a French officer in SACLANT's logistics department, puts it: "We are reasonably certain that a Portuguese tanker can refuel a U.S. destroyer; a British base can make a spare part for a Dutch carrier; and a French food depot can supply a British force."

Such an accomplishment is all the more noteworthy because Admiral Wright cannot order the eight-nation navy to adopt any particular measure: he can only make recommendations. Each plan must go through a maze of NATO agencies for approval. "The organizational chart of NATO," says SACLANT's Deputy Chief of Staff, the U.S. Navy's Rear Admiral William Miller, "resembles the wiring of a pinball machine—including tilt. But it works because its people can stand back anonymously and be international in their thinking."

In its more than three years SACLANT has caused the tilt sign to light up with some frequency, for an occasional recommendation will touch on the delicate nerves of nationalism or naval tradition.

Suppose, for example, Admiral Wright and his staff decide that convoys should be protected in a certain manner. Britain's representatives at SACLANT wearing their "NATO hats" may fully endorse the proposal—but their national superiors, Her Majesty's Lords of the Admiralty, may argue against it.

How is the problem licked? Admiral Wright reasons with all parties, and, says Britain's Captain H. C. Lyddon: "We give in a bit, all concerned graciously do the same, and the show keeps going."

Admiral Wright has to be a nimble diplomat to keep the show going—especially when he's dealing with the top military leaders of other NATO nations. Not long ago, Britain's forthright Field Marshal Montgomery held a press conference at SACLANT's headquarters. It was a lively session, particularly because Monty's views on some issues—like large aircraft carriers—are often at variance with those of other NATO commanders.

At one point, in answer to a question, he totally rejected large aircraft carriers and advocated the smaller types. Suddenly he turned to Wright and jokingly said: "Don't you agree, Admiral?"

The admiral said: "I am certainly sympathetic to your support of the idea."

Monty, winking at the newsmen, laughed and said: "You see, Admiral Wright agrees with me. He's sympathetic!"

"No." Wright quickly replied. "Just to *your support* of it."

The admiral's dexterous comeback reflected solid experience in the tricky shoals of international relations. A long-time career officer, he was one of the small group who, with General Mark Clark,

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paddled ashore from a submarine to negotiate with the French in North Africa prior to the Allied landings in 1942. Not long after that, Wright, in temporary command of the British submarine Seraph—the only U.S. admiral ever to command a British submarine—snatched General Henri Giraud out of occupied France.

SACLANT's biggest headaches are problems which cannot be settled even at the international military level. SACLANT may ask a small country like Denmark or Norway to establish a naval air base; Portugal or Holland may be requested to increase the service of their naval personnel. Such requests can only be approved by the legislative bodies of the individual countries. But Admiral Wright often paves the way in informal talks.

"It is difficult to get the idea across that the Atlantic is vital to Western defense," he says. "Yet in another war if we cannot keep the Atlantic supply artery open, no matter how courageously NATO's forces fight on the battlefields of Europe, they must shrivel and die."

To drive home this point, Admiral Wright virtually commutes back and forth across the Atlantic. One typical day not long ago he met with several French statesmen in the morning, flew to Holland for lunch with Queen Juliana, spent several hours with the Dutch Defense Minister, and that evening flew to London to dine with Admiral Lord Mountbatten. He returned to Paris before breakfast the next day, ready for another series of conferences. The following day he was back at Norfolk.

In one of the world's toughest jobs, Admiral Wright wears the garb of military statesman gracefully. He is convinced that NATO is the greatest deterrent to war ever conceived. But he adds the proviso, "so long as the alliance remains strong."

How ready is NATO's Atlantic Fleet?

Admiral Wright is worried about the Soviet naval build-up. "It's clear," he says, "that they are challenging the West's traditional naval superiority."

This much is known about Soviet vs. NATO naval strength:

- The Reds have more than 400 submarines. NATO has 284.
- The Soviet navy has on active duty more high-speed cruisers than any single NATO nation. They could be used as raiders against NATO shipping.
- In naval air strength the Reds have more than 2,300 planes. NATO's totals 1,500 plus.

"Furthermore," says Admiral Wright, "the entire Soviet navy is manned to strength. And none of their fleet is in moth balls.

"Above all, the Soviet Union is outbuilding us in submarines. None of us at NATO underestimates the power of their underseas fleet. It is, by far, more numerous than all other submarine fleets in the world, and, in the event of war, it will be used to drive down the Atlantic like a steel wedge in an all-out effort to cut the sea lanes between North America and Europe. Our task is to prevent this.

"How strong are we? Three years ago, we had eight navies in the Atlantic, each on its own. Now we have one NATO navy, and by virtue of organization it is far better than the sum of eight."

At SACLANT headquarters there's a top-secret volume marked "Cosmic"—the master plan for committing the eight-nation navy to battle. Admiral Wright taps that volume pointedly when he's asked about the readiness of his force. "We have our problems," he says, "and some of them are staggering. But NATO's fleet stands ready—right now."

THE END

At the NATO navy's headquarters in Norfolk, Va., shipping in the Atlantic is plotted on a map so huge that ladders won't do, and the plotters are moved around in pulley cars

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CHRIS GRIFFIN

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MURRAY McEACHERN

HYMIE SCHERTZER

TOOTS MONDELLO

HARRY GOODMAN

VERNON BROWN

HELEN WARD

LIONEL HAMPTON

HARRY JAMES

VIDO MUSSO

ALLAN REUSS

ART ROLLINI

MARTHA TILTON

BILL DEPEW

ZIGGY ELMAN

JESS STACY

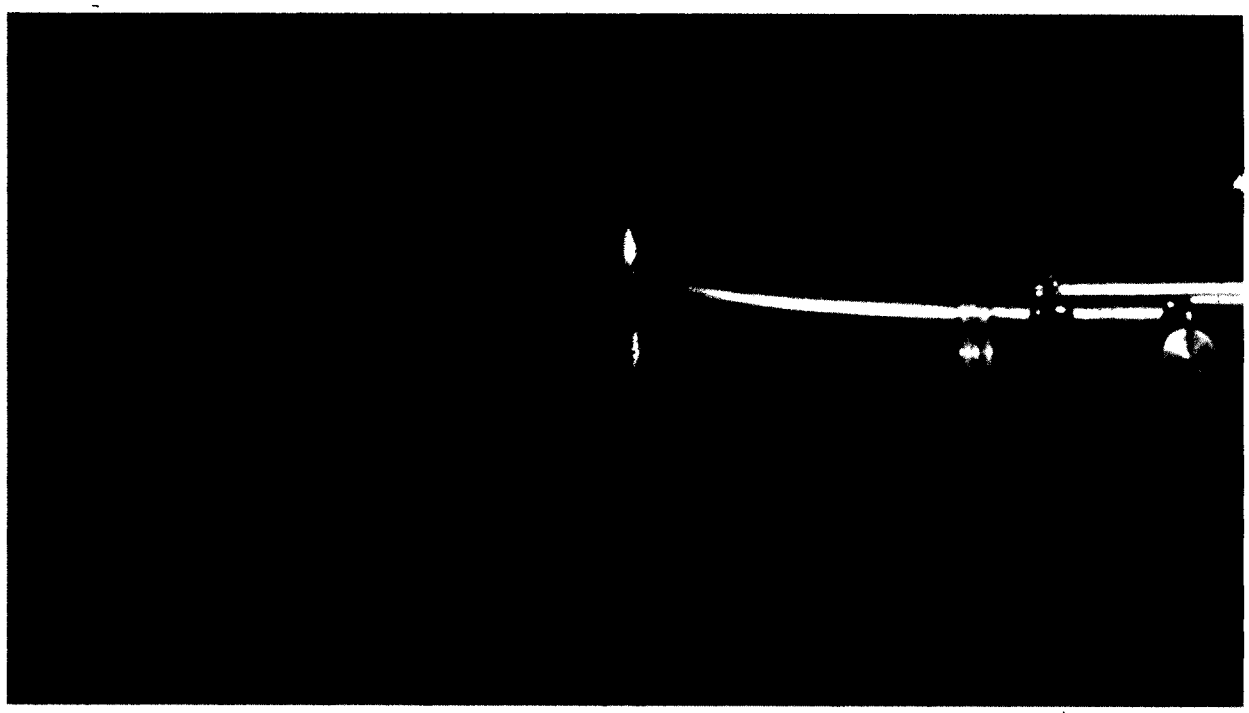
GENE KRUPA

TEDDY WILSON

GEORGE KOENIG

RED BALLARD

DICK CLARK



That Old Gang of Mine

By BENNY GOODMAN with RICHARD GEHMAN

"That was some band. The brass had a hard, biting attack, the saxophones were warm and rich and gutty, and the rhythm pounded with an insistent solidity. It was a loose band, very relaxed yet utterly precise . . . It gave me some of the best times I ever had and some of the worst . . ." In his own words, the "King of Swing" tells the remarkable story of the great orchestra whose music swept the country and rocketed him to fame. It all started twenty years ago . . .

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ZINN ARTHUR

"POPS," said one of the boys, "do you remember the time we were riding through the mountains on our bus, and you, your brother Harry, Helen Ward and Vido Musso got to tellin' stories, and the bus driver laughed so hard he ran the bus off the road and nearly killed us all?"

"And what about that time at Nuttings-on-the-Charles," said another, "that ballroom near Boston, on the pier out over the river? The band got to rockin' so good and the people were stompin' so hard the manager was afraid the whole ballroom would go into the river, and he called the police and made some of the people leave."

"Remember the opening at the Paramount in New York?" somebody added. "The kids got so excited they came up and danced on the stage, and they had cops on duty *inside* the theater."

"Pops," said Hymie Schertzer, "it's been a long time. Why, it's been twenty years."

It was last July, and we were standing in the recording studio at Universal-International, getting ready to record the sound track of The Benny Goodman Story. The band was not exactly the same as the Benny Goodman band of 1934-'38, but most of the old sidemen were there: Gene Krupa, Harry James, Ziggy Elman, Hymie Schertzer, Babe Russin, Chris Griffin, my brother Irving, Allan Reuss, Murray McEachern and Lionel Hampton and Teddy Wilson. Some of the heads were grayer now, and some of the faces had been lined and sculptured by passing time.

Twenty years *have* elapsed since I got that old gang of mine together . . . twenty years since we were jolting along in a bus on 400-mile overnight hops to one-night stands, eating in roadside grease traps, staving off exhaustion to play our music for ever-increasing crowds. Somebody tagged our music "swing"; I never knew exactly who was responsible, but I remember that I felt uneasy about it. I thought "swing" was a fad word, and that it would die out and leave me stuck with it.

It didn't die out. It captured the country. To the press and the public, I was "the King of Swing," and the nation was my kingdom.

That was some band. The brass had a hard, biting attack, the saxophones were warm and rich and gutty, and the rhythm pounded with an insistent solidity. It was a loose band, very relaxed, yet utterly precise. As saxophonist Art Rollini said recently, "Everybody seemed to think as one man; we all did the same thing at the same time."

Like all big dance bands, mine had a constantly fluctuating personnel. A pal of mine, Jim Maher, once made a list of saxophone men who'd played in bands of mine between 1934 and the present. It came to 95 men he was sure of, plus about 15 others he and I thought were on records, or 110 in all. But the band I think of as the best and the one that stayed together longest during the time when the country was really swinging, lined up like this:

Gordon (Chris) Griffin, Harry James and Ziggy Elman, trumpets; Murray McEachern (or Vernon Brown) and Red Ballard, trombones; Hymie Schertzer, Vido Musso (or Dick Clark), Toots Mondello, George Koenig (or Bill DePew) and Art Rollini, saxophones; Jess Stacy, piano; Harry Goodman, bass; Allan Reuss, guitar; Gene Krupa, drums; Helen Ward (later, Martha Tilton), vocals.

I've had many groups since but I've always regarded that one with a special feeling. It gave me some of the best times I ever had, and some of the worst: times when I was so close to total exhaustion I could scarcely remember my own name, but moments of genuine exhilaration, too.

It all started in 1934, when I was twenty-five.

For most of my life—since I was thirteen—I had been a professional musician, and when I could I played the music I had learned in Chicago, where I was born: jazz, the improvised, creative music originated by Negroes and usually played by small groups. Although jazz wasn't often a paying proposition in those days (we used to play it in our spare time), with the help and encouragement of a young, well-to-do jazz fan named John Hammond I did make a few records in the early thirties with men I liked and respected. The records got a good reception, especially among musicians. They led to several more record dates for me, and also led me to think seriously, for the first time, about organizing a big band to play my kind of music.

Nothing much came of my thinking for a while. I was playing in radio, making a pretty fair living. I'd brought my mother, sister and two brothers to New York from Chicago, which added to my responsibilities. Also, I wasn't quite convinced that the public was ready for the kind of band I dreamed of leading. Then, that March of 1934, my brother Harry, who was playing with Ben Pollack, told me that Billy Rose was thinking of opening a new night club. Naturally, he would need a band.

Oscar Levant, who was working with me on a radio show, introduced me to Rose and I began rounding up some men. I had definite ideas about how I wanted my band to sound. First, I was interested only in jazz—I wanted to create a tight, small-band quality, and I wanted every one of my boys to be a soloist. The band had to have a driving beat, a rhythmic brass section, and a sax section that would be smooth but with lots of punch.

WHEN I HAD the best men I could get I started rehearsals. I didn't just ask for good musicianship; I insisted on it. I've never been a particularly patient guy where music is concerned. When somebody let me and the band down, I got sore and let him know it. Nothing less than perfection would do: I lived that music, and expected everybody else to live it, too.

However, the band I had in mind was not the band Billy Rose had in mind—not at first, anyhow. We auditioned for him one afternoon, and he was far from impressed. He said, shortly, "Let you know," and turned to something else. I was discouraged and disappointed; by that time I had become excited over the prospect of having my own band, and I'd been counting on getting the job.

Someone must have put in a good word for me; soon afterward, word came that we were hired.

When we reported for the first rehearsal with the show, we found that Rose seemed to have dug up every last old-time vaudeville act that wasn't working at the time. There were roustabout tum-

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Things were so tough before the band finally clicked that at one point Goodman talked seriously of breaking it up

blers, dogs, a trampolin act, a fire-eater, and several production numbers with girls. My boys' spirits picked up when they saw the girls, but fell as soon as we started playing the music for the show. We were terrible. I don't know why, but we couldn't seem to work our way through that score.

Rose came over to me and said, "It doesn't look like you can play the show."

I looked at my boys, ready to tell them to pack up their instruments.

"I tell you what," Rose said, "you'd better play for dancing, and we'll let Jerry's band play the show." (Jerry was Jerry Arlen, brother of composer Harold Arlen.)

So we had the job. Yet, even though Billy Rose's Music Hall was a success from the beginning, the same could not quite be said for the band. Most of the customers liked the jugglers, but they didn't understand what we were trying to do. The band kept getting better and better, but instead of dancing, the crowd just sat and pounded their feet in rhythm. Still, I kept hoping. I was still working in radio during the daytime hours, and one evening I had a broadcast with Leo Reisman's Orchestra that made me late for work at the Music Hall. The boys started off without me, and they were playing when I walked in. I remembered thinking: *Gee, this gang sounds pretty good.*

Two days later we got our notice.

I WAS ABOUT READY to give up the band. Then a fellow named Joe Bonime walked in and changed everything. Joe worked for an agency that was lining up bands for a big three-hour dance-music show that was to go on the NBC radio network in the fall. Joe wanted to know if I would be interested in playing for some of the people at the agency—sort of an audition for an audition.

"Fine," I said, without stopping to consider that we had hardly enough orchestrations to show what we could do. Playing for the Music Hall dancers had been a cinch. Our numbers, except for the few arrangements we could afford, were made up as we went along and consisted of improvised solos by various members, with the rhythm section behind each soloist. So, on the night that Joe showed up with his friends, I was a little panicky. My problem was to let them hear the handful of special arrangements and get them out before they realized that we had exhausted our repertoire.

We never sounded better than we did that night. The band played with real authority, and when I shot a glance at Joe and his colleagues, I could see they were eating it up. Then we came to the last number in the book. Sweat was pouring off me; I didn't know exactly what to do, so I decided to bluff it.

"Act as though this is the end of the set," I told the boys.

We finished the number, stood up, and walked off. The boys went down to 53d Street to their favorite hangout, a confectionery where there was a pinball machine, and I went over to Bonime's table. Luck was with me.

"Sounds pretty good," Bonime said. "You'll hear from me." He and his party left.

Time passed. Nothing happened.

The call came when I had just about given up hope of hearing from them. NBC was going ahead with its Let's Dance program, featuring the bands of Kel Murray (for sweet music), Xavier Cugat (for Latin American) and—Benny Goodman!

Now there was a series of hasty conferences. The first problem was to get some arrangements. The great Negro leader Fletcher Henderson had more or less broken up his band the year before. He was looking for work, and was only too happy to begin developing a book for our band. He charged us only $37.50 per arrangement! As I recall, the first things he did were Sometimes I'm Happy and King Porter Stomp. We also got some other arrangements, but Fletcher was the man who really made our band, by arranging popular tunes in the same style he used for hot numbers, which we called killer-dillers.

To get used to playing the book, we played some dates around town. The band was shaping up, but it still wasn't anything like the way I wanted it to sound. The rhythm, especially, wasn't right. Our drummer was merely adequate, and a couple of new men we tried didn't seem to add anything. The man I really wanted, Gene Krupa, was in Chicago, playing with Buddy Rogers at the College Inn.

John Hammond, the young jazz bug who'd helped me earlier, was still enthusiastically lending a hand, and he went to Chicago to try to corral Krupa. He happened to hit Gene on a night when Rogers, who was versatile but not much of a jazz man, was working out on about 11 different instruments. Gene was having a sad time, but for various reasons he didn't want to change jobs.

"This is going to be a real jazz band," John urged. "Think of the kicks, Gene, playing jazz every night."

About then Buddy Rogers picked up another instrument and prepared for a solo.

"I'll come," Gene said.

Now we had everyone we needed, I thought—and then the producer asked what I was going to do for a girl vocalist. I thought immediately of a girl we'd auditioned for the Music Hall job. Her name was Helen Ward, and she was a New Yorker not too many years out of high school. I had offered her the Music Hall spot, but she then had a job with Enric Madriguera and wasn't inclined to leave. This time she said yes. At the same time, she put me in touch with a fellow named George Bassman, writer of I'm Getting Sentimental over You, which our rival-to-be, Tommy Dorsey, had adopted as his theme. Theme-writing evidently was a specialty with George. He took Von Weber's Invitation to the Dance, made it into a jazz arrangement, and called it Let's Dance, after our NBC show. It's been my opening number ever since.

We got our closing theme one day when one of our trombonists, Red Ballard, introduced me to a young fellow and said, "This kid's got a tune I want you to hear." The tune was Good-bye, and the kid has since become pretty well known for his compositions and arrangements. His name is Gordon Jenkins.

We made our debut on the Let's Dance show in December, 1934. We were all pretty nervous, but I couldn't help feeling that we were going over pretty well. The mail that began pouring in a few days later confirmed that opinion.

THE SHOW, which was broadcast in New York City from 11:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M. each Saturday night, was to go for 26 weeks, and with each succeeding week we gained more assurance. Fletcher kept turning out inspired arrangements, and we found another excellent arranger who knew what we had in mind: Edgar Sampson, who was with the Chick Webb band (Stompin' at the Savoy and If Dreams Come True were two of Edgar's tunes).

We began playing more and more one-nighters around the New York area. We still weren't big enough to command much money—some of them we jobbed for $200 or a little more. And some of them were disasters. Once I hired a bus to take us up to Binghamton, New York. It was in midwinter, but that bus would have had trouble making the run in July. Two hours after we were due, we were still 20 miles out of town. The manager had hired an all-girl band to fill in for us, but we finally dragged in and played the job.

Yet we were moving along. Our success on the radio got us a record contract, and our first two sides, Dixieland Band and Hunkadola, had a pretty fair initial sale for a jazz record. We hired Bunny Berigan, one of the all-time greats on the trumpet, and for piano we got Jess Stacy, whom John Hammond had found in a run-down Chicago saloon. Willard Alexander, our booking agent, began lining up a summer road tour. I was full of excitement: it looked as though my theory was right. There seemed to be a real audience for our music.

It all came to an end abruptly. The sponsor of Let's Dance didn't pick up the option, and when our 26 weeks were up, we were finished on the air.

But Willard was optimistic. "I've booked you into the Hotel Roosevelt," he said, "for two weeks."

I couldn't believe him; Guy Lombardo was the regular band leader at that spot.

"The change of pace may appeal to the customers," Willard said.

THE CHANGE OF PACE did not appeal to anyone. We even drove the waiters out. The few customers who had the courage to remain sent caustic, complaining notes up to the bandstand—I still have several in my collection of souvenirs.

Despite the Roosevelt fiasco, we started out on the road tour Willard had arranged. Because we weren't prosperous enough to afford a bus, we traveled in three or four automobiles. The first stop was Pittsburgh, for a week's engagement at a theater. The reaction was fair. In Columbus, Ohio, we did a little better, but not much. I began to wonder what had happened to all those radio listeners who'd written us fan letters. None of them seemed to turn up, either, in Toledo, or at a couple of Michigan dates we played. We had two good days in Milwaukee, principally because it was handy to Chicago—which has always had its jazz fans. But even Milwaukee was not very good.

Then came Denver, and near desperation.

We were booked into Elitch's Gardens, perhaps the best-known place of its kind in the Rockies, for four weeks. We should never have been booked there for four minutes. The instant we started to play, the manager came ranting out of his office, demanding to know why we were making all that noise. People were getting their money back.

That first evening was just about the most humiliating experience of my life, up to that time. Next morning I went in to see the manager. He suggested that I get my boys to play waltzes.

"I hired a *dance* band," he said.

I bought some stock arrangements and gave them to the band. That night we hit upon a pretty good idea. Helen Ward played fair piano, so she sat down and she, Gene Krupa, my brother Harry on bass, and guitarist Allan Reuss accompanied Bunny Berigan on a couple of sets of the schmaltziest waltzes ever heard, even in Denver.

The manager appeared again. "Look here, Goodman," he said, "I'm paying for a full band!"

I got Willard on the telephone. "We're laying a bomb," I said.

"What do you want to do?" Willard parried.

There was only one possible answer. Thus far the cross-country tour had been mainly a bust. I had been wrong: the country simply wasn't ready for the kind of music I wanted to play. On top of that, the band's spirits were really low. I drew a breath. "I guess I'll have to give up," I said. But even as I said it I knew I wouldn't.

Somehow we finished out the Denver job, waltzing it up and playing slow, sticky stock orchestrations. The next stop was Salt Lake City, where the crowd was moderate in size and in applause. Then came Oakland, California. We got there about an hour before the scheduled starting time, asked directions, and headed *(Continued on page 30)*

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BOB WILLOUGHBY

Steve Allen, who plays title role in The Benny Goodman Story, clowns on set with B.G. himself

HERE'S THE REAL GOODMAN—AS SEEN BY THE FILM GOODMAN

IN THE LATE THIRTIES, the great age of swing, I was going to high school in Chicago. I played piano in a neighborhood band and saved my spending money for occasional visits to the big local ballrooms to hear Benny Goodman, Harry James, Tommy Dorsey and Bunny Berigan. Goodman had started the swing craze by taking the music the Negro bands had been playing for years, adding a touch of clarinet magic, and turning it into a national obsession. We used to listen to his records, and anyone who was around at that time will remember what happened when he played one of the big theaters in town.

It may be obvious to say Benny was the Pied Piper of the teen-agers. But it's true. He could have run for President. He played clarinet better than anyone since the instrument was invented. And the people he put together—the famous old B.G. gang—were all superb. Gene Krupa was the country's number-one drummer. Ziggy Elman and Harry James trumpeted like a pair of Gabriels. Teddy Wilson, who was in the quartet with Krupa, Benny and Lionel Hampton, was at the peak of his popularity. He was a great influence on the kids my age who wanted to play jazz piano (I wish he'd had more influence on me).

And so when I was asked to take the Benny Goodman part in Universal's picture about his life—along with Krupa, Wilson, Hampton, James, Elman and some of the others—I found myself looking at these guys from two directions. I know a few of them socially. Several of them have appeared on my TV show. Still, I couldn't help remembering that these men were my idols when I was just fourteen.

For some reason, though, musicians seem to retain their youth better than truck drivers or politicians or writers. After almost 20 years, Krupa is still a great drummer. And he doesn't look any older to me than he did when I was in school. He's a natural-born actor, too, and even the squares who watch him get their money's worth. That's also true of Lionel Hampton. There's humor in his music, and energy and precision. People watch him as they would a tap dancer. Harry James is a little different now, more like a banker, successful and secure. But he still plays with a lot of excitement. Teddy Wilson is the most dedicated musician of them all. He reminds me of a Franciscan monk. He's calm and paternal and has an almost ascetic detachment. On the set, we used to have 20-minute jam sessions between takes. Just sitting around picking up chords and musical ideas from Teddy was reward enough for a summer's work.

Goodman? He's a relaxed, quiet man who won't be too different at seventy from what he was at seven. Luckily for me, to take his place on film it wasn't necessary to become a great clarinetist. But I took lessons from Sol Yaged, another top-rank musician, to get the fingering right. And I learned to go around with the instrument tucked under my left arm, the way Benny does, to keep my right hand out, palm up and thumb and forefinger touching. The sound track, recorded by Goodman and the boys, took care of the rest. There's one scene, though, in which you'll hear the eight-year-old Benny playing scales. The Goodman of today couldn't play that badly if he tried. That's Allen.

— STEVE ALLEN

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Kids still like Goodman. Stage-door shot was made at a 1953 concert with Louis Armstrong

(Continued from page 28) immediately for the dance hall.

As soon as we got in sight of the place, I knew there'd been a mix-up in our bookings. The street in front of the auditorium was solidly packed with people. I was utterly disgusted, and was all set to send Willard a furious wire about the mix-up.

"Imagine him making a mistake like this," I muttered.

A guy was shaking my hand. "How do you like our turnout, Mr. Goodman?" He was the manager.

It was impossible for me to believe that so many people had come to hear us—I was still sure they had us confused with some other band. We set up our instruments sort of warily, half expecting the other band to walk in the door.

WHEN THE MANAGER finally opened the doors to the public, the crowd surged inside and jammed up tight against the bandstand.

I thought: *If it's a mistake, it's a mistake. I might as well make it a real mistake.*

I called for King Porter Stomp, one of Fletcher's real killers.

That number started off with Bunny Berigan playing a trumpet solo, the saxophones and rhythm behind him. Before he'd played four bars, there was such a yelling and stomping and carrying on in that hall I thought a riot had broken out. When I went into my solo, the noise was even louder. Finally the truth got through to me:

We were causing the riot.

What was even more amazing, the fans seemed to get wilder and wilder as the night wore on. I was positive it was a fluke, and that we'd just had the good luck to be booked into a jazz-mad town. But a few days later, at the Palomar Ballroom in Los Angeles, the same thing happened. When we beat off When Buddha Smiles, it was the Oakland riot scene all over again. We'd been scheduled for four weeks, and stayed seven—breaking all records, if you please.

Later on, I figured out what had happened. Our NBC show had been broadcast from 11:00 P.M. to 2:00 A.M., New York time. That meant it reached the West Coast (skipping Denver, I imagine) between 8:00 and 11:00 P.M. or at the best possible time in which to develop an audience. So, when we got to the Coast, they were ready for us.

In the words of the late Fats Waller, the panic was on. After our Palomar job we started back East, playing one-nighters to terrific crowds, doing phenomenal business, for a new band. Willard booked us into the Congress Hotel in Chicago for three weeks. The Congress was known as a dead room; nobody had ever done much business in it. We stayed eight months, playing to near capacity every night. Everything we tried seemed to click.

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Before the Carnegie Hall concert someone asked: "How much intermission do you want?" A musician cracked: "How much does Toscanini take?"

We were offered a radio show and our records were selling so fast that the dealers couldn't keep them in stock.

To me, the Congress was important for another reason. It was there that we broke through the color line.

We had been playing some Sunday-afternoon concerts to standing-room-only crowds, and after the second or third I had the idea of bringing Teddy Wilson out from New York to appear with us. My acquaintance with Teddy went back several years. But I had never realized how really fine he was until one night at a party at the home of Red Norvo, the xylophonist, who was then married to Mildred Bailey. Somebody had asked Teddy to play at the party, and I'd liked his style so well I hadn't been able to resist picking up my clarinet. Teddy and I began to play as though we were thinking with the same brain. It was a real kick. A couple of days after that I had one of the first recording jobs with my Let's Dance band, and I asked Teddy to come along and make some records with Gene Krupa and me. We cut Body and Soul and After You've Gone—two sides I still think of as ranking with the best I ever did.

The Trio records were selling as well as those of the big band, and some of the more knowing fans at the Congress were asking me when I was going to bring Teddy to Chicago. I was hesitant, at first; I didn't know but what some bigots might raise a fuss over different-colored men playing on the same bandstand. But Negroes had been my constant musical companions for years. They had been well received. Somebody had to take the step.

I wired Teddy to come on out.

When he arrived, I was even more worried. At the same time I felt sore when I considered the possibility that some people might object. Negroes were the ones who had found this kind of music I loved; why shouldn't Negroes have the same chance to play it as my white friends and I had? At our next Sunday concert at the Congress I stepped to the microphone and announced the Trio. Gene got behind his drums; Teddy came out and sat down at the piano. We started to play. There were no objections. In fact, there was nothing but tremendous acclaim for Teddy's masterful playing, and from then on he was a regular member of our organization.

ABOUT A YEAR LATER, in Hollywood, some of us went to hear a kid who'd been described as a fantastic drummer. He was playing at a place called the Paradise Café on Central Avenue, and when he wasn't drumming he was working out on a novelty instrument called the vibraphone. We closed the doors that night, and he and I and some of the boys jammed until daylight. Then we went to the studios and he, Teddy, Gene and I made the first Benny Goodman Quartet records. I need hardly add that his name was Lionel Hampton. A few months later, when I was back East, I sent for him —and he, too, became a regular. When Gene left me in 1938, Lionel took over on drums for a time. By then, so far as I was concerned, it was as natural to have a mixed band as it was to play jazz.

In bands I led in later years, I always had several Negroes as sidemen and featured soloists. I didn't do it, I must point out, because I was trying to prove something. I hired Negroes because I wanted the best musicians I could find.

Looking back, I consider the addition of Teddy and Lionel one of the high spots in my old gang's collective career. But then, almost everything that happened in those swing-happy days was a high spot. Soon after we went from the Congress back to California, we made our first movie, The Big Broadcast of 1937 (actually, we made it in 1936). In the spring of 1937, we opened first at the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York and then, almost simultaneously, at the Paramount Theater. Then we got a radio show, the Camel Caravan. Our friends said it was that show which made us into an institution. Wherever we went from then on, we played to enormous crowds.

ON A DATE we played at the Lincoln Colonnades, a ballroom in Washington, D.C., the crowd was so heavy that police had to help the band into the hall. Dwight Chapin, our man-of-all-assignments, nearly went crazy setting up the instrument stands on that job. As soon as we began playing, there was another complication. In walked Fats Waller, fresh from finishing a show at a local theater, and ready for what he always called a "ball." Fats, one of the jolliest men who ever lived, seemed forever in mortal terror of running short of cheer. Therefore he always carried his own supply, usually in a suitcase which was complete with collapsible drinking cups. He came in with the suitcase, plus every one of the six or seven boys in his band, plus two or three admiring girls for each of the boys—and, because there was no other place to sit down, they all came up on the stand and sat down with us. Fats broke out his suitcase and began distributing his cheer. The boys were relaxed, to put it mildly.

As the months went by, it became necessary to make some changes in the band. Bunny Berigan left me and I replaced him with Sterling Bose. On a date at the Steel Pier in Atlantic City, Bose became ill. Then I heard of a kid with the relief band who played pretty respectable trumpet. His name was Ziggy Elman. He didn't show me much in the band he was with, but when I asked him to sit in with us he nearly blew us off the stand. I guess he must be one of the most powerful trumpet players who ever lived.

In the summer of 1936, in California, we made the first major change in the saxophone section. Dick Clark got sunshine-and-orange-juice fever and decided to stay out there, so we needed a tenor soloist in a hurry. Someone heard of a kid playing with a little combination down at Balboa Beach, and we went down to hear him.

The combo was soso—except for a piano man with some ideas, named Stan Kenton, and the tenor man, a thickset, tough-looking young Italian. I invited him to come around the next evening and sit in with us. He showed up while we were in the middle of our arrangement of Honeysuckle Rose, and I beckoned to him to take a chorus. He took 12. The crowd was excited, but their reaction was nothing compared to mine: I jumped right off the stand. When I got back on, I told him he was hired.

Vido Musso was his name, and he became to us what Yogi Berra is to the Yankees. He had been born in Italy and had been brought to this country when he was quite small, and what with moving around here and there, he hadn't acquired much formal education. That didn't worry me; I had finished only one year of high school. But what did bother me was his lack of formal schooling on his instrument.

Because Hymie Schertzer was in charge of the saxophone section, I asked him to run through some of the arrangements with Vido. Later on, I asked Hymie how the new man was working out.

Hymie took his cigar out of his mouth and stared at it. "Well," he said, at length, "we got through the first eight bars of When Buddha Smiles."

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Vido couldn't read music.

I was in a quandary. He was too good a soloist to let go, but on the other hand, a man who couldn't read could have hurt a section as precise as ours.

"What's the trouble?" I asked Vido.

"Benny," said he, "it ain't the notes, it's the rest-ess."

I've since thought that that remark, in Vido's appealing broken English, won him his permanent job. I decided to keep him. He faked the section parts, and did it remarkably well. And, little by little, thanks to the patient Hymie and the conscientious Art Rollini, Vido learned his section parts. He even learned to read, eventually.

Vido was an extremely good-natured fellow. His mangling of the language always broke us up. One day he came to work with a fearful boil on his neck. The next day it was gone. "I had it glanced," he said, "and the doc put some easy tape on it."

THERE WAS A LOT of horseplay in that band, usually with Harry James and alto player George Koenig as ringleaders. Harry and George were the ones who organized the airplane caper when we were making Hollywood Hotel. There was a dollar-a-ride airport nearby, and when the director called for the band he learned that the boys had got tired of waiting, and were riding around in the sky. Whenever we played an amusement park, Harry would disappear between sets to try all the rides.

But on the whole we were also an extraordinarily conscientious crew—the boys were always on time for rehearsals, and they seldom complained about the long hours. Most of them, in fact, were perfectionists. Gene was constantly getting new tom-toms, trying for sounds that would completely satisfy him. Harry, Ziggy and the other brass men kept experimenting with horns. I was always a nut about looking for good clarinet reeds. But I wasn't nearly so finicky as Vido Musso. He used to break as many as 100 new saxophone reeds before he found one that suited him.

Our concentration and hard work paid off—we were popular not only among the swing-crazy kids, but among the intelligentsia, too. The literary set took us up. Clifton Fadiman, the distinguished book critic, did two scripts for our Caravan radio show. He was succeeded by Robert Paul Smith, the novelist. Robert Benchley appeared with us on that program, and he introduced the band to a group of writers for The New Yorker, including S. J. Perelman and E. B. White. They used to show up at the Madhattan Room of the Hotel Pennsylvania in New York every Saturday night.

Faithful as they were, they couldn't compare to Lord Nelton, an Englishman who developed a most undignified passion for our music. Lord Nelton came every night, always sat at the same table, and always ordered champagne. He listened quietly enough while we played our regular numbers, but when we played One O'Clock Jump, which Count Basie had given us, he seemed to be seized by devils. It got to the point where he had to hear it every night. If we forgot, Lord Nelton's rich accent rang out across the floor.

"I say, Goodman," he would call, "it's one o'clock—aren't you going to play the Jump?"

The kids, however, were our most constant followers—or pursuers. At the height of what the music magazines called "the Benny Goodman era," it was very difficult for me to appear in public. Kids used to try to get into cabs with me, and even though I used to take off my glasses to keep from being recognized, they followed me everywhere. It was very tiring, but when I remembered that the kids had made us what we were, I tried to be as polite as possible—and most of the time, I must admit, I enjoyed it.

The big kick came with our Carnegie Hall concert. The funny thing was, I was opposed to it in the beginning. Win Nathanson, who was then doing some publicity for us, had the idea, and he had to do some talking to get me to agree. "We'll die there," I kept saying. "You'll be great," Win said, and Willard Alexander agreed.

Seats for the concert began selling about a week before the date—which was January 16, 1938—and the day before, when I went to get some tickets for some relatives of mine, I had to get them through scalpers. Yet I still couldn't believe that we would be a success. I was nervous about the whole thing. Just before we were ready to go on, the stage manager asked me how long we wanted for intermission. "How much time does Toscanini take?" one of the boys asked. That helped break the tension. Then Harry James looked out at the audience and the hall and made another remark that broke us up. "I feel like a waitress on a date with a college boy," he said.

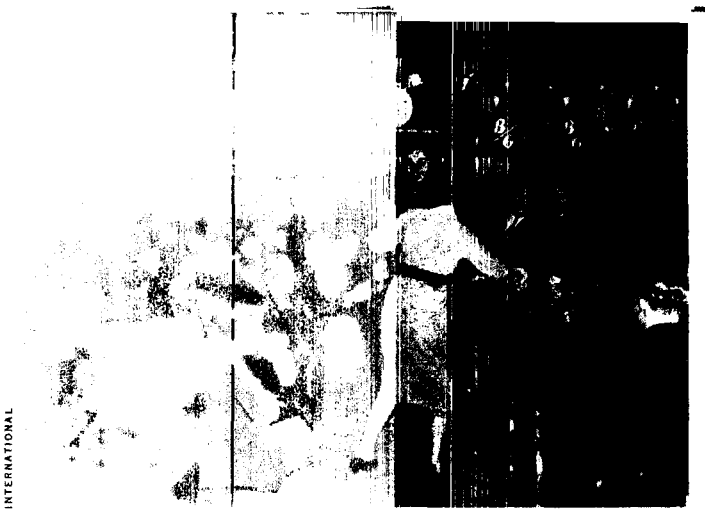
We went on and, with very little formality, started to play Don't Be That Way. The shout that went up from the crowd was the same one we'd been hearing in dance halls across the country, and we knew we had them. The noise continued until we played our final number, the 15-minute version of Sing, Sing, Sing. During that one, some of the people started to dance in the aisles and had to be restrained.

In the months after the concert, the gang began breaking up. In Philadelphia, on a theater date, Gene decided to leave. The late Dave Tough, an old pal of mine from my Chicago days, came in to replace him. Then Harry James got the leader bug, and decided to try to make it on his own. Teddy soon followed suit, and so did Lionel. The band, as a whole, stayed together for about two years, until I developed a slipped disk and had to lay off for a spell, but I suppose the original, dyed-in-the-wool fans are right when they say it was never quite the same.

PEOPLE HAVE ASKED ME what made that band so good. There are several answers. First, there was the wonderful book that Fletcher, Edgar Sampson and Jimmy Mundy wrote for us—big-band arrangements that gave the soloists a genuine chance for sustained individual expression. Second, we had outstanding musicians. Third, there was the collective feeling we had. We knew we were doing something nobody else had done. We were all bound and determined to show the public that jazz was a healthy form of expression, not just a passing fancy on the part of some kids. We were dedicated; that's the only word for it.

The best way to explain it is to tell what happened the night we finished playing at Carnegie Hall. We had played for three solid hours, and had had perhaps the most remarkable reception ever accorded a swing band—in the most remarkable place. That should have been enough; most musicians would have gone home to bed, secure and happy in their triumph. Not my boys. About half the gang went up to Harlem to hear Chick Webb playing a battle of music with Count Basie's band. The rest took their instruments and went out and jammed in a room until daylight.

That was the way it was, with that old gang of mine. THE END



INTERNATIONAL

Goodman orchestra, playing
the kids dancing in the aisles

CULVER

Goodman strikes a pose with the band's first vocalist, Helen Ward

RCA VICTOR PHOTO

The great Benny Goodman Trio: Gene Krupa, drums; the leader, clarinet; Teddy Wilson, piano

CARROLL PHOTO SERVICE

The brass section featured Harry James, left, and Ziggy Elman on trumpet (in background: Krupa)

WIDE WORLD

Rehearsing, three days before the concert in Carnegie Hall—a high spot in band's career

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Second Geneva conference failed, famed historian Dr. Toynbee (above) says, because Foreign Ministers weren't ready to accept a 50-50 balance of power

Disarmament After Geneva

Is the outlook as bleak as headlines paint it? No, says this authority—and he proposes a bold plan for a secure peace

By ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

THE Foreign Ministers conference at Geneva has failed, and this miscarriage of the first attempt to put "the spirit of Geneva" into practice is most disappointing. If we could see into the inside of our fellow human beings on the other side of the iron curtain, we should find, no doubt, that they are no less disappointed than we are. One can be disappointed, however, without being discouraged, and it is all-important that, on both sides, we should have the spirit to try again and again.

We still have further chances, because the agreement achieved at the summit conference last July still stands. At the summit, we agreed to renounce war as an instrument of policy. This agreement was not put on paper in a formal document like the interwar Kellogg Pact, but it is more firmly founded than that was. It is founded not just on feelings and words, but on revolutionary new facts. The invention of nuclear weapons has swept away the traditional presuppositions of the institution of war. It has abolished the old distinctions between soldier and civilian, frontier and interior, victor and vanquished, and has converted war into mutual annihilation, or, in other words, mass suicide. At the summit, these new facts were recognized on both sides, and this result of the summit conference has not been undone by the Foreign Ministers' failure.

The second Geneva conference failed to fulfill the hopes of the first because both parties came to the second conference with proposals that were unrealistic. When two rival groups of powers agree to renounce war as an instrument of policy, they are agreeing to put up, on both sides, with a fifty-fifty balance of power in the next chapter of the story. Any such balance is, of course, difficult to strike. There has to be a balance of political alignment, as well as a balance of armaments.

With the best will and the greatest good faith on both sides, it might still be difficult to agree upon the yardsticks for measuring forces that are so complex and so imponderable. But this technical difficulty is slight compared with the psychological one, and this psychological difficulty is the natural human fear of taking a risk. The acceptance of a fifty-fifty balance is risky for both parties because, for both sides, it involves a sacrifice of security. When we are dealing, as both we and the Russians are today, with people whom we do not trust, we do not feel secure unless we command a decisive superiority of material power in terms of both political alignments and armaments.

But both sides cannot have this kind of security against one another simultaneously, so the only practical basis for a fifty-fifty balance of power is for both sides to forgo the security that is given by preponderance. This means, of course, taking a risk. But it is a much smaller risk to take than the one to which we both expose ourselves, in an atomic age, by continuing to compete with one another without any understandings or any agreed limitations at all.

NOW WE CAN SEE why the Foreign Ministers conference failed. It failed because, at the first try, both parties were too timid to take this lesser risk that is the price of insuring ourselves against the greater one. Each party made proposals that would give it a decisive superiority of power over the other party in a field in which it can take the other party at a disadvantage.

For instance, Russia has two advantages over the West for waging a war with pre-atomic weapons. She holds the interior lines, and, together with her ally, Communist China, she has a great superiority in manpower. In an atomic war, these two advantages might cease to count, and the holding of interior lines might actually make Russia a more vulnerable target. So, in her disarmament proposals at the Foreign Ministers conference, Russia called for a complete ban on the use of nuclear weapons, but merely for a reduction in weapons that are "conventional" (or pre-atomic). True, she sugared the pill for us by proposing that the reduced armies should balance one another in numbers. The United States would have the same number of troops as Russia, and Britain and France together, the same number as China. The Russians also proposed that each party should allow the other to post observation teams, on the ground, at key points on its territory. All the same, the effect would be to make Russia and China secure by making the West insecure so far as armaments go.

The Western objection to this Russian plan for disarmament has been put by U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles in telling words: "It can hardly be expected that the United States would depend upon pledges which cannot be relied upon, and for the performance of which no dependable controls are provided."

At their old tricks again! How like the Russians, we may be tempted to comment. Yes, but also how like human nature, and how like ourselves! For, when we examine the West's proposals for bringing about the reunification of Germany, we find that the effect of those would be the same, only the other way round. They would give the West a decisive preponderance of power over Russia, in exchange for pledges to which Soviet Foreign Minister V. M. Molotov could apply Dulles's words, with the substitution of "Soviet Union" for "United States."

In making proposals for the reunification of Germany, the West has the advantage over Russia, because Western Germany is now voluntarily associated with the West, while Eastern Germany is still only compulsorily associated with Russia. Nothing but the presence of a Russian army of occupation prevents Eastern Germany from reuniting with Western Germany, and if the reunion were allowed to take place unconditionally, it is highly probable—indeed almost certain—that a re-

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united Germany would choose, at least for the present, to be a member of NATO, as Western Germany is today.

So the West has everything to gain, and Russia everything to lose, by the Western proposal that the German people in both parts of Germany should be allowed to decide their future in free elections, and that a reunited Germany should then be allowed to choose whether she will associate herself with Russia, will associate herself with the West, or will hold aloof from both. The Western Powers can practically count on Germany's associating herself with them, and they cannot reconcile Russia to this prospect by their offer to her of a treaty of mutual guarantee, and of radar screens as a safeguard against surprise attacks on either side. For, in Dulles's words (with a change in just two of them), "it can hardly be expected that the Soviet Union would depend upon pledges which cannot be relied upon, and for the performance of which no dependable controls are provided," as a *quid pro quo* for agreeing to put herself at the West's mercy.

THIS, AND NOTHING LESS, is the meaning of the Western proposals for the reunification of Germany when these are looked at through Russian eyes. We have to remind ourselves of what the Russians' experience of Germany has been within the lifetime of the living generation. In both world wars, Germany has proved strong enough to invade Russia almost singlehanded, and this when the Western Powers have been Germany's opponents and Russia's allies. If the strength of a reunited Germany were now to be combined, in NATO, with the strength of the United States (not to speak of Britain and France), what chance of survival would Russia have if the NATO group of powers were to decide to attack her?

It is no use our dismissing this Russian fear of being attacked by us as fantastic. We know, of course, that the Western Powers do not dream of attacking Russia, and we have proposed to provide against the possibility that Germany might one day wish to attack her again by offering Russia a treaty of mutual guarantee in the event of Germany's joining NATO. (If Germany preferred to hold aloof from both camps, we are assuming that Russia would be capable, unaided, of defending herself against Germany nowadays.) This is how we see it. But the Russians have nothing but our word to certify the goodness of our intentions. And at present the Russians are as unwilling to depend on "capitalist" pledges as we are to depend on Communist ones.

So the Russians' rejection of our Western proposals for the reunification of Germany is no more surprising than our own rejection of the Russians' proposals for disarmament. Now that the Foreign Ministers conference has failed, both parties are professing to be surprised. Yet each party must have known in advance that its proposals would be unacceptable to the other, and therefore have known that the failure of the conference was foreordained.

Each side is also now trying to put the other side on the spot. On the Western side, we are pointing out, with truth, that the Russians are as unwilling as ever to let the Germans freely determine their own future. On the Russian side, Molotov has quoted French Foreign Minister Antoine Pinay's admission that "we are not yet in a position to put into effect a general disarmament plan." As one participant in the conference is reported to have put it: "At this meeting, we are salesmen, not diplomats." This was an unprofitable, and indeed a mischievous, deviation from the task that has been assigned to the Foreign Ministers. To lay on one another the blame for their common failure will not do any good either to them or to the rest of us. Their job is to reopen the road toward disarmament, not to obstruct it still further.

Another attempt, and this time a more sincere and more courageous one, is plainly imperative when we consider the risks that we now find ourselves facing. In introducing an unacceptable proposal for barring atomic weapons while merely limiting other armaments, Russia exposed herself to the risk of a continuance of unlimited competition in the production of nuclear weapons. This may be a greater risk for her than it is for us, because the West has a lead in scientific knowledge and technical skill with which Russia may not find it easy to catch up. Similarly, in making an unacceptable proposal for the reunification of Germany on terms that would almost certainly bring a reunited Germany into NATO, the West exposed itself to the risks of seeing Germany make her own terms with Russia and also seeing Russia extend the field of political competition from Europe to the Arab and Greek worlds, where the advantage is on Russia's side, not on ours.

In Europe, Russia is (to put it mildly) enormously unpopular today. If the peoples of Europe east of the iron curtain were to be given genuine freedom of political choice, there is little doubt that not only Eastern Germany but all the countries that are now compulsorily associated with Russia would shake themselves free from her and turn spontaneously toward the West. There would be no telling how far eastward in Europe the self-liberation movement would spread. It would certainly spread east of the present western frontier of the Soviet Union into East Prussia and the Baltic States (if any of the original inhabitants are left there), and perhaps also into the Ukraine. The very existence of the Soviet Union might be threatened.

This is the fundamental weakness of Russia in Europe. She is an object of fear and resentment there; we know this fact, and the Western proposals for Germany at the Foreign Ministers conference were an attempt to take advantage of it. But the Russians know that the Western Powers are unpopular in the Arab countries and in Greece, and they have already begun to try to redress the balance that is so unfavorable to them in Europe by making trouble for us in the Levant.

In Arab and Greek ears, the West's claim to be "the free world" sounds like hypocrisy, for it is we, not the Russians, against whom Greeks and Arabs are struggling for their liberty. Britain, who is in favor of *enosis* (union) for Eastern Germany, is not in favor of it for Cyprus, though 80 per cent of the population of Cyprus are Greeks who would vote for union with Greece if they were allowed. In Algeria, in Morocco, and even in Tunisia, the French are conceding too little, too grudgingly and too slowly to the Northwest African Arabs' demands for the recovery of their independence.

In Palestine, the Israelis hold territory that had been inhabited by Arabs for centuries till Palestine was placed under a British mandate after the first World War. Today, most of the former Arab inhabitants of what is now Israel are living miserably as displaced persons who have lost their homes and property, and their grievance against the Israelis is a grievance of the whole Arab world against the West.

AND THEN, in the great continental hinterland of Arab North Africa, there lie Kenya and South Africa, where the African majority of the population is in sharp conflict with a dominant European minority. These are almost ideal mission fields for Communism, and Russia has just scattered her first handful of seeds in this receptive soil. The sale of Czechoslovak arms to Egypt and the offer of a Russian loan and Russian technical assistance for the building of the projected High Dam at the First Cataract of the Nile are just a foretaste of the trouble that Russia could make for the West, if she chose, in regions where the West is as vulnerable politically as Russia is in Europe.

Thus the failure of the Foreign Ministers conference opens up alarming vistas for both parties. On the capital point of the agreement, previously reached at the summit, that we want to avoid war, the good intentions on both sides remain the same after the Foreign Ministers conference as they were before it met. But the failure of this conference has put a strain on those good intentions that is already severe and is likely to become more severe if we take no steps now to ease it.

This is a risk to which mankind cannot afford to expose itself in the atomic age. We must try for disarmament once again, and this next time we must face, on both sides, the truth that we cannot hope to succeed unless we are willing, on both sides, to take the lesser risk of coming to terms with one another on a fifty-fifty basis. This will not put either side at the other's mercy, but it will also not give either side security in the form of a decisive preponderance of strength.

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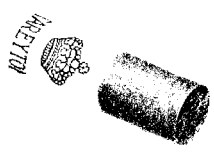

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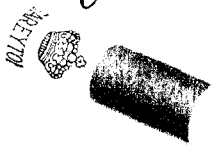

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have an example of it, within the coasts of North America, in the present-day relations between the United States and Canada. Today Canada is more helplessly at the mercy of the United States than Russia would be even if the Foreign Ministers conference had resulted in a coalition of the military power of a reunited Germany with the military power of the United States. Yet today Canada feels entirely secure so far as her relations with the United States are concerned. What are the grounds of this Canadian feeling of security? They are neither political nor military; they are psychological.

THE CANADIANS feel secure because they believe that they know for certain what the American people's feelings and intentions toward them are. They believe that they know that these feelings are friendly, and these intentions altogether honorable.

This confidence in other people gives a greater sense of security, and is in truth a stronger ground for feeling secure, than any amount of military and political preponderance. And yet, however sure we may feel about our neighbor, our confidence in him is, at bottom, an act of faith—for at best our knowledge of one another is only partial. Even in the most intimate relations of private life—the relation between husband and wife, between parent and child, between friend and friend—we cannot see right into the secrets of one another's hearts. In our personal relations we act on faith, on the strength of a partial knowledge of one another. If we did not take this risk, social life and family life would be impossible, and we should have to live the wretched life of Ishmael, with our hand against every man, and every man's hand against us.

In public life, can something like the confidence that exists between the United States and Canada be created between the United States and the Soviet Union? Till some measure of mutual confidence is established in Russo-American relations, it is obvious that the world's peace will not be secure and the path toward disarmament will not open up. But it is equally obvious that we have a long and difficult road to travel in trying to reach this point.

Can we find a way? And, if so, what is it? Confidence is a personal affair, and the confidence that happily exists between the United States and Canada is woven out of a vast network of personal relations between individual Americans and Canadians who visit one another, do business with one another, give hospitality to one another and marry one another. We are ruefully aware that no such nexus exists today between our Western World and Russia. One of the chief disappointments and chief danger signals in Russo-Western relations at the end of the second World War was the Soviet government's rejection of comprehensive Anglo-American proposals for the interchange of personnel between our two worlds on a broad front.

This question of East-West contacts was brought up again as the third of the three items on the Foreign Ministers' agenda at Geneva. It was the last item, but not the least, for personal relations of confidence are the only sure ultimate foundation for public military and political understandings. It is sad that, this time again, we failed to make any progress in this all-important field, and here the West can perhaps reasonably claim that it is less to blame for the failure than the Soviet government is.

The failure of the Foreign Ministers conference has left mutual confidence between the West and Russia at a low ebb. But, to see things in proportion, we must cast our minds back to the summit conference and remind ourselves of what President Eisenhower succeeded in doing there. By all accounts, he did succeed in breaking through the roadblock of suspicion that has divided our Western statesmen from their Russian opposite numbers. This personal achievement of the President has not been undone by the Foreign Ministers' failure. It is an achievement that is characteristic of him, and, when his career can be seen in the perspective of history, it will probably rank as one of the great deeds of his life, along with his heroic act during World War II of taking the exclusive personal responsibility for deciding D-day for the invasion of Normandy.

Where one pioneer has broken through and blazed a trail, other people can follow, and from both sides. What Mr. Eisenhower did at the summit gives us grounds for hope that, however slowly and laboriously, Russo-Western statesmanship may succeed in establishing the mutual confidence that is the only sure foundation for security. But confidence is not a plant that can be raised on a diet of air. We must nourish its roots with tangible assurances in the two practical fields of political relations and disarmament.

On our immediate political agenda we can see at least three problems: the reunification of Germany; the liberation of subject or otherwise penalized peoples on both sides of the iron curtain; and the admission into the United Nations of all eligible—that is, fully self-governing—countries.

IN SPITE OF THE FAILURE to reunify Germany at the Foreign Ministers conference, her reunification must be achieved, and without further delay. We all seem to be agreed about that. But, if we genuinely mean what we are saying, then on both sides we must abandon the policy of trying to steer a reunited Germany into our own camp. The miscarriage of the Foreign Ministers conference has made it clear now (if it were not clear before) that, so long as either side plays that game, the reunification of Germany will not be practical politics.

Germany can be reunited only by the common consent of Russia and the West, and surely it is evident now that the only condition on which we shall be able to agree on the re-establishment of a power that is potentially so formidable is a self-denying ordinance by which we give one another a mutual pledge not to admit Germany into either camp. It would allay both Russian and West European fears, and at the same time incidentally give Germany a valuable economic advantage over the rest of us, if it were laid down, as a condition of Germany's once more becoming a united and fully independent country, that her armaments should be restricted to a minimum. To ensure this, Germany might be asked to lend herself as a laboratory for trying out the various schemes for the inspection of armaments—from the air, on the ground, and through the publication of military budgets—that Russia and the West are proposing mutually to apply to themselves. In this scheme, in which Germany would be a neutral power, there would also be a place for the treaty of mutual guarantee among

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Can Germany be reunited? Yes, says Toynbee, if both East and West stop wooing her

Germany, Russia and the Western Powers which the Western Foreign Ministers were proposing to conclude, supposing that a reunited Germany had been able and willing to join NATO.

The second item on our political agenda is the liberation of the now subject countries on both sides. We want Russia to take her hands off Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Bulgaria and Albania, as she seems already to have taken her hands off Finland. On the Western side, it is up to us to give full self-government to the three Arab countries in Northwest Africa—Tunisia, Morocco and Algeria —and to allow the 80 per cent Greek majority in Cyprus to vote Cyprus into union with Greece if it wishes. We have also to do something effective toward solving the more thorny problems of Palestine, Kenya and South Africa. Here the West has a more difficult row to hoe than Russia has, because in all the still unfree countries in our self-styled "free world" there are minorities to be considered and protected, and some of these minorities are domineering and aggressive.

AS A MATTER OF FACT, these acts of liberation, difficult though they may be for both sides, will prove to be safeguards for both sides, and not sacrifices, if we have the courage to go through with them. If Russia were to liberate her satellites, as she has liberated Finland, they would be likely to look to her for protection against a liberated and reunited Germany—remembering the failure of the Western Powers to protect them against Hitler. Again, if the West were to liberate the west Arab countries and Cyprus, and were to do something substantial to right the wrongs of the Palestinian Arab "displaced persons" and the African majorities in Kenya and South Africa, we should be doing ourselves the benefit of making Africa and Southwest Asia less susceptible to Communist propaganda than they are today.

As for the admission into the United Nations of the countries that are still excluded, we ought surely to admit them all. The United Nations is not a private club, as NATO is; it is a public forum. It exists to serve as a meeting place for parties who cannot debate burning questions in parliamentary language anywhere else. An organization in which two such incongruous parties as the Soviet Union and the United States are foundation members ought logically to be open to all comers.

The difficult cases, of course, are the still partitioned countries. These include not only Germany, Korea and Viet-Nam, but also China (divided between the Communist mainland and the Kuomintang island of Formosa). In all these cases, it would seem best to admit both parts of the still divided countries pending their eventual reunification.

A special question arises over China's seat on the Security Council. It is rather fantastic that this seat should be held by Formosa, and it would be invidious to transfer it from Formosa to Peking. The solution here might be to keep China's seat temporarily vacant, pending her eventual reunification, and create a new seat, to be assigned to India. This would maintain Asia's representation on the Security Council, and two seats for Asia would not be too many when a reunited China did eventually reoccupy her temporarily vacant place.

These political measures for creating confidence should go hand in hand with a series of steps toward disarmament. An increase in confidence through a political *détente* can ease the passage for disarmament, and disarmament can promote confidence, in a reciprocating movement that would run in a "virtuous" circle, not a "vicious" one.

Pending the establishment between Russia and the West of the kind of confidence that springs from personal faith in one another, we have to look for effective methods of inspection and control for detecting and exposing evidences of bad faith, if treachery were being plotted on either side. And here we can accept all the proposals that have been put on the table from all quarters: President Eisenhower's proposal for reciprocal facilities for aerial photography; the Russian proposal for the posting of observation teams at ports and centers of communication in one another's territory; the British proposal for radar screens, operated by each party on the other party's territory, on either side of some particularly tense or sensitive frontier. This British proposal was actually put forward as a local safeguard for the German-Polish frontier, supposing that a reunited Germany had become a member of NATO; but it is a method of control that could be usefully applied anywhere.

The United States has already accepted the Russian suggestion that the Eisenhower "open skies" plan should be extended to United States bases on foreign soil, and should not be confined to territory under United States sovereignty. This is reasonable, because the chief Western threat to the Soviet Union is probably presented by the American-built bases in Turkey, which lie within point-blank range of the industrial nerve centers of the Soviet Union in the Donetz Basin and at Baku. Russia has no access to bases that are anything like so close as this to the northeastern United States, which is the equivalent area in the Western camp. The more widely all such systems of inspection and control can be extended, the better.

THERE IS ALSO the French proposal for the exchange of information about military budgets. This is a most valuable proposal, because it offers a prospect not merely of a reciprocal control of the scale of armaments, but of a simultaneous limitation and reduction of armaments, by agreement, on a fifty-fifty basis.

It is, therefore, very well worth trying to solve the technical problems with which this financial approach to disarmament is beset.

The most difficult of these problems is not that of agreeing on a ratio, for this purpose, between the dollar and the ruble; it is the problem of agreeing on the area of national expenditure that can properly be regarded as military—or, perhaps one should rather say, the problem of agreeing on the area that can be regarded as being nonmilitary under present conditions, considering that nowadays almost every technical accomplishment, down to the widespread ability to drive and to service a truck, may have a potential military value.

Evidently the information that would be genuinely relevant to a budgetary control of armaments would extend over a very large part of each party's total economic activity, including sectors of it that, in Western countries, though not in the Soviet Union, fall within the domain of private enterprise. It might therefore be more difficult for Western governments than for Communist governments to ascertain and communicate all the necessary facts and figures. The problem, for the West, might, in fact, be a political as well as a technical one. Yet we ought to make up our minds to overcome it. For a budgetary control of armaments would open the way for a budgetary limitation and reduction of them; and this seems, for at least two reasons, to be the most promising of the various alternative possible ways of tackling this difficult job.

One reason why the budgetary method would be a promising one is because it would leave each party free to allocate the sum allowed to it between nuclear and "conventional" armaments in whatever proportions it might choose. The Russian proposal that nuclear weapons should be barred, while "conventional" weapons should merely be reduced, is no more acceptable to the West than the Western proposal that a reunited Germany should be free to enter NATO is acceptable to the Russians. A progressive reduction of armaments, on an agreed ratio between the parties, would cut down both kinds of armament in the long run, without compelling either party completely to scrap one kind while the other party still possessed superiority in weapons of the other kind. The budgetary approach to disarmament might thus perhaps enable us to get over the present impasse.

A SECOND GOOD REASON for trying the budgetary approach is that it would be politically practicable. It would make the peoples aware that the reduction of armaments was directly easing the fiscal burden that is now weighing so heavily on their shoulders. Communist as well as Western governments have to consider their peoples' feelings. All governments would find that a reduction of armaments by the budgetary method would be popular with their constituents.

Supposing that some appreciable measure of disarmament by the budgetary method were to be achieved, would the whole of the money thus saved be likely to go back into the pockets of the Russian and the Western taxpayers? Probably not—for, even if the danger of military war between the Western and the Communist camp were to recede and the level of armaments were to drop, a bloodless "missionary warfare" between rival ideologies would continue.

Russia and the West would still be competing to "sell" their respective ways of life to the still uncommitted majority of the human race in Asia and Africa, and the most persuasive form of salesmanship is good works. It would, therefore, seem likely that, if Russia and the Western countries did manage to agree to save money on armaments, they would allocate a substantial part of their savings not to reducing taxation at home, but to financing competitive projects for helping the more backward and underprivileged peoples of the world to help themselves to raise their standard of living.

If the competition between Russia and the West could be channeled out of competitive armaments into competitive undertakings for carrying out former President Truman's Point Four, the conflict of ideologies, which now threatens all mankind with destruction, might actually be converted into a generator of human welfare. THE END

COLLIER'S **"Oh, she's all right. Just listening to the people in the apartment downstairs"** SYD HOFF

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I found Tucker huddled under a whaleboat. "In a mood to go over the side?" I shouted. "Go away—I want to think," he said

THE TALLAHASSEE JINX

By JOHN SAVAGE

Tucker wasn't thinking, he was showing off—but he put a curse on the whole ship

I DON'T want to seem hard-nosed about this, but it's time somebody told the truth: *The damage to the light cruiser Tallahassee was due to natural causes and nothing else.* This story about a jinx gets wilder every time I hear it. Last night I happened to be in Kenny's Bar, here in San Diego, with a bunch of other old-timers on liberty. Along toward midnight the talk drifted around to superstitions, as it often will, and somebody in the crowd said, "Sure I believe in superstitions. . . . Let me tell you about the Tallahassee."

The guy who had piped up was a quartermaster off a tin can in the harbor. I decided to keep my mouth shut and let him go ahead and spin his yarn. I wanted to see just how crazy a story could get in two years of bouncing around the waterfront bars of the world.

It turned out to be even fancier than I expected: a United States warship in the Pacific, crammed with hydrogen bombs for Eniwetok; an albatross, up from the southern seas, bringing good luck; a trigger-happy Jonah at the fifty-caliber machine gun, blasting the big bird out of the sky —and then all kinds of trouble.

The quartermaster didn't stop there, and I didn't try to stop him. He had the Tallahassee in a typhoon, ramming some fabulous derelict, just the skeleton of a ship. You could see the rising moon through her bare ribs, he said.

And so on. I won't go into the way he said the bad luck ended. You wouldn't believe it anyway. Not if you've got good sense.

All right. As a crew member of the Tallahassee, and as a friend of the Tucker lad, I'd like to straighten this thing out. Old superstitions die hard, especially among seafaring men, but in *(Continued on page 42)*

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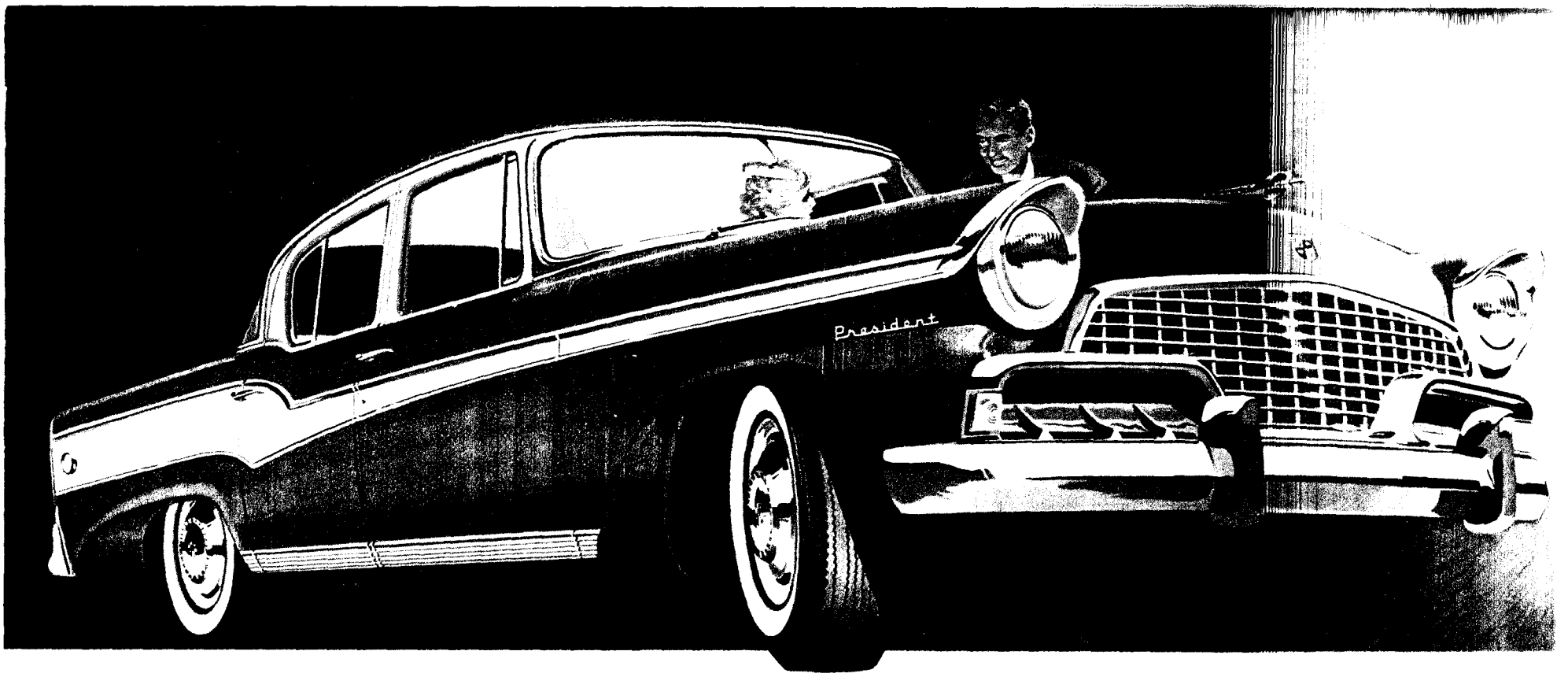

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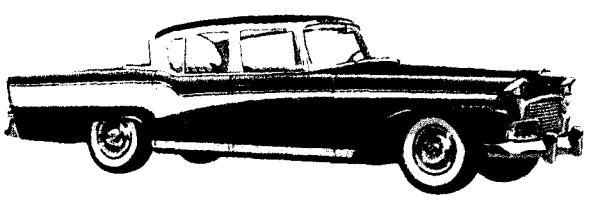

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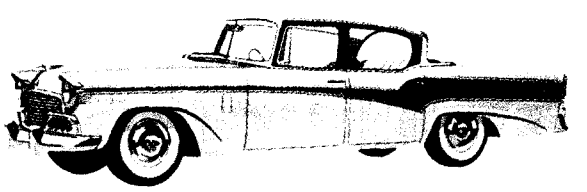

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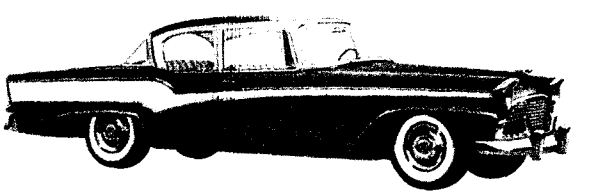

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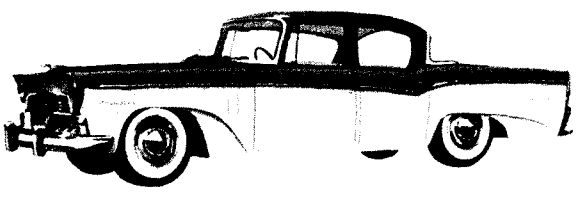

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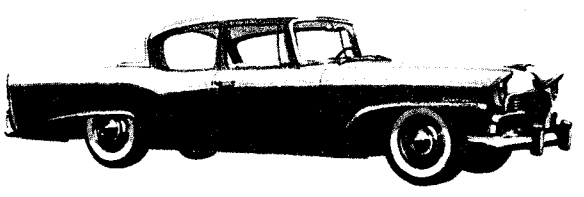

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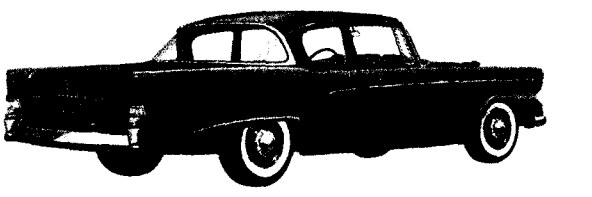
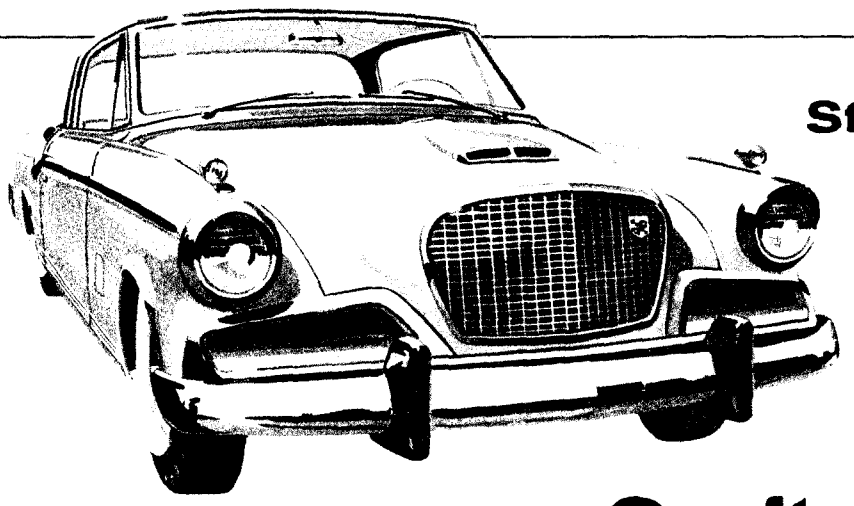
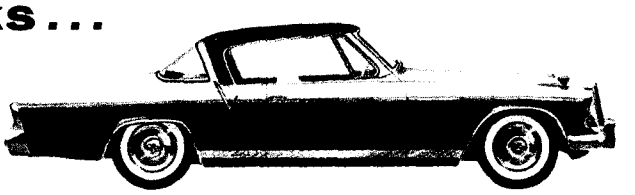


The CHAMPION SEDANET . . . easy on the eyes, and the pocketbook. Luxurious comfort in the handsomest, thriftiest, most practical car on the road.



Studebaker Hawks . . .

your choice of sports car fun for the whole family



The GOLDEN HAWK 352 . . . long and sleek, with thrilling 275-hp. *Skypower* engine, Ultramatic drive! A true sports car that seats 5 in comfort.

Craftsmanship with a flair . . .

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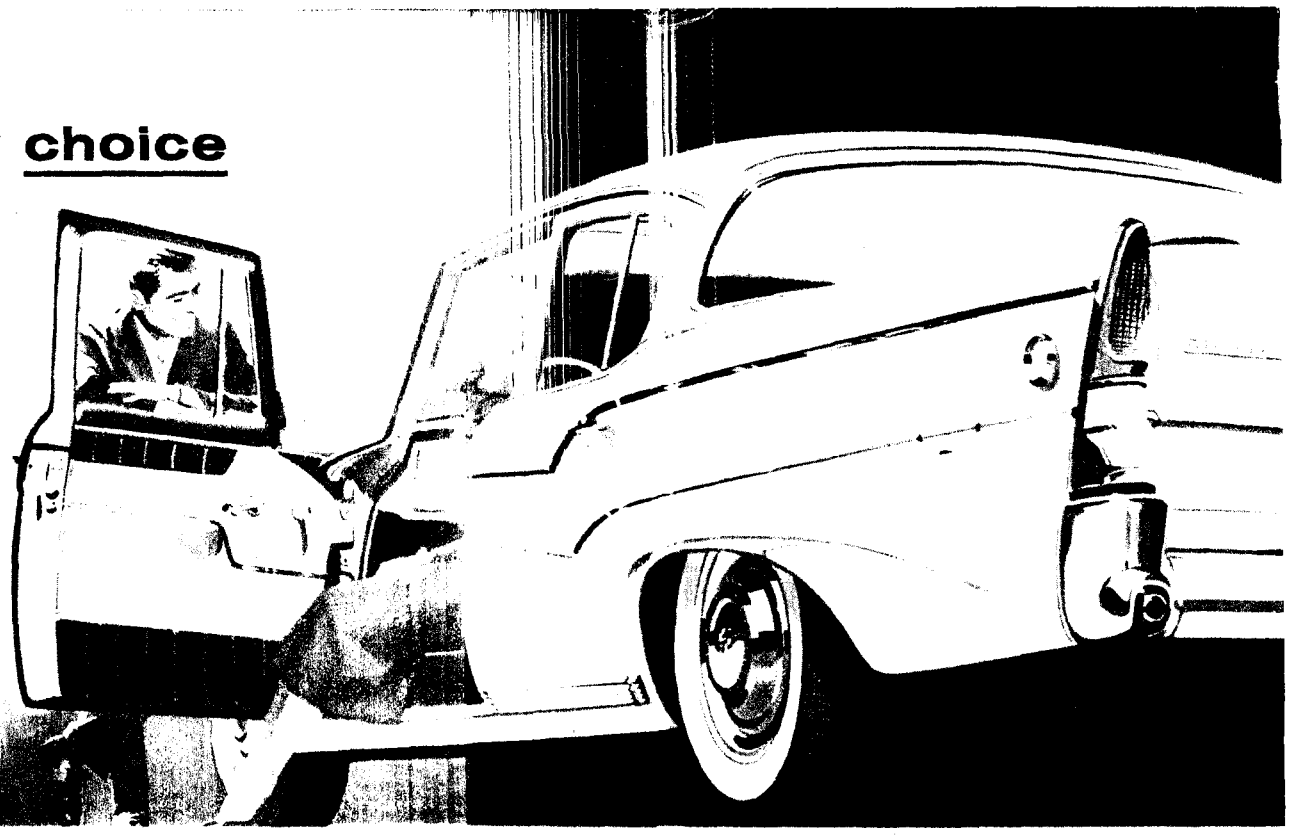
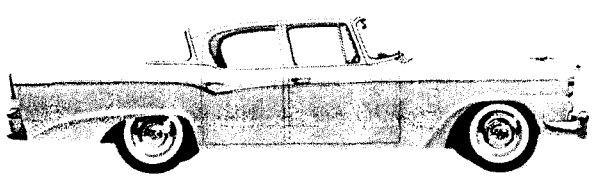
Now there's a big new choice in the low price field!

Five big new series! Sixteen standout Studebakers! *Really new*—longer, wider, bigger—with the styling you want, the colors, the power, the features you want. Three great new Sweepstakes engines . . . with your choice of drives—standard, overdrive, or amazing new Flightomatic. And from sculptured-steel exterior to rich color-keyed interior you find *craftsmanship with a flair*—the superb quality that makes Studebaker the big *new choice* in the low price field.

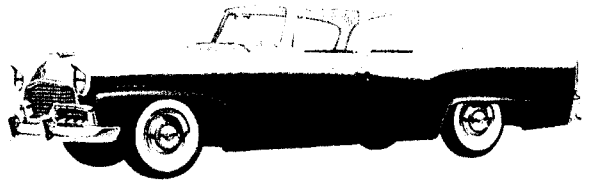


the big new Studebaker

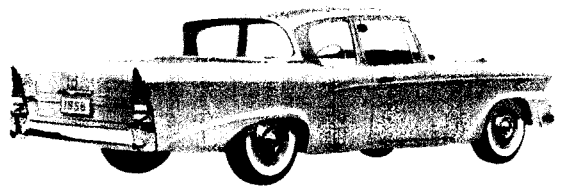
Commander V8's . . . *your choice of spacious new beauty*



The COMMANDER 4-DOOR SEDAN . . . beauty of line and function, smart touches of color and chrome. In every perfect detail—*craftsmanship with a flair*!

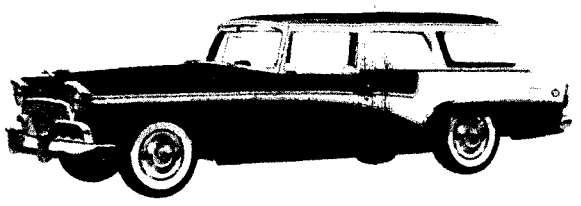


The COMMANDER 2-DOOR SEDAN . . . roominess to amaze you, style to delight you. New two-tone vinyl and fabric upholstery—practical, beautiful.

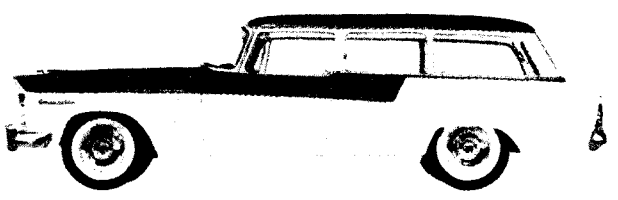


The COMMANDER SEDANET . . . fresh, clean styling in a family-type car with tasteful appointments. A unique model in the low price field.

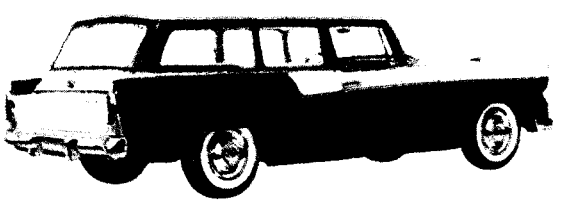
Station Wagons . . . *your choice of dashing new utility*



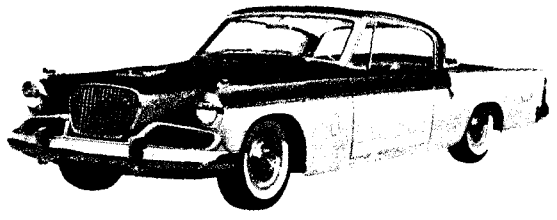
The PINEHURST V8 . . . most beautiful wagon in America! Big Sweepstakes 289 V8 engine packs that extra power. Rich, easy-riding interior.



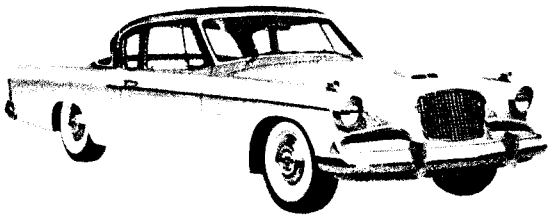
The PARKVIEW V8 . . . spirited and handsome. Rich vinyl upholstery takes extra hard wear. Added springs give soft ride regardless of load.



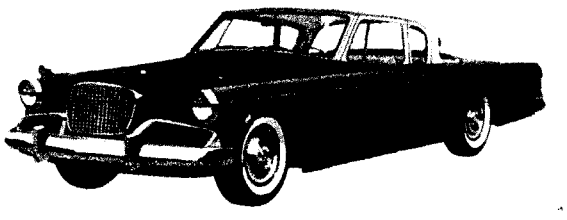
The PELHAM SIX . . . striking in every detail, inside and out. 65 cubic feet of cargo space! Plenty of zip and power with the new Sweepstakes 185 Six!



The SKY HAWK 289 . . . new sculptured beauty, distinctive grill, luxury interior, 5-place sports performance you can share with family and friends.



The POWER HAWK 259 . . . swift, maneuverable, roomy and comfortable. Flightomatic drive—plus all the luxury power features you want.



The FLIGHT HAWK 185 . . . a low-slung ride in a high-style interior. Exclusive Safety-action brakes, Safe-lock doors. Brilliant Take-off Torque.

makes Studebaker the Standout!

STUDEBAKER DIVISION,
Studebaker-Packard Corporation . . .
where pride of workmanship
still comes first!

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(Continued from page 39) this case there's no excuse for that stuff. I saw the big bird myself. I saw the kid shoot it. I was around during all the trouble that followed. I'm in a position to give you the plain facts, from the very beginning, and that's what I'd better do.

I FIRST met Seaman Glenn Tucker just six days before he pulled the trigger. The Tallahassee was moving out of San Diego Harbor in the twilight, and the crew was being mustered on the fantail. Division Five had a bunch of new men, just out of boot, and I was standing in front of them, calling for volunteers. "Anybody that can type and wants to strike for yeoman," I yelled, "step forward."

Somebody moved up and said, "Here, Chief!"

"What's your name?"

"Tucker, sir." He was skinny and dark and very young.

"Knock off that 'sir.' All right, Tucker, see me after you're dismissed. Now step back."

I had my first talk with him a few minutes later, by the number three turret. The Tallahassee was just clearing the harbor mouth. There were hundreds of sea gulls fooling along over our wake and Tucker was watching them like a schoolboy on vacation. I said, "Maybe you think this yeoman angle is just a big fat chance for sitting around petting the dog. That it?"

"No, sir. I mean no, Chief."

"Good. Because you'll catch all your regular duty just the same, only you'll help me with the paper work besides."

Right after chow the next morning, I stuck him in my office and put him to retyping the muster lists, fitting the new names in. "I'll be back in an hour," I said, deciding to make a sort of test out of it. "If the lists are done by then, you've got the job." Then I went up to the radio shack for a cup of coffee.

I was there a little longer than I'd planned. Three of the other CPOs were shooting some very interesting breeze about the Tallahassee's mission. According to the scuttlebutt, we were bound for Eniwetok to join this Task Force Seven. We had fourteen civilian observers aboard, and—down in a special magazine—two hydrogen bombs. Pardon me, I mean nuclear fusion devices.

Nobody knew if it was really true about the bombs, and I may as well admit we don't quite know for sure to this day. It doesn't matter. The important thing is Glenn Tucker.

When I got back, he'd done his job and then some. The muster lists were typed up perfectly, but Tucker hadn't stopped there. "I found some blank cards in the pigeonhole, Chief, and I used some of them to make up an abbreviated pocket list. It might strike you as more efficent than the old way."

I scowled at the neatly typed cards he handed me. "Eager," I said. "A brain." I shook my head in disgust. But I could see that the cards would be handy all right. "Okay, Tucker. Report to your duty P.O. now and get to work."

He grinned and said, "Thanks, Chief," and took off.

The next time I saw him was by accident, a couple of hours later. I was climbing up to see a friend of mine on the forward lookout, and when I passed one of the gun directors, there sat Tucker. He was on watch, wearing a sound-powered headset. It looked very salty on him, except that he was yawning.

Just as I passed he must have got a test call from the bridge. He pushed the button on his phone, barked, "Director forty-three, aye!" and released the button. Then he saw me and said, "I feel like Walter Mitty."

"That's a movie I didn't see," I told him, and moved on. . . .

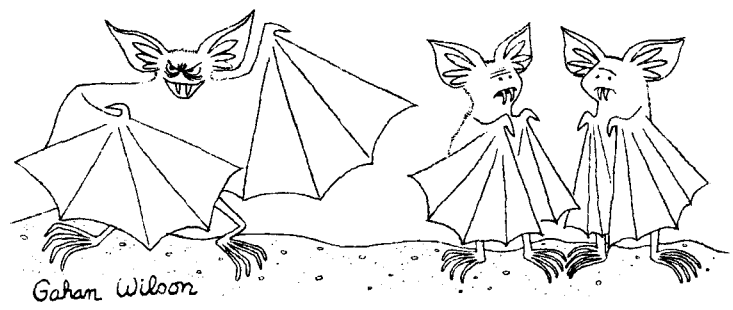
After that I made it a point to give the kid a bad time. I didn't know at first why was I doing it, but I chewed him out as often as I could find an excuse. Meanwhile, he revamped my whole record system and made my work about ten times easier.

We were two days out of Dago when I realized what was making me ride Tucker so hard: he was smarter than I was, and I didn't like it.

Not that he was stuck up or anything. He was really a very likable youngster and a hard worker. As soon as I got wise to myself, I let up on him.

He was twenty years old, almost twenty-one—half as old as I was. I found out his age after I quit acting like Captain Bligh and made friends with him. He was engaged to a doctor's daughter back in Cleveland. He was in the Navy because he wanted to do his part. Can you imagine that?

The swabbies he worked with must have noticed how sharp he was. They nicknamed him Quiz Kid and left him pretty much alone. I think that bothered him. He kept his ears open though.



COLLIER'S **"Willis has been reading Dracula"** GAHAN WILSON

On the afternoon of the third day out, we were sitting in the office making out a duty list for the next day.

"Chief," Tucker said, "I've been hearing a little talk. Is it true that this ship is carrying twenty-seven hydrogen bombs?"

"What do *you* think?"

He smiled. "I think it's unlikely. I've read a few things about those devices. Pretty large, aren't they?"

"How should I know?"

He shut up for a while. We could hear the *pow* of a shotgun every few seconds from the upper deck, where some off-duty officers were trapshooting. Finally Tucker said, "I wonder what Columbus would think of us."

"Columbus?"

"You know. The Unknown was so big in those days, and human beings were so small. What would Columbus think of this ship? And of the H-bombs, if we *are* carrying some?"

The talk was getting too long-haired for me. I said, "Get to work."

THE sea gulls had deserted us, as they always do. A couple of hundred followed us the first day, about a dozen the second, and then none. On the fifth day we raised the Hawaiian Islands, and dropped them astern without calling. We were knifing along at a steady eighteen knots and the sea was calm. On the morning of the sixth day, the bird showed up—the albatross.

There was just the one, and I noticed him right after morning chow. I don't know how long he'd been with us, except that he hadn't been there yesterday. He was loafing along over our wake, a great white bird like a giant gull, only he had longer wings.

The albatross is supposed to bring sailors good luck. There's no truth in that, of course, but it did seem pleasant to have the old fellow pumping along behind, taking it easy. After all, the ocean was his, not ours.

And then the sailors happened to get a lucky break on that same sixth day—which shows you the kind of coincidence those old superstitions thrive on. At 0800 the ship's loud-speaker opened up with, "Now hear this: Captain Galloway has a special message for all hands." And then came the voice of the old man himself, trying to sound like Santa Claus. It seemed that today was the tenth anniversary of the commissioning of the Tallahassee. "Only fitting . . . Declare a holiday . . . Just the strictly necessary work . . . Hereby order . . . widest possible latitude . . . in the definition of necessary . . ."

Everybody was grinning by the time the squawkbox snapped off. And the rest of that day was a big deal for the whole crew: no brightwork to polish, nothing to paint, no decks to swab. Some of the men took sun baths, lots of them played cards, and plenty of them just lay in their racks and took it easy. I saw one old gunner's mate stroll out on the fantail. Before he sat down to smoke his pipe, he smiled and saluted the albatross.

In the afternoon a couple of boys from Division Five talked the recreation officer out of a shotgun and some trap loads and clay pigeons, and we had a trapshoot off the stern.

None of the swabbies were much good with the shotgun. I stood off to one side and threw the pigeons for them with a spring trap. Each man got three shots, and then he had to hand the gun to the next man in line. Nobody scored better than one out of three, and most of them missed every shot. It was good fun though, standing there in the bright sunshine, with the flat clean water all around, and the sky-blue foam coming off the screws. By 1700 we had shot up ninety rounds of ammunition and the line of men waiting for a turn was still pretty long. I was getting low on clay pigeons.

Then it was Glenn Tucker's turn.

Let me tell you some more about the albatross, because I want all the facts to be crystal-clear from here on. The shooting didn't seem to bother the old bird much. He'd coast along over our quarter for a while, then he'd bank and slice toward the water and swoop up again, like a trapeze artist. Then he'd drop back over our wake and follow along, a half mile away. Pretty soon he'd be over our quarter again.

Well, the first clay pigeon I threw for Tucker went low. I was getting kind of careless. The boy had to shoot fast to catch the target before it hit the water, but he surprised me. He powdered it like a professional, with one of the sweetest shots I ever saw. The man behind him in line let out a whistle, and somebody else said, "Nice going." I could see Tucker was pleased.

The next one I gave him was fast and high. He clobbered it easily. Somebody hollered, "Hey, Quiz Kid, where'd you learn to do that?"

"My dad and I used to go skeet shooting," Tucker answered. There were spots of color on both his cheeks. Nobody had scored two-for-three all afternoon, and I guess he figured he was about to do even better.

Then I told him the news. "That's all, I said, "we're out of clay pigeons." I was sorry to do it to him because he'd been earning such a lot of respect all of a sudden.

The men waiting in line groaned. Tucker sighed and looked down at his gun. Then one of the men who had already shot—a fat boy just out of boot camp—called, "Why don't you take a pop at the gony bird?"

THE albatross was almost straight overhead, and high up. Tucker shrugged, raised the shotgun, and fired, before anyone could stop him.

Two white feathers spun down toward us. The albatross dropped into a long glide and sailed off to the south. Nobody said anything. We watched the bird until it hit the water, at least a mile away. Then somebody said, "You got him all right."

And somebody else said, "Naw, he didn't fall. He just sat down to rest."

And somebody else said, "Dammit, Tucker, that was a hell of a thing to do."

Well, I thought a trap load was probably too light to hurt a tough old bird like that. But you never could tell. It was anybody's guess, at that distance, whether he fell or sat down. Anyway, he was gone.

I'm not superstitious myself, but of course the calamity howlers went right to work. Within five minutes you couldn't hear anything on the whole fantail but jinx talk. Jonah talk.

I saw Tucker plow his way out of a knot of sailors, hand the gun to somebody, and go below. Two minutes later, while I was carrying the gun and stuff back to recreation, the squawkbox started crackling. "Now hear this: all hands stand clear of the main deck."

That message figured to mean a storm, although the day had been fine up to then. Of course, we were well south of the Tropic of Cancer, and things kick up pretty fast in the tropics. I looked ahead toward the southwest, and I could see what was coming. Black clouds and lightning. We were moving right into it. I went below.

Tucker said, "Hi, Chief." He was sitting on a table, eating a candy bar.

"Get your bony rear off my table."

He took a chair. "I guess I turned some of the guys sour on me," he said, trying to sound casual.

"Don't worry about it."

"Oh, I won't. I feel fine. I was only . . ." He trailed off. He looked a little bewildered.

I let him sit there a while. I started writing a letter. Pretty soon he asked me a question. "Where do you suppose that albatross myth got started?"

"Who knows?" I went on writing.

"Wouldn't you think people would wise up? They've licked the Unknown at last; why do they stick to the old mumbo jumbo?"

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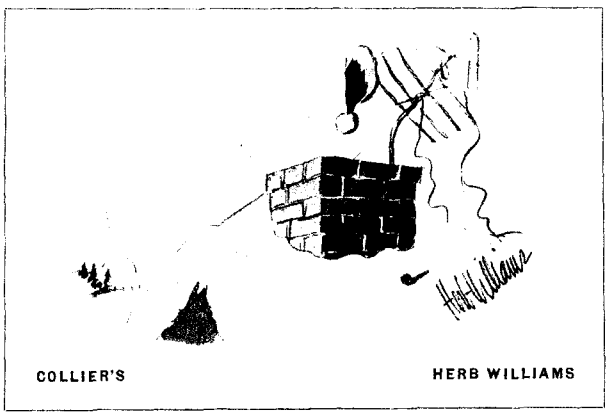


He was really on a soapbox. "Hear, hear," I said. "Now shut up."

"I mean it, Chief. Mankind is now the biggest power on earth, right? Why do we still lean on all this claptrap?"

I looked at him. "How old are you, fathead?"

"Twenty-one, or I will be in two days."

Then the storm hit. We could feel the ship heel to it.

THAT night was pretty rough, but I've been in worse lots of times. The sea didn't really begin to build until the next morning. Something else happened in the morning too. It was just an incident, but it's part of what they're telling, so I'd better clear it up.

It began about 0830. The loudspeaker opened up with, "Now man forty-millimeter mounts forty-four and forty-six. The ship is preparing to sink a mine."

I sprinted up to the main deck and took up a position on the portside amidships, just under mounts 44 and 46. I always liked to watch the shooting, and there weren't so many hobo mines floating around as there used to be.

I caught sight of the mine after a minute or two. It was an ugly, barnacled rascal, about two hundred yards off our beam. The Tallahassee was carrying a lot of left rudder, so that the forties would continue to bear on the target. Our engines were practically stopped. The wind was fierce and we were rolling sharply.

Mount 46 opened up first, right over my head. *Pom-pom, pom-pom.* Then mount 44 let go. Little geysers sprang up beyond the mine and then beside it, but still not close.

They went on firing for five minutes. Ten minutes. It was hard to believe, but they just couldn't connect. I began hearing the crack of small-arms fire from the bridge. And even above the noise of the wind I could hear the gunners cussing.

Well, the forties spent almost half an hour chewing up the ocean around that mine. And when the mine finally blew, a Garand rifle on the bridge did the job.

That was the end of the incident. I soon found out who'd been firing the Garand. Captain Galloway himself. And he was madder than a hornet. So was the gunnery officer.

Now an albatross cannot make bad gunnery, and I've already explained that the ship was rolling. But an angry captain is bad medicine on any vessel, and that's no superstition. Before the day was over, everybody was snapping at one another.

I tried to be nice to Tucker because he'd been taking a lot of guff and I figured he was feeling pretty bad, but it was impossible. He had gone silly over his damn' birthday. "Tomorrow I'll be twenty-one, Chief. Of course, you don't know how many years I've been looking forward to that—" Then he went into some long rigmarole about his childhood, and feuding with his parents. I don't know. I wasn't listening. Anyway, this birthday tomorrow would be the biggest day of his life. He sounded almost desperate about it—maybe because it was one thing no gony bird could change. "I'm going to laugh and sing all day!" he yelled.

I got tired of hearing it. I kicked him out. "Go to your own quarters, before you Jonah my office."

He went, but the look on his face made me sort of sorry I'd said that. I mean I got the idea he was almost ready to believe anything. . . .

The collision they were talking about took place just after dark. We were in the middle of nowhere, about 179 degrees west of Greenwich. We hit without warning, and the jar knocked me off my chair. Then the alarms started and I sprinted to my station.

The next five hours were pretty wild. Nobody ever saw what we had rammed, but it was something heavy and solid, floating so low in the water that the radar went right over it. It was probably a half-sunken derelict barge of some kind. Anyway, it went straight to the bottom, and for a while we thought we might be going to join it.

The Tallahassee had a terrific gash in the skin of her bows, and the forward compartments were flooded. Nobody was trapped up there, for a miracle, but the watertight hatches were sprung and we had the devil of a time trying to seal off the flooded section. At midnight the starboard watch took over. When I hit the sack they were still fighting to keep the water from leaking aft.

I slept all right. I can always sleep.

When I woke up we were under way again, but with greatly reduced speed. I got up on one elbow in my bunk, feeling mean. I was bushed from all the disaster work last night, and the storm was rougher than ever.

Then I thought of Tucker. Everything else was falling to pieces, but by heck it was Tucker's birthday—Wednesday, the nineteenth! It was the biggest day of his life, and he'd be laughing and singing all day.

I climbed out of the rack then with the full intention of going down and wishing the Quiz Kid lots of happy returns, in spite of everything. I was just tying my shoes when the squawkbox woke up with a clatter. "Now hear this: one hour ago, at oh five thirty, the Tallahassee crossed meridian one eight zero, the international date line. Today's date is Thursday, the twentieth. The hour remains the same, oh six thirty." Click.

HALF an hour later out on deck I said to Tucker, "I couldn't sleep. I thought you'd probably be in a good mood to hop over the side and cause a lot of trouble."

I'd had a tough time finding him. Everybody was still supposed to stay clear of the main deck because of the weather, but I finally worked my way along the life line toward the fantail, and there he was. He was huddled under a whaleboat, wearing his foul-weather gear. He looked sort of small.

"I'm okay," he said, shouting it in the wind. "Go count your hashmarks. I want to think."

I figured I might as well stick around for a while. The storm was worse than ever and we were going up and down like an express elevator. "Tough about your birthday," I said.

Maybe he didn't hear me. He just sat there, staring at the mountains of water with the spray whipping off them. "No birthday!" I repeated.

He nodded. "I'm thinking about something more important though. I'm thinking about this ship and this cargo and how wrong I was."

"Yeah?"

"Chief, we're not so far from Columbus as I thought."

I didn't catch on. I told you Tucker was a brain. Anyway, the next thing he said made a little more sense: "I'm sorry I shot the albatross!"

There happened to be a lull in the storm right after that. And the lull seemed to stretch out for quite a while. My arm felt cramped from being hooked around the strut, so I unhooked it. I could stand up all right.

Just then Tucker's mouth fell open and he pointed up in the air, over my shoulder. "L-look there, Chief!"

I LOOKED where he was pointing and saw that our friend was back again, loafing along over our starboard quarter. "Lousy shot," I said.

Tucker grinned. "Tough bird!"

"Now hear this," the squawkbox rasped, "under orders just received from the flagship of Joint Task Force Seven, the Tallahassee will change course for Pearl Harbor and repairs."

I could see our wake curving already, and the sun breaking through, hitting it. The storm had blown over. For a full two seconds after the announcement about repairs, things were quieter than they'd been for several days. Then all hell broke loose.

Hardly anything makes as much noise as eight hundred sailors who suddenly smell a Honolulu liberty. I could hear them yelling all over the ship. A second later the hatches flew open and the swabbies broke out into the sunshine, still hollering and pounding on one another. Half a hundred of them streamed across the deck toward us. They were laughing and jumping around and calling for Tucker. "Where's that Quiz Kid?" "Where's ol' Dead Eye Dick?" "We're gonna throw 'im a party!"

I said, "Stand up, Tucker; I think you're out of the doghouse."

He stood up and let the other guys pound on his back for a while. They kept talking about getting up some kind of a party for him and I finally figured out why. They were sorry about giving him a bad time, of course, but the main reason was something else: they thought he had something to do with getting them that Honolulu liberty.

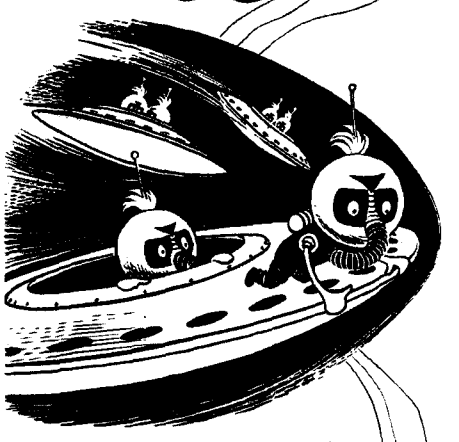
Well, Tucker was enjoying all the attention, but he didn't sop it up like your average eager beaver does. And when he finally opened his mouth I found out he'd done some growing up in the last couple of days. "Thanks," he said, "but I don't want any party. You guys save your dough for Honolulu."

The squawkbox was giving us another announcement. "Now hear this: we will shortly cross the international date line, sailing east. Today's date will then be Wednesday, the nineteenth."

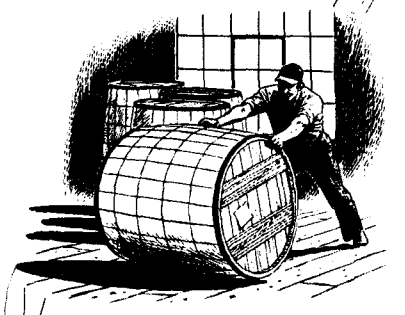
Tucker just stood there smiling. I said, "Why don't you laugh and sing?"

His answer was happy and proud in a way I liked. "Chief," he said, "I'm a little too old." —JOHN SAVAGE

3 YEARS AGO...



THE FIRST REPORTS ON "FLYING SAUCERS" WERE SO DISTURBING THAT THE AIR FORCE OFFICIALLY INVESTIGATED THEM—



...AND 3 YEARS AGO, TODAY'S OLD BRIAR TOBACCOS WERE LAID AWAY TO MELLOW!

The pipe tobaccos you enjoy in Old Briar today were casked and stored back in 1952.

These tobaccos included Burley, Southern Maryland, Flue-Cured, Latakia. For 36 long months, a slow mellowing process deepened their flavors, gentled all harshness, smoothed away all tongue-bite. Then they merged in an ideal mixture.

Cask-mellowed Old Briar mixture is delightfully aromatic, deeply satisfying. Its freshness and flavor are imprisoned by an airtight container. Try it and see.

Fold-down pouch opens wide for easy use—keeps tobacco fresh

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TRIUMPH OR TROUBLE AHEAD?

The list of potential candidates, says Mr. Drummond, is a long one. Here are some men he sees as ranking not far behind the top contenders in President Eisenhower's esteem

PAUL G. HOFFMAN

HAROLD E. STASSEN

GEORGE M. HUMPHREY

CHARLES A. HALLECK

ARTHUR B. LANGLIE

JOHN FOSTER DULLES

WILLIAM G. STRATTON

GOODWIN J. KNIGHT

HENRY CABOT LODGE, JR.

SHERMAN ADAMS

HERBERT BROWNELL, JR.

"My name has been used as a possible candidate for the Presidency. This has been a matter of embarrassment to me because it reflects upon the performance of my duties as Chief Justice of the United States.

"When I accepted that position, it was with the fixed purpose of leaving politics permanently for service on the court. That is still my purpose. It is irrevocable. I will not change it under any circumstances . . ."

The Republicans who want the Chief Justice to run are numerous and influential and they hope that he will do nothing and say nothing which would make it impossible for him to yield to a popular and overwhelming draft. There is no guarantee that he will. The odds are that Earl Warren is irrevocably dedicated to the court, that he intends to serve the court and only the court for the duration of his appointment, which is for life—and to do so on the ground that the court must be untouched and untouchable by politics.

WILL IKE NAME THE G.O.P. NOMINEE? There are two answers to this question. The first answer is that the President does not wish to name his successor, does not intend to name his successor and would in fact find it out of character to impose his personal choice upon the Republican National Convention. He is certainly not going to write a chit to the Republican National Chairman and slip it to him under his desk, reading: "Dear Len—It's Dick. Ike," or "Dear Len—It's Tom. Ike," or "Dear Len—It's Joe Bloke. Ike."

Dwight Eisenhower simply doesn't work that way. His closest aides are convinced that, if he decides not to run himself, the President plans to indicate a group of potential Republican candidates any one of whom would be satisfactory to him and any one of whom he would support in the campaign.

This leads to the second answer to the question, Will Ike name the Republican nominee? The second answer is that even though the President does not want to choose his successor, it will end up that he can't help it; that, in reality, he will have to exercise a decisive voice in determining the nominee ahead of the convention.

I know several wise and experienced Republican leaders, who can exert large influence in their own right, who say frankly that Mr. Eisenhower will be unable to produce such an "approved" list of candidates because there is no point at which he can break it off and that, if he does no more than name a cluster of candidates, this will precipitate such a bitter, bloodletting scramble for first place that the nomination itself would be almost useless.

My own conviction is that President Eisenhower will find the concept of simply approving a group of aspirants a booby trap which cannot be made to work usefully, and that, instead, he will have to bring about—by the use of his personal influence and persuasion, if necessary—a consensus of the influential Republican leaders behind the candidate whom Mr. Eisenhower could most completely endorse.

THE EISENHOWER LIST. Let us look into this list of endorsable candidates the way the President will have to look into it if and when he should decide not to run. He would begin, I am sure, by measuring each name against a set of four tests or qualifications. These qualifications would be: (A) Is he equipped for the Presidency? (B) Is he a genuine supporter of the Eisenhower middle-road philosophy and program? (C) Can he be nominated? (D) Can he be elected?

Some politicians might reverse the order. But on the basis of these tests, you can put down the first eight or ten Republican names and be pretty confident Mr. Eisenhower would be putting down the same names. They won't all score perfectly on each of the four tests and the President will have

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In the writer's opinion, Senator Knowland is not among those Ike endorses

a hard time making up his mind on some points. Remember that at this stage the President is not attempting to name the candidate. It is simply a list of candidates he could endorse and would support. It is easy to begin:

- Chief Justice of the United States Earl Warren.
- Vice-President Richard M. Nixon.
- Christian A. Herter, twice-elected governor of Massachusetts; a solid Eisenhower man.

Here Mr. Eisenhower stops to lick his pencil, but only for a moment. He adds:

- Thomas E. Dewey, a long-time advocate of much the President has stood for, thrice-elected governor of the state of New York; twice-nominated and never-elected Republican Presidential candidate.

Another pause; there are other close political associates and Cabinet colleagues whom the President certainly considers qualified to be President, certainly endorsable, even if their electability is somewhat doubtful. Therefore:

- Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., former Massachusetts Senator, now American Ambassador to the UN and General Eisenhower's preconvention campaign manager in 1952.
- Paul G. Hoffman, former administrator of the Economic Co-operation Administration and co-chairman of the Citizens for Eisenhower in 1952.
- George M. Humphrey, Secretary of the Treasury and one of the most able and respected members of the Eisenhower Cabinet.
- Harold E. Stassen, former governor of Minnesota, former administrator of the Mutual Security program, and now Assistant to the President on disarmament—himself a previous contender for the Republican Presidential nomination.

The President is at the bottom of his first page, but he will have to use another. He can't very well refuse to endorse:

- His devoted and competent chief of staff, Sherman Adams, former member of Congress and former governor of New Hampshire.
- His trusted and experienced Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.
- His wide-ranging, politically experienced Attorney General Herbert Brownell, Jr.

And he's not through yet. The Presidential pencil is dragging a little and he wonders if there is no end to this. But the President could scarcely say he would refuse to endorse and decline to support such Republican stalwarts as:

- Goodwin J. Knight, governor of California, or
- Arthur B. Langlie, governor of the state of Washington, or
- William G. Stratton, governor and powerful political figure in Illinois.

Is this the end? Certainly not. There is:

- Representative Charles A. Halleck of Indiana, the President's loyal and get-things-done floor leader in the House.

And there is:

Senator William F. Knowland of California, successor to Robert A. Taft as Republican leader of the Senate. Ike ponders. Senator Knowland has as high a pro-Eisenhower voting record in the Senate on domestic issues as the most ardent Eisenhower Republican. The President puts his name down slowly. Senator Knowland's persistent criticism of the President's foreign policies makes Adlai Stevenson sound like an Eisenhower apologist. The President draws his pencil backward and Senator Knowland's name comes off—at least I think it would.

Well, there you are, there's the President's list—give or take a name or two. There is no one on it he could refuse to endorse. It is so long as to be absolutely useless toward helping the Republican party center upon the most suitable candidate, and yet there is none he could omit without unfairly affronting Republican leaders who have been genuinely backing the President.

This brings Mr. Eisenhower right up against his dilemma. It is this:

1. He wants to see the Republican party choose a Presidential nominee totally dedicated to his own middle-road philosophy and capable of winning the election.

2. He finds it repugnant, bordering on personal arrogance unnatural to him, to hand his party a one-candidate choice for the nomination.

3. But he ends up with a long list of endorsable candidates because there is no logical stopping place. Such a course would run a large risk of producing a nominee least suitable from the President's standpoint and least electable. One close associate of the President told me that if Mr. Eisenhower does not determine the nomination, the party will get itself into a state of chaos.

Nevertheless, while Mr. Eisenhower wants the "best possible" Republican nominee, meeting his own specifications for that term, his thinking thus far does not apparently reach to any method calculated to bring about such a nomination.

Something more will have to be added.

A SECOND LOOK AT THE CANDIDATES. I am confident that it is accurate to state:

That President Eisenhower intends to go about very deliberately weighing in his own mind the full suitability (fitness, Eisenhowerness, nominatability, electability) of all Republican possibilities.

That he is not, at this stage, committed to any candidate.

That he will not let personal association or personal feelings control his preference.

This means that Mr. Eisenhower, if he doesn't run himself, will shortly begin an intensive appraisal of Republican Presidential timber. Naturally he will give a good deal of weight to the judgments of influential Republican leaders who are not seeking the nomination for themselves. I have canvassed these judgments pretty widely in recent weeks and here are some of the more important judgments which will come to the President and with which, I suspect, the President would be in considerable sympathy.

If Chief Justice Warren says nothing further (assuming the President doesn't run), he is likely to be one of the few men in American history to be the target of a virtually unanimous draft-by-acclamation for the Presidential nomination. There has been only one example in this century of a draft-by-acclamation, that of Justice Charles E. Hughes in 1916. I find much public support and much professional Republican support for this course, together with genuine opposition to allowing the court to become the steppingstone to the Presidency.

Vice-President Nixon will receive careful, responsive consideration at all levels of the party. In many ways it would be instinctively easier and politically easier to nominate Mr. Nixon than anybody else. If there is to be a real battle for the nomination, a knock-down fight—perhaps a knock-out fight—the Vice-President would go into such a preconvention contest with many advantages. He is the best-known figure in the administration outside the President. He comes closer to the center of the Republican party, perhaps, than any other aspirant. He comes nearer to reconciling—or embodying—in his own personality and record the divergent wings of his party.

But I have talked with many who appreciate and esteem Mr. Nixon who earnestly question whether in years or experience or maturity he is yet ready to discharge the awesome powers and responsibilities of the Presidency of the United States. They also

WAYNE MILLER

Sen. William F. Knowland, Calif., supports the President on domestic affairs—but not foreign

question whether he would have an adequate prospect of winning. The public-opinion polls accentuate these doubts, but any fair-minded person will remember that President Truman dismissed these opinion samples in 1948 as the "sleeping polls" and proved he was right. I have talked with numerous admirers of the Vice-President who rise to his defense against what they consider unfair and purposeful Democratic "smears" against him but who, at the same time, doubt that he could sufficiently alter the image, which much of the electorate has accepted, of an extremely partisan politician.

These and related reasons explain why Mr. Nixon's nomination is not taken for granted but is certainly not to be dismissed. My judgment is that the President and other Republicans who can greatly influence the nomination want to see a deliberate—not a precipitate decision—on Mr. Nixon, and would prefer to keep things malleable until it becomes more evident how the public feels and reacts toward Mr. Nixon in the next several months.

In many ways, Christian Herter of Massachusetts occupies at this stage the same strategic position in relation to the Republican Presidential nomination that Governor Adlai Stevenson occupied in relation to the Democratic nomination in January, 1952. He is the effective and popular governor of a populous state which has often gone Democratic. He has intellectual meat and muscle. He has some special advantages of his own. He has a distinguished and visible record as an outstanding member of Congress with solid experience in national and international affairs. He is authentically in the Eisenhower pattern. He is a two-term governor, and what might be a conclusive asset, on the top of others, is the fact that he is the one Republican governor who in the nation-wide Democratic sweep of 1954 increased his majority over his previous election. Governor Herter's 1952 plurality was 14,456; his 1954 plurality was 75,252. No other Republican governor came near to matching this ascendant strength. Governor Herter has independent financial resources which would enable him to stand his share of the costs of an expensive campaign. He is a thoroughly "available" and responsive candidate. He has one visible but not necessarily decisive handicap. He has a spinal arthritic condition which still gives him pain in walking. But I have seen a copy of a letter written by his doctor who, addressing himself "to certain decisions that might be made in the future," states that "there has been absolutely no progression" in this condition . . . and that "complete physical examinations . . . do not reveal any constitutional or significant health problem."

Thomas E. Dewey's name came into numerous

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WILL ONE OF THESE TICKETS APPEAR ON '56 BALLOTS?

of my interviews. Not electable? Who can be sure? Not nominatable? Perhaps. Certainly Mr. Dewey has the abiding hostility of much of the Taft wing of the party and this opposition could be insurmountable. Mr. Dewey will say that he is not interested in the nomination and he will undoubtedly believe he means it. But between General Eisenhower and Mr. Dewey—in administrative experience, capacity and grasp of affairs—there is little or no gap and I know many Republicans who believe he has what it takes to make a great President. It is not to be overlooked that the Republican party owes more to Mr. Dewey than to anyone else—aside from Mr. Eisenhower himself—for the fact that there is a Republican president in the White House, because more than any other Republican leader Mr. Dewey made General Eisenhower's nomination possible in 1952. Mr. Dewey won't go after the nomination; he wouldn't get it by fighting for it, but he would not turn it aside.

There is one final name, a name which does not and will not appear on the President's list. It is Milton Eisenhower, brother, confidant, closest of all advisers, with 16 years' experience in the federal government beginning with Presidents Coolidge and Hoover, now president of Pennsylvania State University.

Milton Eisenhower is a serious and ascendant political factor. I don't mean that many Republican leaders think or that I think he is likely to get the Presidential nomination. He isn't. But it is not impossible, and circumstances which would make it possible could come into being.

Those who know Milton Eisenhower know that he has no trigger-happy interest in politics. His overriding purpose is to do all he can all the time, in light of the special relationship of trust between them, to assist his brother and relieve the President wherever he can, so that Dwight Eisenhower will have the best chance of living a long and rewarding life—either inside or outside the Presidency. To serve his brother well, he naturally must be free of personal or partisan rivalries and fortunately it comes natural to him to conduct himself prudently and work without any desire to be in the front window.

If the President decides not to run, Milton's concern will be the same as his brother's—to ensure the nomination of a man genuinely committed to the President's policies and purposes. He could be expected to work energetically and even politically to produce this result and it is realistic, I think, to assume that he would be open to any place on the Republican ticket which would guarantee the continuation of what Dwight Eisenhower has stood for.

Earlier I referred to the many letters which have come spontaneously to the Republican National Committee expressing individual Republican voter preference for the 1956 nominee. Warren is most frequently mentioned, but, significantly, the name of Milton Eisenhower is high among the preferences.

Shortly after his election in 1952, President-elect Eisenhower made this remark at a dinner in New York after he had listened to his brother address the same audience:

"When I was elected president of Columbia University, there were some people who, knowing my brother, Milton, thought the trustees had elected the wrong Eisenhower. If the people of the country hear a few more speeches like the one they've just heard tonight [by Milton] they will begin to think the same thing about this latest job I've been elected to."

The President-elect wasn't just being graceful. He meant it. As President he naturally turns to many advisers and of them he has said: "I think I would rather take Milton's views than those of anyone else. He's a unique brother. He's got the respect of the older ones." On another occasion he described Milton as "the brightest of the Eisenhower brothers."

The President will not, I know, be a party to using either his office or his influence in behalf of the nomination of a member of his family. That's why Milton will not be on his list. But he once said to a friend: "If his name weren't Eisenhower, Milton would be a member of the Cabinet." I would think it accurate to say that while the President would not help Milton to either place on the 1956 ticket, he would not resist it; far from it.

You can sense something of the appeal, in prestige and political "oomph," of a ticket which read: Earl Warren and Milton Eisenhower; or Christian Herter and Milton Eisenhower; or Thomas Dewey and Milton Eisenhower; or, perhaps, Richard Nixon and Milton Eisenhower. And there are some influential Republicans who would like to see any of those tickets reversed.

THE CASE FOR A PRECONVENTION CAUCUS. Will President Eisenhower find a way to resolve his dilemma—the dilemma which will come from his not wanting to impose his successor upon his party and, at the same time, from his ultimate recognition that his offering a group of endorsable candidates won't work?

There are numerous experienced Republican leaders who believe there is a way to resolve this dilemma, a way they believe needs to be followed in the interests of giving the Republican party the best chance of winning and giving the President the best chance of seeing his policies continued.

Their thesis is:

That a massive, derogatory, retaliatory fight for the nomination, like the name-calling battle that would take place in California between Governor Knight and Vice-President Nixon, ought to and can be avoided.

That by exercising an influence which is rightly and naturally his as President and leader of the party, Mr. Eisenhower can bring about a consensus within the party in behalf of a 1956 national ticket.

That any decision reached in a caucus, say, at the White House, by the President and a dozen or 15 of the most influential, experienced and representative Republican leaders across the country would result in a certain nomination.

That, obviously, President Eisenhower would be both the catalyst and principal voice in such a caucus, but it would be a decision not settled in advance and imposed, but worked out in candid and collective discussion.

Under such an approach, any nomination would be attainable, no nomination would be lightly or arbitrarily ruled out and the President would not be forced either to dictate or dissipate his influence by merely offering a list of endorsable candidates which would help nominate nobody.

Obviously such an Eisenhower-sponsored caucus or series of Presidential consultations would include the most influential Republican leaders of the most populous states. At the very least these would be Thomas E. Dewey of New York, Governor Knight of California, Governor Stratton of Illinois, Senator James H. Duff of Pennsylvania, Representative Joseph W. Martin, Jr., of Massachusetts, Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey of Ohio, Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, Senator Charles E. Potter of Michigan, Representative Charles A. Halleck and Governor George N. Craig of Indiana. This group would also want the counsel of Governor Arthur B. Langlie of Washington, Governor Paul Patterson of Oregon, Governor Fred Hall of Kansas, and Senators H. Alexander Smith and Clifford P. Case of New Jersey; Mrs. Oveta Hobby also would be a valuable voice.

The Republican leaders who hope by this method of caucus or consultation to bring about a consensus behind the most suitable and the most electable candidate do not suggest that the canvass would have to end with the foregoing names. They believe that substantial unanimity would be attainable and that the end result of such a process would be a

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The author concludes: "The Republican party faces at best grave uncertainty and at worst political calamity in 1956"

nominee who would have the wide popular support and the wide party support essential both to his nomination and his election.

If the consensus is not attainable, they would prefer not to think what would happen at the San Francisco convention.

WHY THE G.O.P. FACES CALAMITY. When the Republican party cannot retain a majority in Congress during the period when a monumentally popular Republican President like General Eisenhower is in the White House, then it has to be recognized that the party suffers from a grave, inner, chronic weakness.

The symptoms of this inner weakness are increasingly visible and cumulatively unfavorable. They are these:

1. From 1932 to 1956, throughout 24 long years, the Republican party has only once—for the brief, fleeting period of 1947 and 1948—been able to attract a majority of American voters to its side. The Republican party has been a minority party almost continuously since the first election of President Roosevelt and is overwhelmingly a minority party today. Every election demonstrates this fact. The latest Gallup poll shows that less than 40 per cent of the voters favor the Republican party or consider themselves Republicans. This means that today, of all Americans of voting age, 54,300,000 consider themselves Democrats and 34,300,000 consider themselves Republicans. No wonder it takes an Eisenhower, with a wide appeal to Democrats and independents, to win the Presidency for the Republican party.

2. Many tend to overlook the fact that there were two results of the 1952 elections. One result was the massive Eisenhower victory. The other result is what can only be accurately described as "the Republican party defeat of 1952."

Never in modern political history have the American people expressed so much trust in a party's Presidential nominee and simultaneously expressed so much distrust in the party itself.

Never has a party's candidate won such a conclusive victory for the Presidency while the same voters were giving his party such an inconclusive near stalemate in both houses of Congress.

Consider these comparisons:

In 1952, while General Eisenhower was winning 55.4 per cent of the popular vote, the country was willing to give the Republican party no more than a majority of 7 seats in the House and a Senate divided among 48 Republicans, 47 Democrats and 1 pro-Democratic independent (Wayne Morse).

In 1948, when President Truman won only 49.9 per cent of the popular vote, the country gave the Democratic party a majority of 90 in the House and 54 Democratic senators.

In 1944, when President Roosevelt won by 53.8 per cent of the popular vote, the country gave the Democratic party a 51-seat majority in the House and 57 Democratic Senators.

These figures underline how in 1952, despite the fact that General Eisenhower polled six and a half million votes more than Adlai Stevenson, the voters denied to the Republican party anything approaching the normal Congressional majority which goes with a decisive Presidential victory. This was a major Congressional defeat surrounded by Mr. Eisenhower's personal victory.

In a postelection comment, noting the difference between the Eisenhower triumph and Congressional setback, veteran Republican Joe Martin, Speaker of the House of Representatives, remarked that the Republicans, having won half the confidence of the country, must now proceed to "win the other half."

It has not thus far been able to do so.

3. Despite the widely approved record of the Eisenhower administration, the Republican party remains a minority party in the United States and the Congressional elections of 1954 showed that the party could not hold longer than two years the extra voters who were drawn to it in 1952 because of General Eisenhower's unpartisan popularity.

The Democratic election successes in 1954 were far greater than appeared on the surface.

The Democrats took control of both houses. They got a majority of 29 in the House and despite the fact that many more Senate contests were in territory usually favorable to the Republicans, they got a one-seat majority in the Senate. (This year all of the numerical and geographical advantages in the Senate campaign are with the Democrats.)

Since 1952 the Democrats have replaced Republicans in 9 governorships and the Republicans have not been able to take a single governorship from the Democrats.

The Democratic Congressional candidates in 1954 won 52.6 per cent of the total popular vote—the largest mid-term election percentage since the Democratic mid-term landslide of 1934.

In 1954 there were 7,531 contested seats in the state legislatures. The Democrats gained a total of 500 seats. The Republicans gained a total of 5 seats.

That's what happened to the Republican party in the national and state elections two years after General Eisenhower's towering triumph of 1952.

4. It was more of the same last fall.

They were all local elections, and local issues unquestionably dominated the results, but the Democratic successes continued to roll up. They showed that the voters considered that the Democrats have either better candidates or the better side of the issues. At the very least, these victories strengthen the Democratic organization and morale in many parts of the country and put the party in a still better position to wage the 1956 national campaign. The Democrats won 73 of Indiana's cities—they controlled only 30 Indiana cities before this election; they made large gains in the rural Midwest and in the industrial Northeast. They elected by an increased majority another Democratic mayor of Philadelphia, which is traditional Republican territory.

5. On top of this almost unbroken sequence of significant Democratic victories over the past three years, the Republicans face nearly insuperable disadvantages in trying to regain the Senate this fall. Only 15 of the present 49 Democratic Senate seats are at stake. Ten of these are in almost untouchably secure Southern territory. Seventeen of the 47 Republican Senate seats are at stake and only seven of these are in reasonably secure Republican territory. This means that the Republicans have a possible chance of taking only five seats from the Democrats while the Democrats have a fair chance of taking 10 seats from the Republicans.

Even if President Eisenhower runs and wins, the Republicans almost certainly are not going to be in charge of Congress, and in light of all the foregoing factors, the present odds are that if President Eisenhower does not run, the Republicans will end up by not being in charge of anything.

CAN CALAMITY BE AVERTED? In a speech in Los Angeles last spring Vice-President Nixon put the Republican problem explicitly and candidly in these words: "The Republican party is not strong enough to elect a President. We have to have a Presidential candidate strong enough to get the Republican party elected."

Assuming this is a correct diagnosis—and it seems to me that it is—it leads to the conclusion that the Republican party can put itself in a position so that it has a graspable chance of winning this fall only:

If it can nominate a commanding national figure as its Presidential candidate or one who will emerge as such.

If the Republican party in Congress can convince the nation that it wants to support and is supporting the Eisenhower domestic and foreign policies because it believes in them, not merely because it reluctantly deems it prudent.

If the Republican party can establish for itself in the minds of the voters the same image which they hold of President Eisenhower.

In a word, only when the Republican party unites genuinely and zestfully behind President Eisenhower and what he stands for will it have a solid prospect of uniting the country behind the Republican party.

None of these achievements is easy to attain and this is why the Republican party at best faces grave uncertainty and, at worst, political calamity in 1956.

THE END

NEXT: THE GENTLEMEN FROM CALIFORNIA

"THE PERSONAL, harsh, hostile feud between Vice-President Richard M. Nixon and Governor Goodwin J. Knight of California . . . will soon be out in the open again—to the public detriment of the party." In those words, Roscoe Drummond touches, in the accompanying article, on the explosive situation now developing in California's paradoxical politics. In the February 3d issue, Collier's writer Theodore H. White reports on what's happening to the Republicans in California. His article tells how—despite a Democratic majority of 850,000—the G.O.P. has dominated the state for 15 years and has now put forward five major contenders for the Presidential nomination: Nixon, Knight, Warren, Knowland and Hoffman. Can the unity that brought this power to the party last—or is it doomed to dissolve in a bitter personal struggle among the political giants it nursed? See the next issue of Collier's, out January 19

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Working at home should have been perfect for me: no commuting, no office hours. But somewhere, something was wrong—the setup was ruining my marriage

Housewife is an honorable word

By JEROME ELLISON

THE day I found out what it really means to be married started out pretty much like any other day. We woke up. Carol made sleepy noises, heaved herself to a sitting position on the edge of the bed, and then toppled over and put her head on my shoulder.

"Hug," she said.

I gave her a hug, and in a minute she got up and put on her robe and slippers and went out to the kitchen to fix breakfast for Sweetie Pie. Sweetie Pie's real name is Carol Ann, and she is our daughter; she was twenty-one months old at the time. She was making gurgling and cooing sounds in the next room—I could hear them.

The alarm clock said a little after eight. After Sweetie Pie arrived we never had to set it; we just woke up automatically about this time or earlier. Then Carol would get up and fix breakfast, and when it was fixed we'd go in with it together to say good morning to S.P.—that was the routine. Quite often, to give Carol a break, if she was tired or something, I'd fix the breakfast. But on this morning it was Carol. I waited in bed, looking at the ceiling and thinking.

Even before Carol mentioned that her mother was coming for dinner that evening, I was grouchy. That bothered me, and being bothered about it made me even grouchier. Every morning for weeks I had awakened with this awful grouch just under the surface. I tried not to let Carol see it, but I knew she knew and it was making her edgy too. It may sound trivial, just having a grouch, but believe me it isn't. That undercover lump of soreness and resentment can poison and corrode and eat away at your marriage and even your whole life, and spoil it. Something had to be done about it, I knew.

The worst of it was that I didn't have the foggiest notion why I was grouchy. Of course the Perry campaign, which I was just getting into, was much on my mind, but that wasn't the real trouble. Just the night before, Carol had snuggled up to me in bed and said, "Spike, are you happy with me? *Really* happy?"

"Honey," I said, and I meant it, "there's nothing I've ever wanted, to make me happy, that I haven't got. Why shouldn't I be happy?"

"I just wondered if you really were."

In reply I held her closer, and we didn't have to discuss it any more. I was glad of that, because I wasn't really happy at all. Yet I didn't want to say so, because everything I'd ever dreamed of in my whole life was right there in Carol and in Sweetie Pie, in our apartment there in Fleetwood and in my work. I'd been a long time getting what I now had. I lay there that morning looking at the ceiling and thinking about all that had led up to it, and trying to figure out what was wrong.

I was born July 18, 1923, in Greenwich, Connecticut. My parents were divorced when I was fourteen. My father, who besides being a fine gent was a painter of landscapes and portraits, went out to Chicago, and my sister and I lived in Greenwich with Mother and Gramma until I graduated from high school. Then I put in two years at the University of Illinois, in Urbana, and two at the Art Institute of Chicago, living with Dad. I wanted to be, and am, a commercial illustrator—between

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

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"Hi-Fi" by Haddon Sundblom. *Number 116 in the series "Home Life in America"*

When you're having friends over–

What makes a glass of beer taste so good?

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wars. Late in 1950 I was married and begot Sweetie Pie. Then, just after the baby was born, I was drafted and sent to Korea. After nearly a year and a half, I was released for honorable reasons; and there I was, five months later, staring at the ceiling and thinking about it.

In all the whole hectic story, the one bright, shining light was Carol. She was slim and straight and tall, and had long blonde hair and gray-blue eyes and a ready and comradely comeback for anything you might say; and I loved her from the first time I saw her. She was a sister of Jack Rice, one of the boys at the Zeta Psi house in Urbana. Some guy had brought her down for a house party, and that's how I met her. The Rices lived in Wilmette, and when I went up to the Art Institute that summer I made sure to renew my friendship with good old Jack. After Carol and I were married, we moved to Fleetwood.

Everything about our setup was ideal, even idyllic. We had a big living room, a bath and a kitchen, a bedroom for Sweetie Pie, and our own bedroom, which also served as my studio during the day. And that was just the way I wanted it.

When we were setting it up, I remember talking it over with Todd Winaker, an illustrator friend who'd been around the business a long time.

"Myself," Todd had said, "I've never been able to work at home."

"Listen," I'd said. "I've spent enough of my life penned up with my own sex. From here in I want to be buried in perfume bottles and ladies' underwear."

"And dried Pablum and wet diapers."

"Who would want a completely dry baby?"

"Okay. But for me, it never worked." Todd is a very nice chap, but inclined to be cynical.

So there we were, with our ideal love hut. And there was I, grouchy and not knowing why.

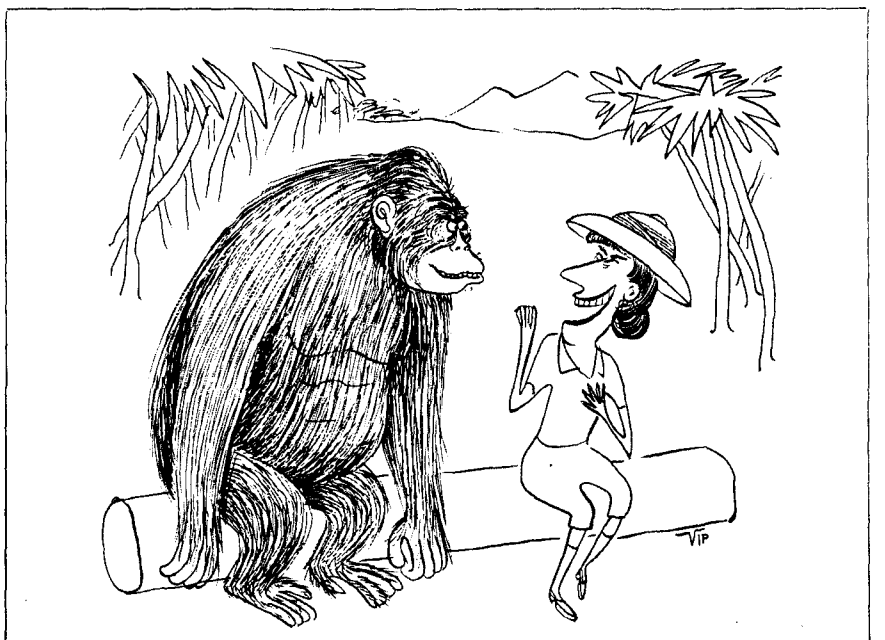
CAROL came in with the Pablum and applesauce and milk for Sweetie Pie. The telephone started ringing.

"Oh, dear," Carol said. She put the dish down on the stand next to the bed and went over and picked up the receiver. Her hair was tied back with a wide pink ribbon. She still looked sleepy, but Carol was never more appealing than when she looked sleepy.

"Hello?" she said. Then her face lighted up with a big smile. *"Mother!"*

I stuffed my face into the pillow so my groan would not be too audible. Then I put the other pillow over my head, but the sound came right through. Carol was asking about the health of her mother—my mother-in-law—and they had started in.

I just don't like mothers-in-law. For a number of years after my parents were divorced, the reason for their split was a mystery to us kids. The version given out by Mother and her family was that Dad had drifted away to follow his own interests. My sister and I bought it because there was no other version. When we saw Dad he was friendly but vague. It wasn't until his ex-mother-in-law, my grandmother, tried to get her hooks into my own life that I began to see the source of Dad's family trouble. What an old hellcat she was, my maternal grandmother—always pretending she was only trying to help a little with the cooking and the laundry, yet always having a fat finger in everybody's pie. Only when it came



COLLIER'S **"Oh, you're just *saying* that"** VIRGIL PARTCH

my turn did I understand how it had worked on Dad. There would be Dad and Mother and Gramma, I remembered, and they'd be talking about moving. Dad was always wanting to move somewhere else and Gramma would sit there knitting, just putting in a word now and then. They never moved away, and Gramma never moved out. Instead, she drove Dad out.

My turn came the June I graduated from high school. I wanted to be an artist like Dad, only a little more commercial. We were sitting there talking about it, Mother and I and Gramma, who was knitting. Mother was taking the view that I ought to put in a couple of years at an Eastern school, near home, before I made any final decisions about a career. All of a sudden it struck me that Mother talked differently when Gramma was there, and then I understood. I understood even better when Gramma played her trumps. If I didn't do it her way, she said in substance, she'd cut off my college money. I told them I'd earn my own college money, or get it from Dad, or do without it. I cleared out right after high school and I've only been back a few times since. For a long time I missed Mother, badly, but you can't have everything. My grandmother cost me a mother, Mother a husband and Dad a family.

Thus saddled with an innate suspicion of older women in the family, I suppose I couldn't have looked on even the most saintly mother-in-law with anything but venom. And Carol's mother was far from saintly. The fraternity brother who escorted Carol to that house party was the scion of one of the Midwest's most eminent beer families, and a strong contender for Carol's hand. Mrs. Rice thought the beer baronet would make a better husband for Carol than a self-styled artist with no prospects. Being an outspoken person, she said so. Thereupon a coolness arose between us that had thawed not at all during the time Carol and I had been married. The information that she was going to visit us was not, to me, good news.

I mention all this to suggest a little of the emotional climate of that day. It was not any one thing. The trying times of marriage are never caused by any one thing. I can only think of the camel's back and the straw. You're going along all right, carrying what you have to carry, and then there's that little unexpected extra. Somewhere a nerve end snaps, words pour out, and all that had seemed good turns bad. The way that day had begun, I was wondering if the arrival of my mother-in-law would be that little unexpected extra.

AFTER a minute of listening to Carol's jabber, I picked up Carol Ann's breakfast and left the room. I opened Carol Ann's door a couple of inches and began our regular breakfast ritual. "I wonder if anybody is in here?"

"Da-da!"

I stuck my head in. "Hi."

"Hi!"

That kid gets me. She starts every morning of her life with a great big enthusiastic smile that takes up her whole face, and there it was again—all laughs and dimples and twinkles in the eyes. I went in and put the breakfast on the table and raised the shades. "Ever see a flying baby?"

"Opp!" That means "up." I picked her up and raised her high over my head, and she kicked and giggled.

"She flies all around." I waved her around just below the ceiling.

"Noun." That means "down." I put her in her chair and fixed her bib and pushed her up to the knee-high table, and she started passing Pablum toward her mouth.

And then Carol came in. "Hi," she said to Carol Ann, and to me, "Guess who's coming to dinner?"

"Ma-ma," Carol Ann said.

"Your mother," I said.

"She flew in from Chicago, a quick business trip."

"Fine."

"Just one evening, Spike, in all these months, now for Heaven's sake," Carol said to me, and to Carol Ann, "Gramma is coming to see you. Isn't that *nice?"*

My daughter looked suspicious. Her spoon paused in mid-air, dripping Pablum. "Da-da," she said loyally.

"I'm off to work," I said. "By-by, Sweetie Pie."

"Hug," Carol said.

I gave her a big hug and then went out to the kitchen and loaded the electric percolator and toaster. Then I dressed, had breakfast and got down to work. . . .

There was an important job on my board. The art director at Lowes & Marston Agency liked my samples and had asked me to do a comprehensive for one of the big, full-color ads they were running for Perry Silver Company. The art director's name was Starbuck, and if he liked my "comp" —which would be the same as the finished except smaller and in less detail —there'd be a good piece of business in it.

The way I work, I start out with a rough sketch on a block of tracing paper. I put that under another sheet, trace what I like and change what I don't, and do that over and over until it begins to look right; sometimes it takes a couple of dozen tracings. When it's right I trace it on a big sheet of illustration board and paint it in opaque water colors.

On this morning, after the sixth or seventh tracing, it was just beginning to shape up when Carol opened the door and stuck her head in and said, "Lunch break."

"Okay," I said.

"Keep an eye on Carol Ann for a minute? I have to skip down to the delicatessen."

"Okay." She went out, leaving Carol Ann playing around somewhere. The last tracing was looking pretty good, and I kept working.

The telephone rang, and it was Mr. Starbuck of Lowes & Marston Agency. "How far along is the Perry job?" he wanted to know.

"Just getting into it."

"The client's coming in tomorrow. We've got to show him something."

"Gosh, Mr. Starbuck, you're asking the darn' near impossible."

"Ten o'clock in the morning, shall we say?"

"Out of the question."

"All right, three in the afternoon, and bring whatever you have. If it's no good we'll use somebody else." Starbuck hung up, and now you know why artists dislike art directors.

In those few seconds the job on my board had become urgent. If I painted through today's daylight and started again early in the morning I could catch the two thirteen to New York with a finished picture under my arm.

There was a horrible yell. I leaped from my chair and ran for the bathroom, where the yell had come from. Carol Ann was sitting in the bathtub, yelling. The water was running. Toilet paper was festooned all about the room, many yards of it. The john was choked with it. The bowl also contained two combs, a hairbrush, my shaving mug, a bottle of hair oil, two toothbrushes and a Teddy bear. I fished her out of the tub and turned off the water.

WHILE I was changing her, Carol came back. "Spike," Carol said, "she might have drowned."

"She didn't have time."

"Or scalded to death."

"Not in cold water."

"It might have been hot."

"Not in this place."

"Poor little tyke."

"Listen," I said. "She got in the bathtub and turned the water on and was having fun watching it run. She began to yell because her bottom was getting not only wet, which is normal, but cold."

Carol's voice was coming from the bathroom now and it sounded louder and higher. "I thought you were going to *watch* her."

I could feel myself getting mad, so I put Carol Ann down and went into our bedroom and closed the door. The tracing, I decided, would do; I put it on illustration board and began to paint. In a little while Carol came in and put down a tray containing some

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of last night's casserole and a salad and some coffee and went out again, closing the door gently. Sweetie Pie was going down for her nap. During the next couple of hours I got a lot done.

About three o'clock Carol came in with Sweetie Pie. Carol had put on a yellow cotton dress with a narrow lavender belt, and S.P. was wearing one of her new toddler dresses with the waist at the armpit line.

"Want to see something cute?" Carol said, looking rapturously at S.P. They were a picture.

"Yes," I said.

"Walk," said Sweetie Pie.

"Yes, dear, we're going for a walk," Carol said, "just as soon as Mama puts the laundry in the machine. Keep an eye on her for a minute, will you, Spike, while I run down and stick this stuff in?"

If I kept an eye on Sweetie Pie for even half a minute, I was hooked. So I figured to get temptation out of the way. "Go ahead on your walk," I said. "I'll put the laundry in."

"Oh, Spike," Carol said, "you're working."

"Da-da walk," Sweetie Pie said.

"It'll only take a minute," I said. "Go ahead."

"Well, if you really want to," Carol said. "The laundry is in the hamper, sorted, and the diapers are in the pail. While you're down there, want to take the garbage along?"

"Da-da walk," Sweetie Pie said.

"Da-da home," I said firmly. "Da-da wash clothes."

I scooped the clothes out of the hamper and into a basket and grabbed the diaper pail and the garbage bag and went down the back stairs, dumping the garbage into the incinerator on the way.

In the laundry, which was in the basement, three women were chatting. There was one empty machine. I put my clothes in, and then put the wet diapers in, and then remembered—the machine wouldn't do any washing until you put a quarter in. I felt in my pockets. No change. I fished a dollar out of my wallet and held it out toward the three women. They just shook their heads. I turned to go out and met a woman with a bright, new quarter in one hand and a bundle of soiled laundry in the other.

"Is this machine in use?" the woman asked, indicating my machine.

"No," chanted the three women.

A flush was pounding hard through my neck as I fished my laundry out. I threw the laundry in a corner and walked the two blocks to the nearest drugstore, got a pack of cigarettes and some quarters, and returned to the basement. Now there were four women chatting, and no empty machines. I picked up my laundry and walked out; the women didn't even wait till my back was turned to start snickering.

IN THE apartment I dumped the laundry in the kitchen and lighted a cigarette. My hand was shaking and I was out of breath. There was some leftover coffee. I warmed it and poured a cup and was sitting there drinking it and trying to calm down when Carol returned with Carol Ann. The first thing Carol saw, of course, was the laundry. "Oh," she said, in that disappointed tone.

"All the machines were busy," I said.

"It should have been dry by now," Carol said. "There are no clean diapers and it's Carol Ann's bath time and then I have to fix her supper and I want an especially nice casserole because Mother is coming and I have to get down to the delicatessen and—*honestly!*"

Sweetie Pie had toddled off somewhere and some sixth sense, or perhaps some slight sound, made me wonder what she was doing. I opened the door to my studio-bedroom and looked in. Sweetie Pie was slapping paint and water over the Perry job.

I didn't even bother to go in and stop her. I merely turned on Carol and quietly blew my stack. "You and your casseroles," I said. "And your delicatessens and your garbage and your dried Pablum and wet diapers. And your dirty laundry and your mother."

Carol put her hand to her cheek as if she'd been slapped. "Oh!" she said, and very suddenly there were tears in her eyes. I walked out the front door and slammed it after me.

On the way to the Fighting Cock Bar & Grille I recalled a favorite saying of Dad's: "No situation ever existed that was improved by somebody getting drunk." So, I decided, one should not seek intoxication, but merely surcease. It would take about four hours for my mother-in-law to eat and go away. For the first hour, one beer every ten minutes; second and third hours, one every twenty minutes; fourth hour, one every half hour—

"Has anyone ever told you that you constitute a high pressure area?"

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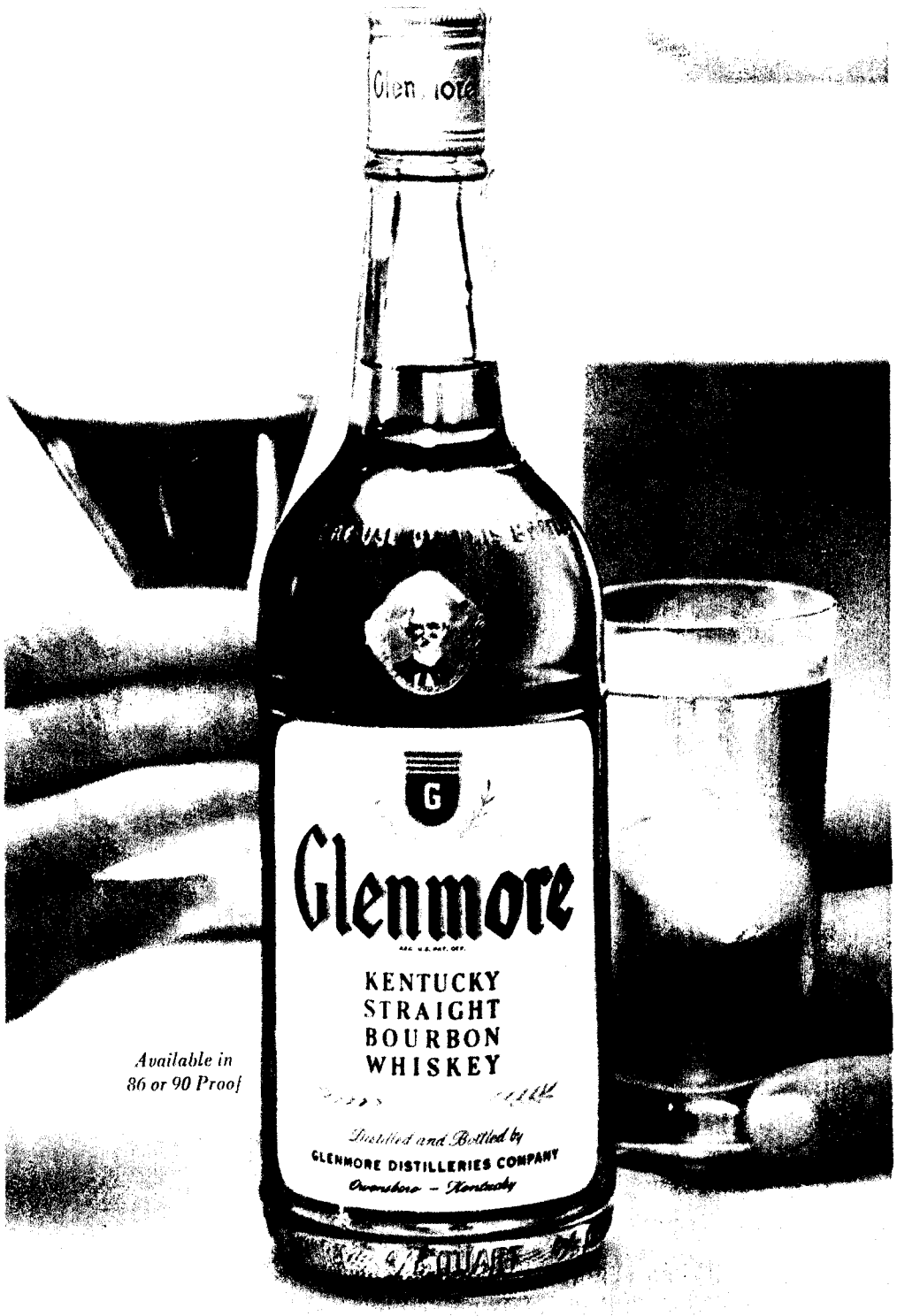

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COLLIER'S

"You shouldn't be doing that, Mom. Wait for Dad to come home"

STAN FINE

fourteen beers. A shot every hour on the hour, and one for good night—five shots. The whole job could be done for four dollars and fifty cents, counting on Harry to come through with one shot on the house. I had a five-dollar bill. By the time the four hours were up, either my mother-in-law would be gone or I wouldn't care.

"Harry," I said at the end of the first hour, "this is certainly my day."

Harry folded his arms and leaned over the bar. "Matter, Spike?"

"The kid's ruined a painting that's due tomorrow."

"No kidding."

"Yeah. I'm back on the pavements peddling samples again."

Harry let his face sag into his professional expression of solicitude. "Helluva note."

"And you know who's up at my house right now? My mother-in-law."

"Yowee. What are you gonna have?"

DURING the next hour I got thinking about that, about my mother-in-law being up there, and something went wrong with my drinking plan. More than four dollars were gone, the scheduled time was nowhere near elapsed, and I had not achieved surcease. Instead I was getting madder by the minute, for a horrible thought had come to me: *My mother-in-law was driving me out of my own house, just the way Dad had been driven out.* Ho-ho, I thought, we'll see about that. Mrs. Rice will soon discover that it's not going to be so easy, not anywhere near as easy as she might have thought.

"Good night, Harry," I said. This was the signal that if Harry intended to come through with anything on the house, now was the time.

"Where you goin'?"

"Home."

"Well, wait a minute, what's your hurry? Have one on the house." Harry poured a jigger from the bottle.

"No, thanks, Harry. Well, all right, since you've already got it poured. Here's health."

I went home, feeling in excellent fettle, to set my household to rights no matter what. I was not underestimating my opponent. I remembered, from our courtship days, a gray-haired, sharp-eyed little lady who wore simple clothes, usually dark, and looked up at you pertly through rimless spectacles.

Our front door opens right into the living room. When I came in, Mrs. Rice was the only one in the room, except, of course, myself.

"Hello, Spike," she said. "Sit down."

"Excuse me, Mrs. Rice, there seems to be some mistake," I said with dignity. "This is my house. *You* sit down."

"Oh, sit *down,*" Mrs. Rice said. She gave me a push and I sat down. I was going to anyway, because the room had begun to make gentle rocking and pitching motions.

"Wait here a minute," Mrs. Rice said, and went into the kitchen. I waited. I had become slightly dizzy, probably from walking up three flights, and also because of malnutrition, as it was more than an hour past my usual dinnertime. In a minute Mrs. Rice came back with a sandwich, a glass of milk and a cup of coffee. She gave me the sandwich, saying, "Here, eat this."

I munched the sandwich, meanwhile trying to see through her strategy. The food was obviously a bribe—crafty, but transparent. "Where's Carol?"

"In the bedroom, crying. Drink this." She gave me the milk, which I downed in one toss, and then the coffee.

"What's she crying about?"

"She told me all about it. I bawled her out."

"*You* bawled her out?"

"Yes. Now I'm going to bawl *you* out. Then I'm going to my hotel and leave you two in your own mess."

"Oh, so you find our little home a mess, do you?"

"Yes."

"Carol," I bellowed, "come in here!"

"I'm coming," Carol called from the bedroom. She chose, thank Heaven, to be docile.

"What did you bawl her out about?" I asked Mrs. Rice.

"For neglecting her job, and for letting it interfere with yours."

Carol came in, and our eyes met just long enough for me to see that she wasn't sore. "And just why did you feel it necessary to take it upon yourself to do that?"

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"Oh, for goodness' sake, don't be high and mighty," Mrs. Rice said. "Tell me, are you happy?"

"Yes," I said. Then I thought: Here's me drunk and Carol with a weepy nose—why try to bull it through? "No." Carol sobbed.

"Do you want me to tell you why?"

Well, I figured, I could at least listen. "Yes."

MRS. RICE said, "First let me tell you about Tom and me. Tom started the Rice Press right in our own basement, did you know that?"

"No."

"Well, he did, and we learned a lot about what can happen when a man and a woman try to make a home and a business under the same roof."

"You no doubt learned a great deal," I said nastily, "that Carol and I could profit by."

"I think possibly we did," Mrs. Rice admitted.

"Mrs. Rice," I said, "don't lecture me. I come from a family that was wrecked by the meddling of one generation in the lives of another."

"You've just admitted you were unhappy. What I have to say might help. Do you think *I* have never been unhappy?"

"Moreover," I went on, "I don't trust you. You did your damnedest to break up Carol and me."

Mrs. Rice sighed. "I was a stupid woman. I suppose I can never be forgiven?"

"Don't be mean, Spike," Carol said. "We've got to let bygones be bygones."

"I have too much of what hell is paved with," Mrs. Rice said. "Good night, kids." She got up as if to go. I was all for letting her, but Carol shot me a glance so full of pleading it went right down inside me.

I said, "We'd kind of like to hear what you were going to say."

"Yes, Mother," Carol said, "tell us."

"Oh, it wasn't anything so much," Mrs. Rice explained. "Just some ideas I have."

"What kind of ideas are they, Mrs. Rice?" I asked.

"Ideas about living, and how things are." Mrs. Rice was looking beyond us. She seemed to be thinking of something a long way off. "I was thinking about how each one of us, when we're born, gets his own little world to live in, and how it's always coming up against other people's little worlds, and the big world that's common to all of us. And how that's the basis of most of our trouble."

This, to me, was almost shop talk. To the artist—and, I suppose to everybody—this relationship between the inner and the outer worlds is a factor he cannot avoid. But I'd never thought of it as applying to a family.

"There are two terrible things that can happen to our little worlds," Mrs. Rice went on. "We can shut ourselves up in them and never get a glimpse into somebody else's little world—or into the big one around us—and this is insanity. And sometimes we let our little worlds get overrun by somebody else's little world, so we no longer have a little world of our own at all."

"That happened to my old man once," I said.

"It's the greatest danger of marriage," Mrs. Rice said. "Marriage is the closest meeting of two worlds that is possible. It can be a touching, or it can be a collision."

"Or a union," I said.

"A union only in the sense of harmony," Mrs. Rice said. "People can never be really together until they've learned really to be separate."

"Carol and I don't want to be separate," I said. "What's it all got to do with us?"

"Just this. One of the ingredients of our little worlds, perhaps the essential one, is our *function*—the job we have, the work we were put on earth to do. Tell me, Spike, do you want to be an artist or a housewife?"

"An artist, of course."

"Then it's about time you got down to it, and stopped fooling around with laundry and diapers during working hours."

"I only do it to be helpful!"

"Fiddlesticks. You do it because you like it better than art, or as well. You play with the baby when you ought to be working, and for the same reason. You're being unfaithful to your job."

"I don't want to make my wife a drudge."

"Drudge, my foot. Carol is a healthy young woman who is capable of caring for half a dozen babies and family meals and laundry. She could do this job in a breeze, once she made up her mind whether she wanted to be a housewife or an artist's model. Carol, which is it going to be?"

"Housewife," Carol said. She'd always told me she hated the word. But her chin was out now, her head up and her eyes clear.

"Fine," Mrs. Rice said, rising from her chair. "That's all I have to say."

She started walking toward the doorway and walked right straight out.

"Hey!" I said. But she'd gone. Carol and I looked at the door, then at each other. In a way we were seeing each other for the first time, in our separateness. And it was oddly true that we'd never been closer together.

"Look, honey," I said, "would you mind making me a big pot of coffee?"

Carol got the idea right away—her eyes were shining. "Sure. And I'll sleep in the living room tonight."

"And if you don't mind, honey, leave a stack of sandwiches around, huh? And a bottle of milk, too?"

"Yes. And in the morning you won't hear a peep out of Sweetie Pie. Or me."

"Okay, here we go."

"You can do it, Spike," Carol encouraged me. "I *know* you can."

I PAINTED all that night and all the next morning, keeping going on coffee and cigarettes and Carol's stack of sandwiches. At one o'clock I shaved and dressed for town and had a last look at the painting and added a couple of little touches. I made the two thirteen and was in Starbuck's office with it at three. The client loved it, and I've been painting Perry ads ever since. I have a separate studio now—I can afford it.

Carol and I? She has her job, I have mine, and each respects the other's. Somehow I've had more respect for Carol's role as housewife since I stopped trying to be one myself. In that sense, our separateness is growing all the time. And our togetherness becomes more and more wonderful as time goes by. About once a year Mrs. Rice comes to see us and stays for a day or so. She's quite a person, that old girl—quite a person.

—JEROME ELLISON

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JANUARY 3-31

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Where Does BIG LABOR Go from Here?

By JOHN HERLING

Now united and 15,000,000 strong, the AFL and CIO are taking aim on new targets. How will they use their great strength? What part will they play in national politics?

THE leaders of 15,000,000 dues-paying members of American trade-unions have now joined forces to create, for better or for worse, a single merged but hyphenated federation—the AFL-CIO. Outside organized religion, the new federation is the country's largest membership organization. This has scared some people, cheered others, and left many unmoved.

Henry Riter III, who retired last month as president of the National Association of Manufacturers, conjures up a fearsome image of "big labor" bestriding the country's economic, political and social life like a colossus. Many other industrialists and businessmen also view the merger with misgivings, but few are speaking for publication. Their public attitude is "wait and see."

Even organized labor is not 100 per cent behind the merger. On the outside looking in is that storm god of the labor movement, John L. Lewis, president of the United Mine Workers. It was he who 20 years ago created the Congress of Industrial Organizations out of the ribs of the American Federation of Labor. Lewis mutters warnings to the smaller unions in the new federation (which he wasn't invited to join) to guard against the "caprices of the more carnivorous or slightly cannibalistic unions, of which there are some."

The AFL and CIO, in their final separate conventions last month, overwhelmingly approved the merger. George Meany, president of the united AFL-CIO, proclaimed that the action would enable labor to "make a better and more vital contribution to the community as a whole and to the welfare and security of our nation." But not all union officials and rank-and-file members were so optimistic.

One international president voted against the merger—Michael J. Quill, head of the Transport Workers (CIO). He refused a vice-presidency in the new federation; he said he wouldn't take it if it were offered "on a silver platter." Then the AFL Teamsters president, Dave Beck, loudly protested that the whole merger idea was pushed along too fast to suit him. Yet at the Unity Committee sessions he had never uttered a discouraging word—and at the final showdown he voted for the merger.

Actually, at one time during the merger negotiations, even some of the most ardent advocates of unity became panicky and wanted to call the whole thing off. They were like the man who rushes to his wife's side as she is being wheeled into the delivery room, and asks desperately, "Are you sure you want to go through with this?"

But in spite of loud alarms and the gloom of many a night filled with hot debate, AFL president Meany and CIO president Walter P. Reuther guided the task forces of their top officers safely across the organizational terrain and personality crotchets. From one conference to another, they stepped gingerly around booby traps that could have blown their unity plans to kingdom come.

The fact is that the long and rocky road toward the merger had been marked by fits and starts and stumbles almost since the split in the AFL at its Atlantic City convention in 1935 produced the CIO. This historic convention roared around the issues of how best to organize mass-production industries. Over the years, craft unions made up of skilled artisans had formed the backbone of the trade-union movement. But with rapid technological advances came the breakdown of traditional boundaries among the crafts. Strong pressures grew for a more inclusive form of labor organization, one built on industries as a whole rather than a multiplicity of crafts. The organization of the CIO was the result.

Some observers have always insisted that the real issue at that time was a struggle for power inside the AFL. But whatever the less obvious motives, the issue of industrial versus craft unions as the instrument of organization was the visible and outward symbol of the cleavage.

The fission of the AFL dramatically unleashed the energy to start the greatest organizing drive in labor's history, gave the trade-unions unprecedented political recognition, and added a new dimension in the economic, social and political life of the country.

Today Meany, as first president of the largest labor organization in the free world, looks back 20 years with greater calm than he felt then as president of the New York State Federation of Labor. "The great departure of the organizations from the AFL to form the CIO did one thing," he says. "I can assure you it woke up some people in the AFL—and that's a matter of record, not just talk. From that point of view, it was good.

"Up to a certain point, perhaps, competition among unions is good. But there comes a time when competition can be destructive, when com-

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INTERNATIONAL

Symbolizing labor's new unity, AFL chief Meany (at left) and CIO president Reuther shake hands. But numerous problems still must be overcome before unity is complete

petition and rivalry can be of great advantage to those—of whom we still have many in this country —who do not believe in the principles and ideals of the trade-union movement. We in the AFL and CIO came to the point where we were competing not so much to see who could do the best job for the people we represented, but to see who could get the per capita tax—the dues. It was just as simple as that. I don't see as part of our objective the need for building up gigantic structures—call them trade-unions or what you will—that acquire power just for the sake of power."

Although the idea of unity had packed a political and economic wallop with many leaders in the AFL and CIO almost from the time of the historic split, the private emotions, the organizational pride, the sharp memory of suspicions and failures for years proved roadblocks too high to hurdle. Then death found a detour.

THREE YEARS AGO, AFL president William Green and CIO president Philip Murray died within two weeks of each other. The passing of these old miners ended a chapter in labor history. When Meany succeeded Green, and Reuther succeeded Murray, both men placed "labor unity" at the top of their agenda.

But how could the wish be turned into reality? How could the groundwork be laid for the merger of the two federations? During the succeeding months a series of fairly rapid irregular steps was taken. The drafting of the key documents was largely the brilliant and perceptive work of Arthur Goldberg, CIO's general counsel. First came the no-raiding pact, which was approved by most AFL and CIO unions. This led to the merger agreement itself, which was lashed into being the day that Hurricane Hazel hit Washington in October, 1954. Then the AFL and CIO executive bodies told the constitutional draftsmen to go ahead. After months of agonizing appraisal, involving structural shifts and personnel changes, the climactic merger convention was held last month at the 71st Regiment Armory in New York City .

To mark the "new beginning" for American labor, the AFL-CIO is moving into a spanking new building in Washington—a stone's throw from the White House, and right down the block from the sedate home of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce. Originally, the new union building, whose cornerstone was laid by President Eisenhower last April, was meant to house the AFL alone, but now both "AFL" and "CIO" are being carved in blocks of marble over the entrance.

To measure the range of this new labor federation, the basic factor to be borne in mind is that the real heart of its economic power lies in the 141 constituent autonomous, sovereign and separate national and international unions. These organizations (not the federation) carry on collective bargaining with employers, often through local unions. They have independent treasuries, most of them much larger than that of the new federation. Their officers are elected under their own constitutions. The presidents of the autonomous organizations—from small crafts units of no more than 1,000 to huge reservoirs of manpower numbering hundreds of thousands—are jealous of their rights and zealous in the protection of their jurisdictions. They are leaders of great power and influence who make their own decisions. The merger of the AFL and CIO does not change that.

Nor does the merger affect the status of some 57 national or interstate unions not affiliated with either AFL or CIO. According to the latest tally of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, the combined membership of such groups comes to about 1,800,000. The best known among them are the United Mine Workers and the "operating" railroad brotherhoods (whose members actually run the trains). The president of two of these brotherhoods, the Railroad Trainmen and the Firemen and Enginemen, were official guests of the convention. In addition, there are numerous unions which are confined to a single plant, a single employer or a single locality.

SUCH SMALL UNIONS, especially, may find themselves drawn into the magnetic field of the stronger and larger affiliates of the merged AFL-CIO. Others may seek affiliation with the international unions because of possible advantages in collective bargaining. Previously such groups had expressed the fear of being caught up in the windmill of AFL and CIO competition.

At least 47 of the powerful national and international unions make their headquarters in Washington. (The internationals are so called because they include members outside the continental limits of the United States—in Hawaii, Puerto Rico, Alaska and, of course, Canada.) Within the last two years, Washington has seen the erection of so many new union structures that one observer describes the phenomenon as a union "edifice complex."

At any rate, for the sources of trade-union power, look to the international unions.

What do these unions expect to do together through the new federation which they cannot do separately? President Meany sees the objective of the merger in clear and fairly simple terms: "By uniting 15,000,000 union members into a single trade-union center, we hope to create an instrumentality which will be able to do an effective job in defending the interests of the American workers and placing human needs on a par with the requirements of business and finance in the modern age."

The point that Meany makes is that while the individual unions are properly concerned about their own internal problems, the federation takes a comprehensive view of the entire national picture, and makes plans commensurate with the new influence that the merger may generate.

Since the great spectacular of 1956 will be the Presidential campaign, the question arises: What does the merger of the AFL and CIO mean politically? Does it mean that the leadership will make the 15,000,000 workers, 141 national and international unions and 77,000 local unions toe the line, vote for one set of candidates, or for one party, or for a predetermined Presidential candidate?

Nothing is less likely—even though labor is bound to be up to its ears in the 1956 political campaigns. First, trade-union leaders say they don't exert that type of discipline. *(Continued on page 58)*

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Who has the brains in the family?

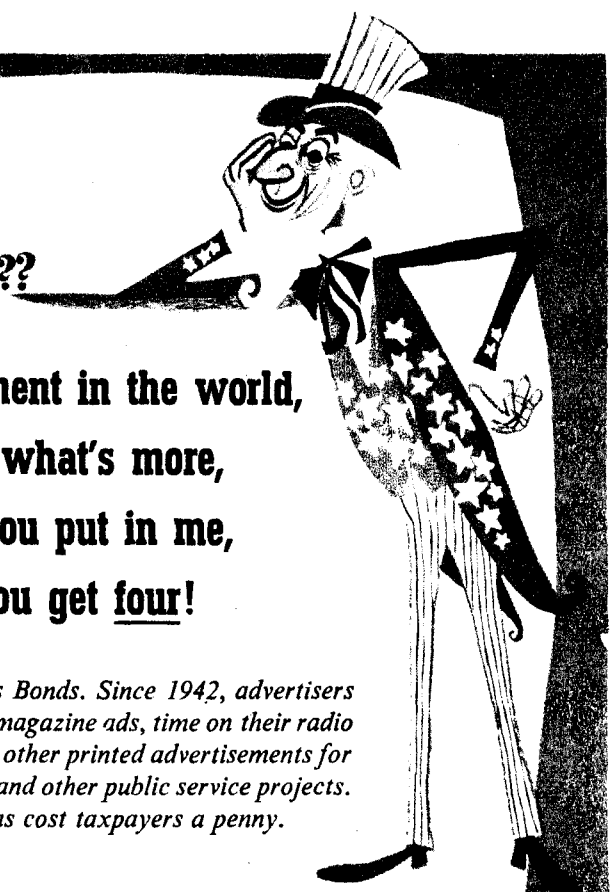
CAN YOU SOLVE THESE SIMPLE PUZZLES ??

Husbands, prove you're smart as well as handsome! Wives, this is your chance to shine! Kids, show up the whole family! It's easy!

WHICH BEAR ASKS US TO HELP PREVENT FOREST FIRES ?

Here's a hint: he asks us to watch our campfires carefully, break our matches, drench fires, and crush cigarettes. Sure, it's (C)—Smokey the Bear. You've seen and heard him in many messages prepared by one of America's leading advertising agencies through The Advertising Council.

RIDDLE: WHAT IS IT ??



I'm the safest investment in the world,
And, Americans, what's more,
For every three you put in me,
In ten years, you get four!

This one's easy: U. S. Savings Bonds. Since 1942, advertisers have contributed space in their magazine ads, time on their radio and TV programs, and space in other printed advertisements for messages about Savings Bonds and other public service projects. And none of this advertising has cost taxpayers a penny.

FIND THE MESSAGE IN THIS REBUS...

Many of our schools need more teachers and more up-to-date textbooks. And they need larger facilities, too! Right! Messages prepared free of charge through The Advertising Council have helped alert citizens to disquieting facts like these: 3 out of every 5 classrooms in the U.S. are overcrowded now, and by 1960, there will be 8,000,000 more children in our schools.

UNSCRAMBLE THE NAME...

Hint: In these four letters is the name of an organization through which food and clothing can be sent to homeless and hungry people overseas.

It's CARE, which has distributed more than $200,000,000 in relief supplies to war-ravaged areas since World War II. Generous Americans responded to CARE appeals in Advertising Council messages on radio and TV, in magazines and newspapers, on car cards and outdoor posters.

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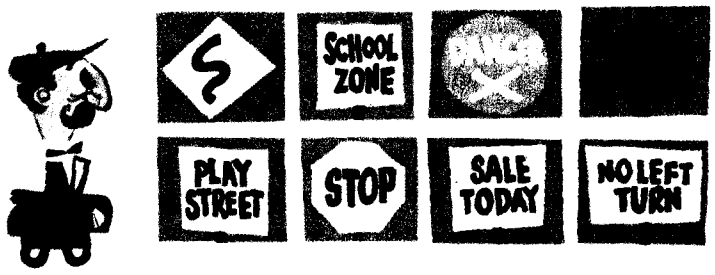
WHICH SIGN DOESN'T BELONG?

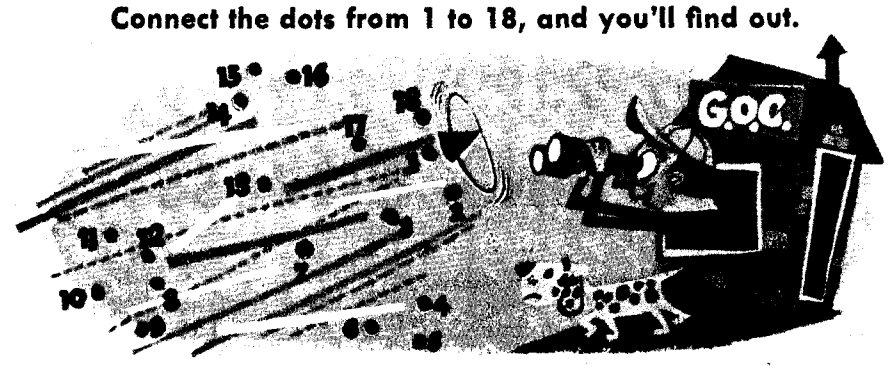
Find the one that doesn't say: "Be careful —the life you save may be your own!"



"Sale today" doesn't belong. All the others are safety symbols that the National Safety Council is trying to get more and more drivers to observe. SAFETY is another public service project whose advertising is prepared free of charge through The Advertising Council.

WHAT'S HE LOOKING AT?

Connect the dots from 1 to 18, and you'll find out.



Got it? It's a plane, and the alert young man is a civilian volunteer for the Ground Observer Corps, whose job is to watch the skies and help protect America from sudden attack. Any advertisement you've seen telling our citizens of the danger of surprise attack, and asking for volunteers, costs the U. S. Air Force nothing.

CAN YOU MATCH THESE SYMBOLS AND THEIR NAMES?

A 1 Community Chest

B 2 National Safety Council

C 3 American Red Cross

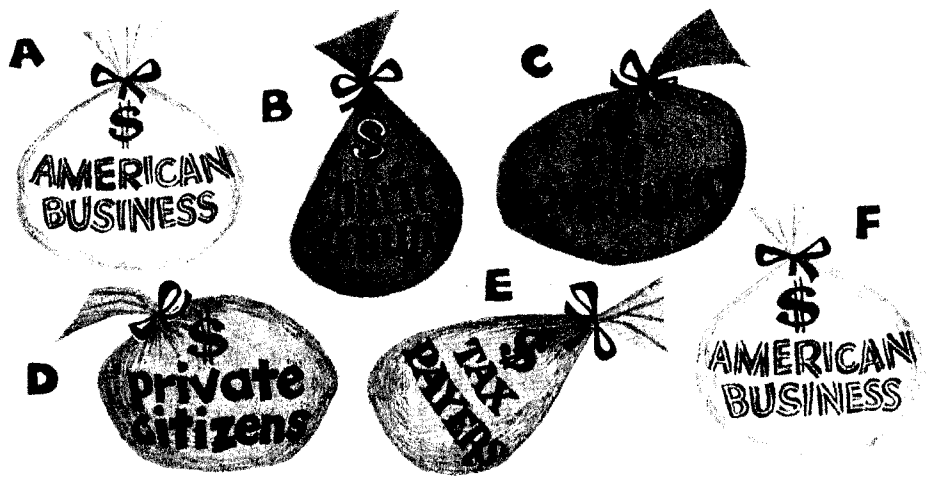
That's right: (A) goes with 3, (B) with 1, and (C) with 2. Those were easy, and there are many other Advertising Council public service projects that affect your everyday life. A few are: ACTION (the fight against present and future slums), Engineers Wanted (a drive to increase America's supply of scientists), the Crusade for Freedom for Radio Free Europe.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

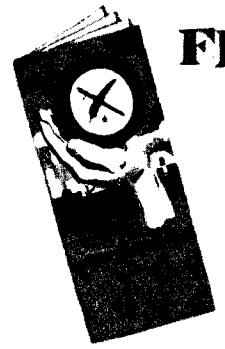
Sparky, the fire-fighting dog, knows! Pop is smoking in bed, Sis is playing with matches, Mom is using flammable fluid to remove spots; and that floor socket is overloaded for trouble. All these are fire hazards that folks are warned about in Council advertisements prepared in cooperation with the National Fire Protection Association.

FIND THE TWINS...

Two of these bags are identical; they will tell you who sponsors and pays for these public service programs.



Did you pair (A) and (F)? Congratulations, genius! U.S. businesses, large and small, pay for all advertising of these public service projects. Advertisers give time and space in their own advertisements, advertising agencies contribute talent, all media carry the messages free (including this ad), and The Advertising Council coordinates preparation without charge.

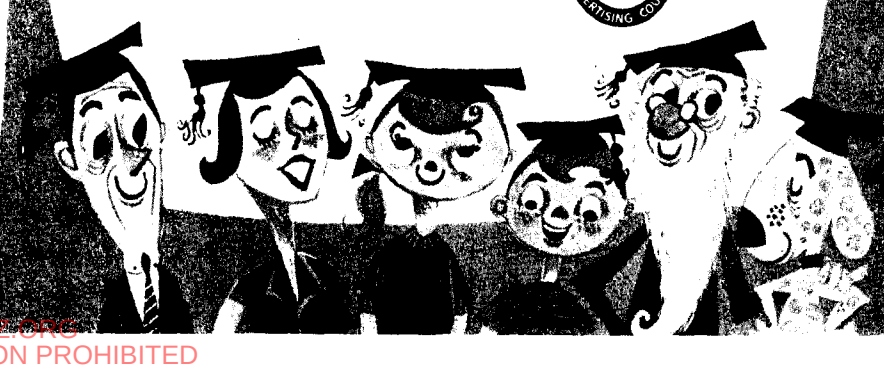


FREE!!

If you would like to know more about the work of The Advertising Council—just write the Council at 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y. We will send you a free booklet as a permanent memento of your brainy work on these puzzles.

THE ADVERTISING COUNCIL

... for public service



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Yes, Christ Left Us a LIVING Witness

Our Lord knew, of course, that in future generations His teachings might be distorted, misunderstood—even challenged.

He knew that His Apostles and Disciples would in a few short years, go the way of all flesh... and when this happened none would be left to speak with authority founded upon first-hand knowledge of the Savior and His teachings. If those yet unborn were to hear the Gospel as Christ had preached it... and as He intended they should hear it ...He would have to provide a means to assure this.

Many sincere and pious people are convinced that by giving mankind the Bible, Christ fully provided this protection. But if the Bible were the sole and complete authority for Christ's teaching, how could so many different and conflicting meanings be drawn from its pages by honest, righteous people?

All the books of the Bible, we know, had not been written until about 63 years after the death of Christ. They were not generally available in the form of books until after the invention of the printing process in the sixteenth century. This implies that whole centuries went into the pages of history without Christ's teachings reaching the masses of the people. This is something which Our Lord said would not happen. Shall we believe that it did?

Catholics, of course, share with other sincere Christians a deep love and reverence for the Bible. We know that it is divinely inspired and that it testifies eloquently to the life and teachings of Our Lord and Savior.

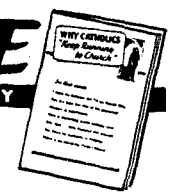
But as Catholics see it, Jesus left us a *living* witness—the Church. This we know because Jesus said: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my church." We believe that the Church is a faithful witness and a positive authority because Christ said further: "He that hears you, hears me; he who rejects you, rejects me."

Christ said that His Church would endure to the end of time. It is a matter of historical fact that the Catholic Church dates back to Peter, the first Pope, and the one to whom Christ said: "I will build my church." It spoke with authority in the name of Jesus *before the New Testament had been completed* ... 1,500 years before the Scriptures were made available in their present form!

If you would like to know more about the Catholic Church and its claim to speak with Christ's authority, write today for our free pamphlet. It will be sent to you in a plain cover and nobody will call on you. Write today ... ask for Pamphlet No. C-2.

FREE

MAIL COUPON TODAY



SUPREME COUNCIL
KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS
RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU
4422 Lindell Blvd., St. Louis 8, Mo.

Please send me your Free Pamphlet entitled "Why Catholics Keep Running To Church" C-2

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____

SUPREME COUNCIL

KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD. ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

FASTEST KNOWN SKIN RELIEF!

Many doctors report results in 1 to 3 days with *new* Cuticura method

Want *faster* relief from pimples, rashes, other externally caused skin irritations? Wash skin thoroughly twice daily with superfatted, mildly medicated CUTICURA SOAP. Apply CUTICURA MEDICATED LIQUID frequently. You'll get *instant* relief from discomfort – *faster* healing aid – with this sensational new greaseless, fast-drying, "invisible" antiseptic. Buy at druggists. Soap, only 25¢. Liquid, 60¢, or send 10¢ to cover mailing costs for generous sample of both. CUTICURA, Dept. CA, Malden 48, Mass.

(Continued from page 55) Second, they couldn't succeed if they tried. Third, they wouldn't dare try.

Even in 1952, when the AFL and CIO both endorsed Adlai Stevenson, the Democratic candidate, the election results showed that organizational enthusiasm for Stevenson did not prevent union members and their wives from voting for the Republican candidate, Dwight D. Eisenhower. The Republican analysts say that about 30 per cent of the union members voted for Mr. Eisenhower. Stevenson, in a speech at the recent merger convention, praised this polling-booth independence of union members. "Labor is not a disciplined voting minority in this country," he said. "Working people vote not on orders but on conviction . . . That's the way it is, and I think that's the way it ought to be."

What is labor's political posture today? It is not one posture. It is a whole series of political exercises.

MEANY PUTS IT this way: "Organized labor in America will not subjugate itself to any political party. It will endorse liberal and progressive candidates from all parties. It will make known to the workers of this country the records of all candidates. It will urge all citizens to register and to vote. By this means, we can effectively promote our objective of electing strong, liberal majorities to Congress."

To express AFL-CIO's political interests, the AFL Labor's League for Political Education and the CIO Political Action Committee are being merged to carry on as a service organization. But this Washington bureau is only a small part of labor's political operations. Those same autonomous national and international unions which jealously guard their identities and their jurisdictions also refuse to surrender their political activity to a central group. Pride of organization and the need to recognize the special problems in various localities encourage diversification.

In California, for example, organized labor had regularly endorsed Republican Earl Warren for governor. When Warren was made Chief Justice, his Republican successor, Goodwin Knight, energetically sought and obtained considerable labor support. To emphasize labor's willingness to cross party lines, top AFL leaders in Washington and at the last Chicago Executive Council meeting made quite a conspicuous fuss over Knight.

In the AFL Executive Council, at least three members—William McFetridge of the Building Service Employees, Maurice Hutcheson of the Carpenters and Dave Beck of the Teamsters—pledged allegiance, more often than not, to the Republican party.

On the other hand, in Michigan, the powerful, well-staffed CIO Auto Workers under Reuther's leadership have become a dominant factor in the Democratic party. This has aroused the Republican State Chairman, John Feikins, to angry denunciation.

Actually, labor leaders recognize the existence of 48 separate political situations—one for each state—and they say they don't want to make any advance commitments to either party. But organized labor may have a hard time convincing some political leaders of its freedom from one-party allegiance.

In this connection, President Eisenhower urged upon the merger convention the importance of democratic processes in union organizations. "The right of minorities holding different social, economic and political views must be scrupulously protected and their views accurately reflected," he said.

Moreover, during and just prior to the merger convention, several important Republican spokesmen lashed out at leaders of organized labor. Senator Barry Goldwater of Arizona, chairman of the Republican Senate Campaign Committee, charged that "power-hungry labor bosses" were threatening the political freedom of union members, spending their money for political purposes without regard to their actual views. Senator William F. Knowland of California, the Senate minority leader, asked whether the AFL-CIO leadership would be "engulfed by those bent on making labor organizations into a super-Tammany on a nationwide basis."

Another Republican senator was quick to come to labor's defense, however. "From what I know of organized labor," said Senator Clifford P. Case of New Jersey, "I doubt that there is any grand strategy under way to take control of the government and make all of us pay dues and carry picket signs. There are some who argue that the merger of the AFL and CIO will mean capture of the Democratic party. I find it a little hard to visualize any Northern unionist spending his hard-earned cash in behalf of the re-election of a Senator Eastland [Mississippi] or a Governor Talmadge [Georgia]."

Republican Governor Fred Hall of Kansas, who sought and received union backing in a tough state primary fight for the Republican nomination for governor, recently blamed the Republican party for any differences with organized labor. He charged the G.O.P. had been "at odds with labor for 25 years." "Our relations have now reached a deplorable state," he said. The Republican opposition to reforms in the Taft-Hartley Act, he added, is one of the reasons the Republican party lost Congress in 1954.

The union chorus of approval that greeted Hall's remarks sharpened the significance of this stern evaluation of the present situation by Meany: "The opposition we face today is even more formidable than in the days of company spies and thugs, the black list and the so-called 'American Plan.' The scene of battle is no longer the company plant or even the picket line. It has moved into the legislative halls of Congress and the state legislatures. On these fronts we have taken a beating in recent years, first with the enactment of the Taft-Hartley law and other restrictive federal legislation and more recently with the passage in 18 states of the misnamed 'right-to-work' laws. These laws are a threat to the very existence of unions, since they are aimed at destroying union security."

WHEN GOVERNOR HALL vetoed a Kansas "right-to-work" bill, he went one step beyond Meany. He said it would have "destroyed the principle of collective bargaining."

Despite the generally acknowledged importance of labor in politics, hard-headed union officials say politicians and employers are the first to recognize that only proper organization delivers the goods. For that reason, the physical setup of the new AFL-CIO deserves special attention.

On top of the merged federation's pyramid are sixty-one-year-old president George Meany and fifty-two-year-old secretary-treasurer William F. Schnitzler. Meany is probably the best-known plumber in the world, while

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Bill Schnitzler, a baker out of Newark New Jersey, was president of the Bakery Workers Union and then AFL's secretary-treasurer until he moved on into the same slot in the new organization.

Below them is a three-tier setup:

First—An executive committee which is made up of six vice-presidents, plus Meany and Schnitzler. Three of the vice-presidents came from the AFL, three from the CIO. AFL's trio are seventy-six-year-old vice-president Matthew Woll, long one of the AFL's most articulate policy makers; Harry Bates, president of the AFL Bricklayers, and George Harrison, president of the powerful Railway Clerks and one of the quietest but most politically conscious of the AFL leaders. CIO's members on the executive committee are Walter P. Reuther, president of the Auto Workers; James B. Carey, president of the International Union of Electrical Workers, and Steelworkers president David J. McDonald.

Second—A full Executive Council of 27 vice-presidents (and the two top officers), which will meet at least three times a year. The membership is divided between AFL and CIO at roughly the proportion of total strength of the two bodies at the time of their merger: 10,000,000 AFL adherents to 5,000,000 CIO followers, or two to one.

Third—A General Board made up of the Executive Council and the heads of all affiliated national and international unions, which will meet every year. In addition, about 400 staff members, fanning out of Washington, will carry on a wide range of research, organizational and legislative activities.

That's what the constitution says on paper, but how the new federation performs will depend to a great extent on another play of forces which has little to do with the written document.

Some of the smaller unions take a dim view of the new superstructure. They are grimly conscious that the six largest unions have a total membership greater than that of a hundred of the smallest ones, and that, in general, the powerful unions are the ones represented in the top places of the new federation, as they were in the old AFL and CIO.

Voicing this minority point of view with particular vehemence, Woodruff Randolph, president of the 100,000-member Typographical Union, has openly expressed his fears that the new constitution would threaten the jurisdictional rights of his union, one of the oldest in the country. "There is an old Chinese proverb," Randolph said, "that the big fish eat the little fish and the little fish eat mud. We want to keep that from happening in the labor movement."

GEORGE Q. LYNCH, president of the Pattern Makers' League, another old craft union, whose 14,000 members play a key role in America's technology, also pooh-poohed the "usual generalities and the standard jargon about the virtues of unity and the strength which will rise out of bigness and concentrated effort.

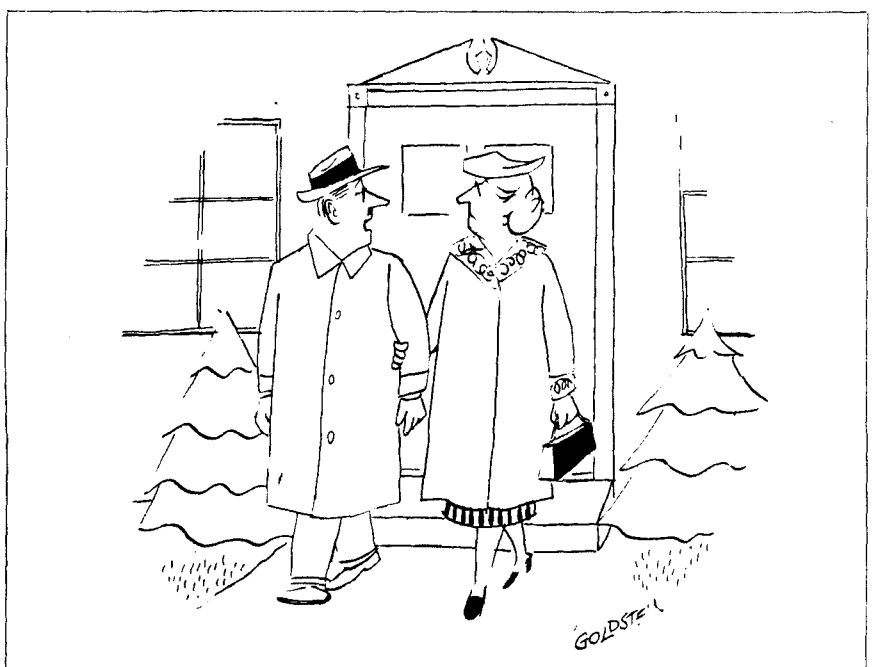
"There is no special virtue or lack of virtue inherent in one big labor union which would not also attach to one big business, one big educational organization, one big political party or one big sectarian theology," Lynch said. "With bigness comes a concentration of power, and with that power comes abuse. There has never been an exception to that rule."

Even before the merger, Lynch announced that the trade-unions, "merged or unmerged," are "desperately in need of an honorable opposition. There has been no serious debate on any subject and no real contest for any office for the past twenty years. That is as bad for the federation as it would be for the Congress of the United States or the British Parliament."

Actually, few believe the new organization will lead a tranquil life. It has too vast a prospectus and is too conscious of its responsibility and, it fondly believes, its opportunity on the organizational as well as the political level.

First of all, the federation is out to step up the organization of unorganized workers in a way which it hopes will recall the thumping thirties, when both the CIO and AFL burst into bloom in the friendly climate of the New Deal. The objective, set at last month's merger convention, is to double the membership—raise it to 30,000,000. It is at this point that the CIO unions hope to play a special part. Through Director of Organization John W. Livingston, who was vice-president of the CIO Auto Workers until he quit to take the new job, the organization plans to provide the needed staff and resources.

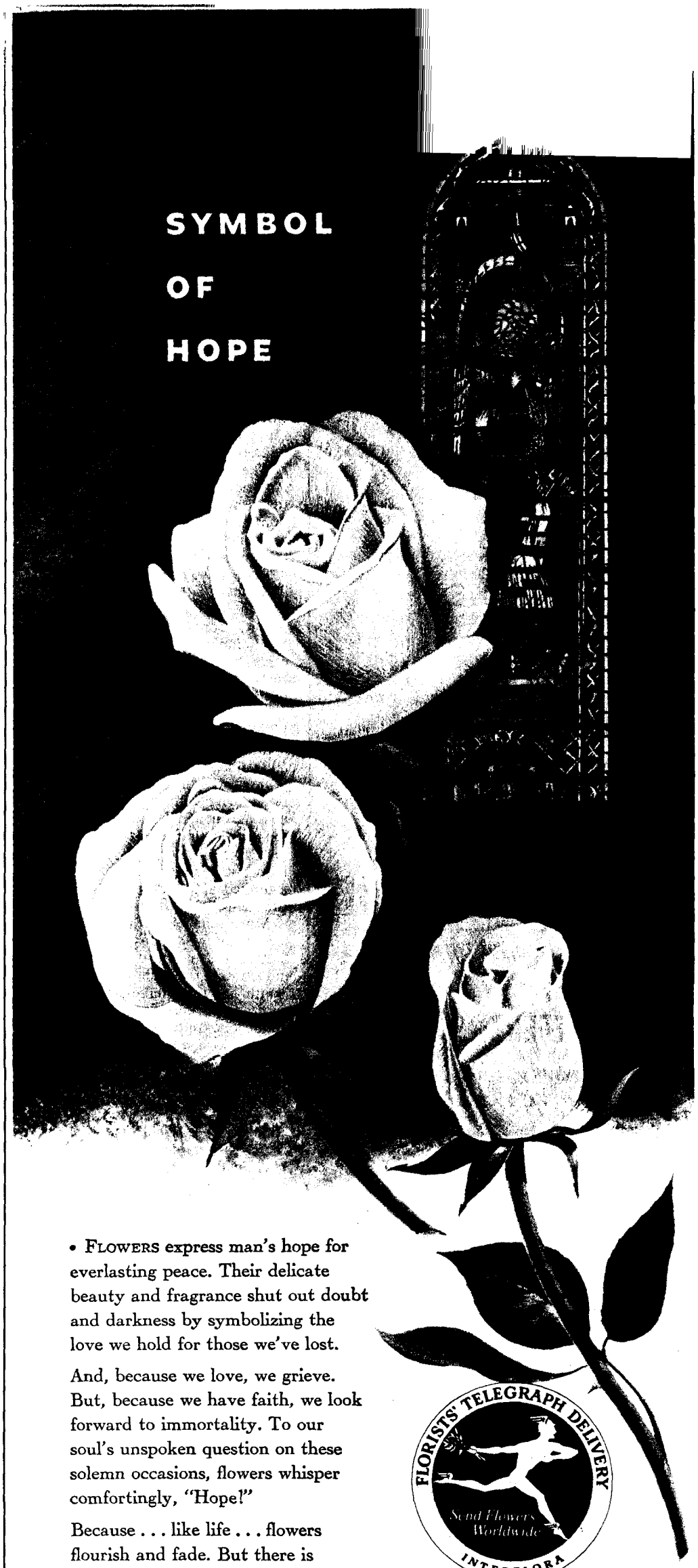
The target areas are clearly defined;



COLLIER'S

"Oh, boy, isn't that Jane Howell gorgeous? You are too, dear"

WALTER GOLDSTEIN



• FLOWERS express man's hope for everlasting peace. Their delicate beauty and fragrance shut out doubt and darkness by symbolizing the love we hold for those we've lost.

And, because we love, we grieve. But, because we have faith, we look forward to immortality. To our soul's unspoken question on these solemn occasions, flowers whisper comfortingly, "Hope!"

Because . . . like life . . . flowers flourish and fade. But there is something in their vital beauty that cannot wholly perish.

When you can't be there with those who grieve, Flowers-By-Wire carry your sympathy across the miles.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY
Send Flowers Worldwide
INTERFLORA

LOOK FOR THE FAMOUS F.T.D. MERCURY EMBLEM. IT IDENTIFIES THE RIGHT SHOPS!

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, Headquarters: Detroit, Mich.

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Does "Doing-it-Yourself" give you

Sore aching muscles?

Here's relief—fast!

• If those weekend chores have overworked your muscles, soothe away the pain with Absorbine Jr.

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Test STANBACK against any preparation you've ever used . . . see how much faster relief comes.

Reuther announced them at the convention:

The chemical industry: "Let's take on the chemical industry," said Reuther, "and let's say to Du Pont, as we said to General Motors and other corporations, 'You are in line and we are going to organize the workers in these plants.' " At present, only about 200,000 out of 600,000 chemical workers are union members.

The textile industry: The organizing drive will focus mostly on the South, where a number of plants have relocated to take advantage of lower labor costs. All but 100,000 of 600,000 nonunion textile workers are in the South. The combined current membership of the CIO and AFL textile unions is 382,000.

The building industry: "Just check in America," Reuther said, "and see how many buildings that go up are built by nonunion building-trades workers."

White-collar jobs: Only about 200,000 out of 7,500,000 to 8,000,000 office workers have been unionized, and only 500,000 of 8,000,000 retail workers.

State and local governments: The merger convention pledged to work for removal of restrictive laws and other barriers that have hampered efforts to organize government workers in the past.

HOW WILL the AFL-CIO go about its membership drive? Reuther stresses the value of a unified approach:

"Are we going to have an organizational drive with thirty-six craft unions passing out leaflets, and industrial unions competing with them at the plant gate? We say, no. If you have a united labor movement, you have got to have a unified approach to these basic . . . problems."

More than ever, the eyes of organized labor will focus on the Southern States, the country's fastest-growing industrial area. Percentagewise, the South has the smallest number of organized workers in the nation; only about one out of every six workers belongs to a union. This was perhaps inevitable while most industry was concentrated in the North and West. But with more and more plants opening in the South, the new federation plans to concentrate a large part of its energies there.

Actually, however, the problem of organizing the unorganized transcends regions. Throughout the country, according to the latest analysis of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, union members make up only about 35 per cent of the total number of men and women working in nonagricultural areas.

Organizing workers now outside the union fold will take a great deal of money. Yet, at the start, the central treasury of the new merged federation finds itself in the red, so far as organizational funds are concerned.

Under the new constitution, the income of the AFL-CIO is derived from an assessment of four cents a member per month, to be paid in by the affiliated unions. On the basis of a membership of 15,000,000, the new federation's total income for the year will run to about $7,500,000. This is less than the combined income of the AFL and the CIO when they lived separate lives. The reason is that the CIO formerly collected 10 cents for each member, while the AFL per capita assessment was four cents. Thus, with half the membership of the AFL, CIO collected about 50 per cent more money. The annual income of the separate treasuries amounted to about

COLLIER'S "Me white god" GARDNER REA

$10,500,000, or $3,000,000 more than the new federation will collect in the first year of its life.

Additional money will have to be provided from the treasuries of the big unions. Former CIO affiliates already have pledged $4,000,000 for the organizing drive. Reuther has started to needle other labor units to make sizable contributions "so that we can launch a crusade on the organizational front.

"History shows that great movements don't go along on the same high plateau," Reuther explains. "Movements start out and they release tremendous emotional forces. They set into motion great dynamic qualities. They tend to dissipate themselves. They sort of spend themselves. You always need to find a way to re-create that power, to give you a new base of operations, a new source of enthusiasm and spiritual power to go forward."

In the newly merged federation, Reuther sees the leverage to put labor on higher ground, a broader plateau. How many other labor leaders agree with him? Steelworkers president, David J. McDonald, proudly recalls that years ago the Steelworkers, under the late Philip Murray, aided many unions in the CIO to get on their feet and stay there. (Of course, it must be remembered that the original money source to prime the CIO pump was chiefly the United Mine Workers, headed by John L. Lewis.) The question is: Will the Steelworkers do the same now? And how many of the old AFL unions will contribute an extra supply of cash to a common organizing fund?

At this point, president Meany's leadership will be severely tested. It is at the organizational level that the proof of the merger pudding will have to be found. Will words become deeds? The deep-going jurisdictional conflicts which have permeated the history of the AFL, and which in effect created the conflict out of which the CIO was originally born, may crop up with a new twist.

Under the new constitution, every international union moves into the AFL-CIO with its jurisdictional "integrity" intact. Despite the warnings of Lewis that "cannibalism" may occur, every union is guaranteed the right to keep its members. Where two unions overlap, they may eventually merge: such as the two textile unions—one CIO, the other AFL; three paper unions—two AFL and one CIO; two chemical unions—one CIO, one AFL. But they don't have to merge; "voluntarism" is the keynote.

The showdown may come when rival unions are asked to get together to organize an industry. Which unions will get what members? Pride of place and prestige runs high in trade-unions, as it does in any kind of business—including show business. Once, at a dinner years ago, Samuel Gompers, founder of the AFL, noted that his friend, Giulio Gatti-Casazza, director of New York's Metropolitan Opera, seemed deeply preoccupied.

"What's the matter, Gatti?" asked Gompers.

"I've got troubles, troubles. My prima donnas are in each other's hair."

"How many prima donnas do you have?"

"Eight of them," said Gatti.

"Only eight!" exclaimed Gompers. "You've got it easy. Every president of an international union is a prima donna in his own right and I've got a hundred of them in the AFL."

THERE ARE at least 141 of them in the AFL-CIO, and Meany's job—and that of the Executive Council—is to develop an atmosphere of mutual trust, sometimes under very trying conditions.

For one thing, Steelworkers president McDonald, long an opponent of Walter Reuther inside the CIO, probably feels no further need to disguise his feelings. On the positive side, anything Walter does, Dave will try to do better, or more of. This may reveal itself in lending a larger hand to organization of the unorganized, through funds and manpower. Internal competition may become the life of the party. But such largess may have to wait for many months; McDonald will soon have to negotiate a new contract with the steel industry, then conduct a convention of his own union, in which opposition has reared its determined head.

Teamsters president, Dave Beck, will certainly advertise the fact that his

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organization—with 1,250,000 members, the largest union in the old AFL—is paying per capita dues or taxes for nearly 10 per cent of the total membership in the new federation. But the puddle is bigger now, so relatively speaking he isn't as big a frog as he was in the old AFL. Two other more-than-million-member unions in the AFL-CIO—the Auto Workers and the Steelworkers—reduce Beck's effective use of the big stick to get his way. They, too, have money in the bank.

Moreover, Beck has big troubles inside the Teamsters Union. They revolve in part around the person of Teamsters vice-president, James R. (Jimmy) Hoffa. Beck wants to retain the good will of AFL-CIO president Meany to help fend off any attempt by Hoffa to weaken Beck's already shaky position. His term as Teamsters president expires in December, 1956. He will most probably be re-elected, but Hoffa keeps him anxiously off balance.

In the meantime, Beck reflects the uneasiness of the Teamsters' leadership over the AFL-CIO merger. The union fears its organizational orbit may be narrowed. The Teamsters' jurisdiction, so far, has been a one-way stretch; it has never contracted. In fact, just before the first convention of the merged AFL-CIO, the Teamsters signed mutual-assistance pacts with two unions which had been cast out of the parent labor organizations: the International Longshoremen's Association, ousted by the AFL for failing to rid itself of gangster elements, and the Mine, Mill and Smelter Workers, kicked out of the CIO on charges of being Communist dominated. The two agreements touched off a storm of protest from other unions.

Still another smoldering problem confronting the new federation is that of racketeering and corruption. Under the AFL-CIO constitution, a kind of due process will be established to handle such cases: the bringing of charges, the holding of hearings and the taking of remedial action. On the importance of this issue, Meany and Reuther see eye to eye. In 1953, Meany's AFL expelled the afore-mentioned International Longshoremen's Association. In Reuther's CIO a Committee on Ethical Practices played a vigilant part in warning off transgressors. The new organization has established a similar body with "appropriate internal machinery with authority effectively to implement [its rulings] to keep the merged federation from any taint of corruption." The Machinists' vigorous president, Albert J. Hayes, has been named chairman.

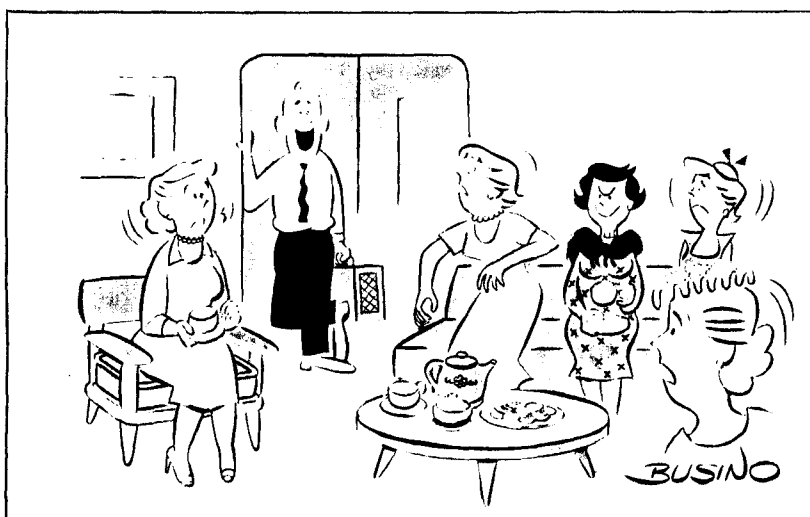
Certainly, a full-throated campaign can be expected inside the AFL-CIO to "clean up the labor movement." Key leaders say the job will not be easy, and the mere existence of a merged federation won't automatically do the job. Nobody knows this more clearly than David Dubinsky, president of the International Ladies Garment Workers Union. He has fought racketeering for a long time. Like Reuther he sees this as "a matter for constant struggle and vigilance."

OUTSIDE PRESSURE also will spur the new federation's drive against internal corruption. Already under way is a senatorial investigation into the administration of health and welfare funds throughout the country. The Senate Labor Subcommittee, under Democratic Senator Paul Douglas, has begun to look into this whole field of labor-management relations. Douglas has asked, and has received, the full cooperation of the top labor leaders. But union officers are worried. They are certain that no more than a comparatively small number of malefactors has been involved in questionable acts, but they know that opponents of labor will try to tar all unions with the smear of corruption.

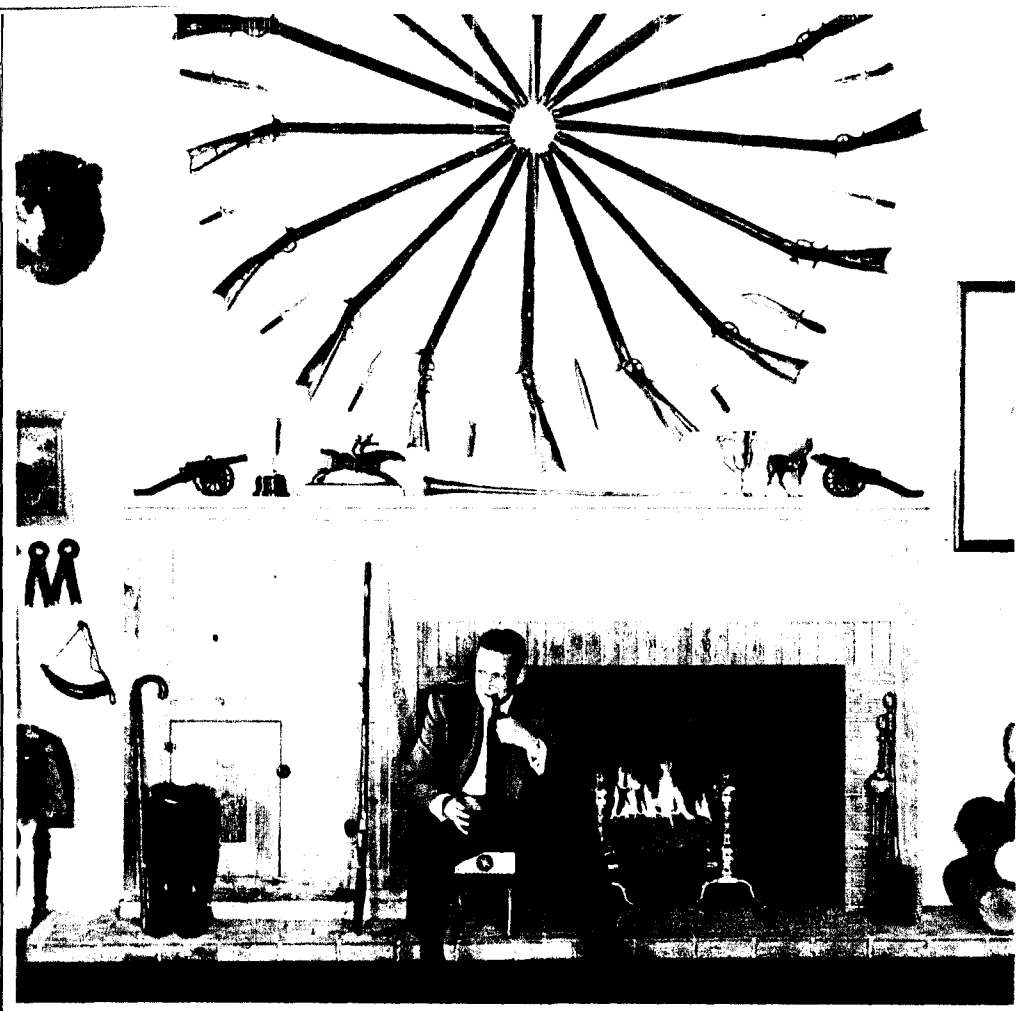
All of this would seem to indicate that the AFL-CIO merger will step up labor's interest in national affairs—economic and political. At the same time, the eyes of the nation are focusing on organized labor as never before—appraising its new look.

From all internal and external evidence available in these few weeks after the inaugural AFL-CIO convention, the character and structure of organized labor will not undergo a rapid change. There will be unity on top, but not conformity. There will be common purpose below among the members of the unions themselves, but no easy agreement on how to get things done, politically or economically. In short, the vision or nightmare some choose to see of a monolithic labor organization controlled by a master switch in the hands of a few men is strictly not realistic, so far as labor leaders are concerned.

The merger, however, does reflect a wider spread of union influence in the political and economic life of the country. Union leaders indicated at the merger convention that they will have to accept direct responsibility for the conduct of one of America's institutions, operating in the community domain. Union office, like public office, has now irrevocably become a public trust. THE END



COLLIER'S "Would the lady who missed the meeting last week like to hear a tape recording of it?" ORLANDO BUSINO



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EARLY TIMES

Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whisky • 86 Proof
Early Times Distillery Co. Louisville 1, Ky.

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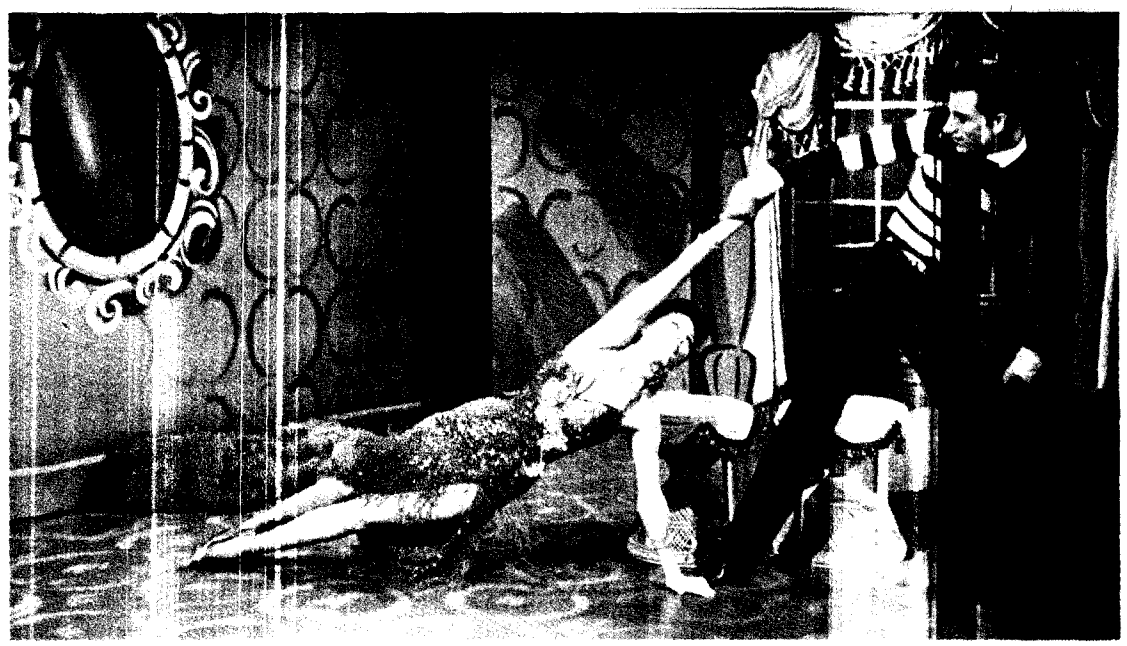
1 *Frankie and Johnny were lovers . . .* As sultry blues sound out, dancers Cyd Charisse and John Brascia begin to re-enact mournful saga



2 *They promised to dig one another . . .* Though the lyrics have been drastically modernized in M-G-M version, the sentiment remains the same. The exact origin of tragic tale is unknown. Some experts say it was inspired by a woman called Frankie, who shot her husband *(his* name was Charles) in 1831

Frankie and Johnny

PHOTOGRAPHED BY GENE TRINDL

Hollywood's latest tribute to the legendary lovers is in a forthcoming picture called Meet Me in Las Vegas. Where they *really* met, nobody knows. But the sad old song—with new lyrics*—tells as torrid a tale as ever

5 *You never saw such a tangle . . .* Faithless lover sidles up to Nell. Historians say men have been lamenting Johnny's treachery at least since Civil War era. Vaudevillian Joe Howard recalls hearing song in 1890s, "and it was old then"

6 *Frankie sure fought for her gent . . .* Fearsome fray was last depicted on film in UPA's 1951 Rooty Toot Toot. Now, as then, Nell loses bout; but both lose heel-of-heels, Johnny

* FRANKIE AND JOHNNY—LYRICS BY SAMMY CAHN; MUSIC ADAPTED BY JOHNNY GREEN. COPYRIGHT © 1955, LOEW'S INC. RIGHTS THROUGHOUT WORLD CONTROLLED BY LEO FEIST INC. USED BY PERMISSION

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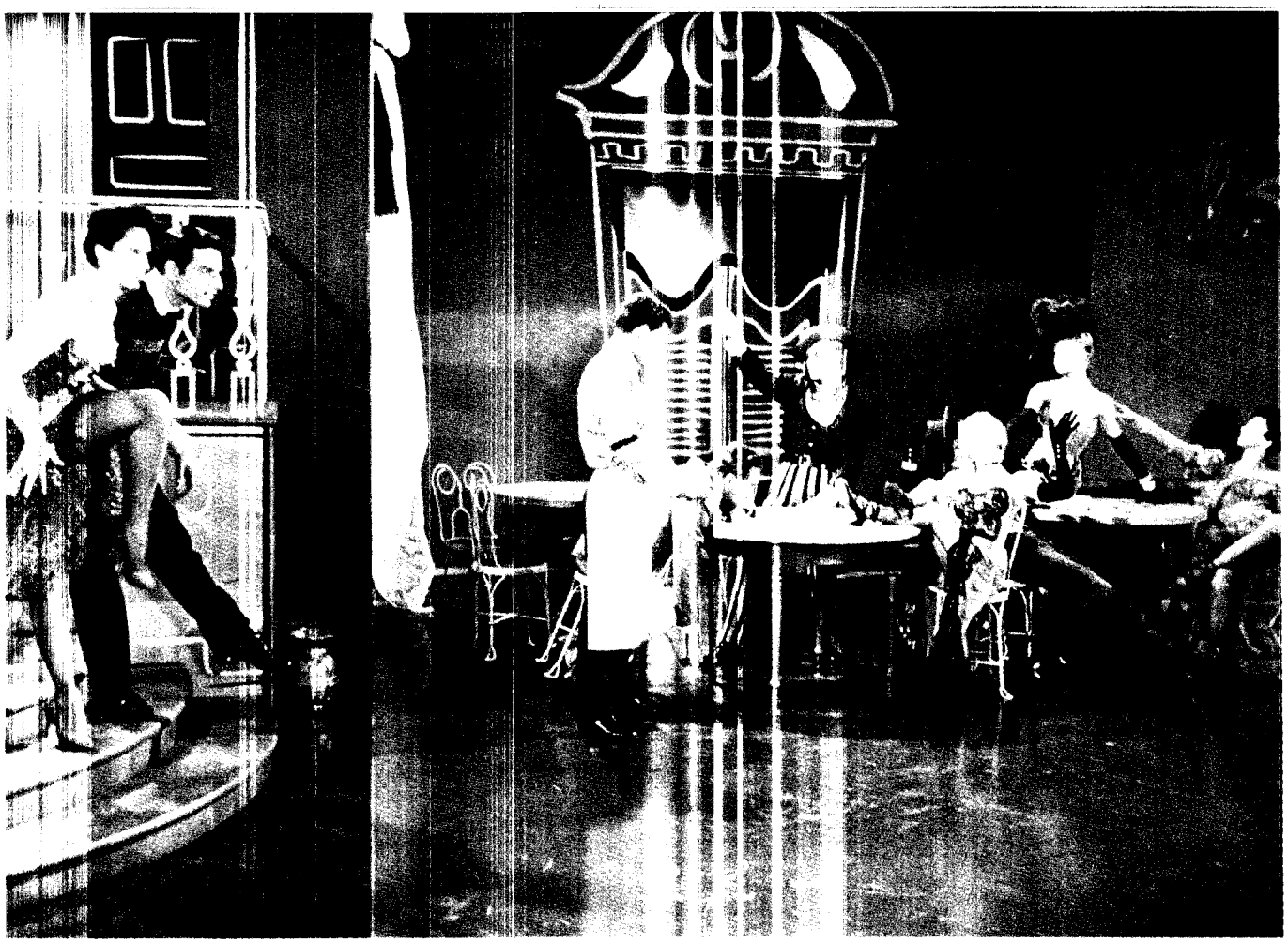
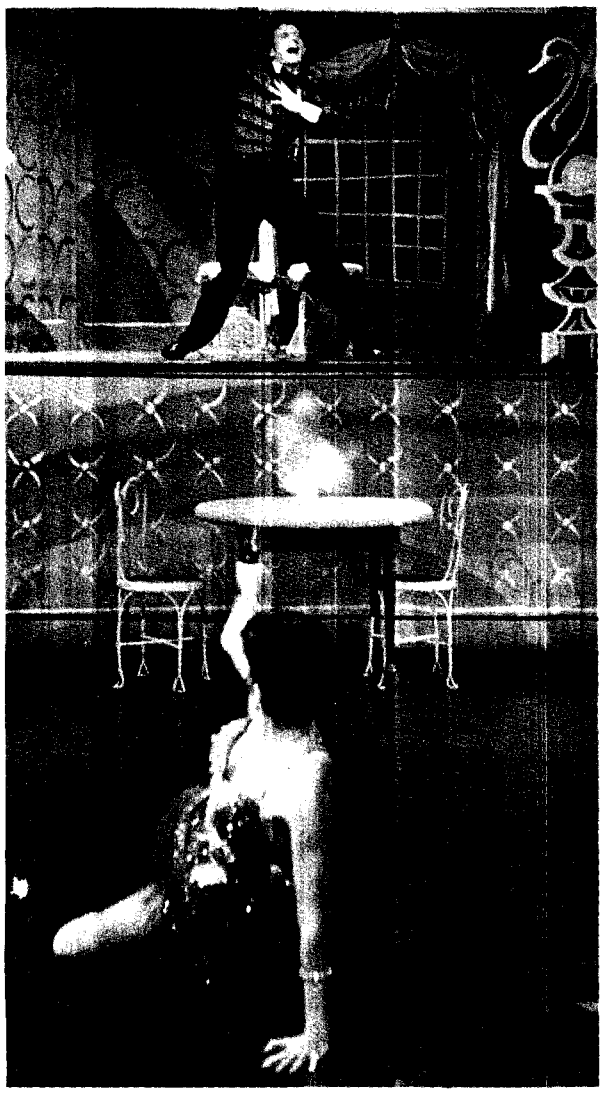


3 *They sash-ayed down to the barroom* . . . In somewhat plushier quarters than original lyrics called for, the lovers move inexorably toward their fate. Others who've trod the same path: Helen Morgan and Chester Morris in a 1935 Frankie and Johnny movie; Mae West and Cary Grant in an even earlier, farcical version, She Done Him Wrong

4 *Enter a doll name of Nellie* . . . Liliane Montevecchi as Nell Bly oscillates in to make a triangle



7 *Frankie had whipped out a pistol* . . . And fires at Johnny, in one of the classic shootings of American fact or folklore

8 *The sheriff . . . used the cuffs with the platinum chain* . . . Frankie gets death penalty in standard version; in new film she beguiles sheriff, goes free

9 *Frankie's the toast of the town* . . . She, sheriff dance to the old tune with modern moral: "If he cheats, simply shoot him down . . ."

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Mad River

By DONALD HAMILTON

Cohoon thought he could trust Nan, but now he wondered if she had betrayed him: her message led him straight into a death trap

The Story: BOYD COHOON, after spending five years in the Arizona Territorial Prison on a false charge of robbery, returned to his home town of Sombrero. There he found that his father and brother had been murdered, and that his sweetheart, CLAIRE PARADINE, had been seeing PAUL WESTERMAN, who owned the local mining company. But Cohoon was not interested in vengeance—he wanted only to rebuild his ranch on the Candelaria Grant. Then he discovered he had enemies in town. The Paradines feared him because, out of love for Claire, he had gone to prison to shield her brother, FRANCIS, who had actually committed the stagecoach robbery for which Cohoon had taken the blame; and Westerman hated him because his son had been killed in that same robbery. However, Cohoon found he could trust VAN HOUCK, an old friend of his father's, and NAN MONTOYA, a saloon entertainer. And when Claire's father, the local banker, gave Cohoon $10,000—to ease his conscience for the scandal Cohoon had saved the Paradine family—Cohoon, on impulse, gave the money to Nan. Then Westerman's mining office was robbed—by a notorious Mexican bandit known only as the General; and BILL BLACK, the town marshal, suspected Cohoon of having a hand in the robbery, since Cohoon would not say where he had got the $10,000. On the day that Cohoon rode out to the Grant to look over his land, he found that Westerman had been hauling ore over the property during his absence. While Cohoon was there, he was surprised by a group of riders, who began shooting at him.

The Second of Three Parts

WHEN Boyd Cohoon entered the Double Eagle, Nan Montoya was standing near the piano singing a ballad in a clear, unsentimental voice. Cohoon stopped just inside the door and stood watching her until she finished. Then, during the loud applause that followed, he went to the bar and stood there while she sang again. This time, when she had finished, she walked over to him.

"The betting was five to three you wouldn't be back, Cohoon," she said. "You're costing a lot of people money."

He grinned at her. "Out where I was, Nan, the odds were five to one."

They walked across the room together to a table. Seated, they looked at each other appraisingly for a moment, as if years instead of days had passed since their last meeting. "What did you mean about the odds being five to one where you were?" Nan asked.

"Why," he said, laughing, "there were that many fellows chasing after me."

"Westerman's men?"

He glanced at her quickly. "What do you mean?"

"I know what's being said here in town—that Mr. Westerman warned you to leave this part of the country. It seems he considers you responsible for the death of his son. You went to prison for the Paradines; do you intend to die for them too? Why don't you tell Westerman who was really his son's partner in that holdup?"

Cohoon shook his head. "That hand's been played," he said. "It's a little late to claim a misdeal now."

She said, "Well, anyway, you got away." She studied him

As she bandaged his wound, Nan asked, "Who attacked you? Paul Westerman's men?" Cohoon said, "No. But I think I know who it was"

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES DWYER

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for a moment and added, "You look mighty cheerful, for a man who's been riding for his life."

"Riding anywhere is a pleasure, after prison," he said. "And I was born on the Grant, remember? I'd deserve anything that happened to me if I let a handful of saloon hardcases catch me out there. I took them straight across the Candelarias and back again; I reckon they're still trying to figure how I got that pony down a hundred-foot cliff." He laughed and then changed the subject: "You look as if our climate was agreeing with you. How are you getting along with Miss Bessie?"

"She's been very nice to me," Nan Montoya said, "and the customers seem to like me."

Cohoon said, "They should. I reckon you're something different from what they usually find in a place like this."

"Don't flatter me, Cohoon," she said. "The difference between one woman and the next isn't as much as some people would like you to think—but you're right in a way, too. Do you know why they like me? Because I'm a lady—or was—and they can tell it, even in this getup." She paused a moment, looking at him. "You don't approve of my working in a saloon, do you, Cohoon? I can see it in your face. It makes you feel uncomfortable to hear a well-brought-up young lady singing to a lot of drunken men; it shocks your sense of propriety. But you'll come back tomorrow to be shocked all over again, don't deny it."

Cohoon laughed. "You're kind of hard on us men, aren't you?"

She said, softly and bitterly, "No, why should I be? I really owe a great deal to the two men in my life: my father, the Reverend Mr. Wyatt of Boston, who insisted on my learning to sing in the choir, and Montoya, my late husband, who left me a guitar and an inexhaustible supply of ballads."

"That reminds me," Cohoon said. "As I was riding out of town two days ago, a man was asking for you at the hotel—a young fellow, Easterner."

"That was Lawrence James, an old beau," she said a trifle grimly. "And he found me, all right. Well, I'd better get up and earn my keep. Are you staying?"

"I'll be here," he said.

He watched her move away among the tables. It disturbed him that she should seem more attractive to him tonight than ever before. It was improbable that she had changed markedly in the two days he had been away; yet, as he watched her take her place beside the piano and begin to sing, he found himself toying with a notion that had come to him when he had been planning the cabin he would build on the Grant.

When Nan came back to the table, he rose to greet her. "Can you come outside for a few minutes?" he asked.

She studied his face briefly. "I suppose so," she said.

OUTSIDE, the night was clear and moonless, so that the stars seemed brilliant and very close. They walked down Creek Lane to the arroyo, where the sound of the saloons and gambling places was a dim murmur behind them.

Cohoon turned to look at her. He could not think how to begin.

"I was worried about you those two days you were gone, Cohoon," Nan said in a moment. "That's odd, isn't it, considering we met such a short time ago?"

He said, "It's good to know. You were in my mind, too. Nan, I—" He found it difficult to continue. What he was about to propose seemed suddenly harsh and cold-blooded. They faced each other for a moment without speaking, and then suddenly she was in his arms.

At last she turned her face aside and stood for a moment, still in the circle of his arms, pressing her forehead hard against his shoulder. He could feel her trembling. She lifted her head abruptly. "That," she said, "was probably a mistake, but I don't regret it."

"Nan—"

"No," she said. "We're both lonely, Cohoon. Let's not pretend it was more than that."

She freed herself and reached up to rearrange her hair. As he watched her, he began to speak. "I've been over at the Grant the past two days, as you know," he said. "The grass looks pretty good this year. I plan to build a cabin up by Willow Spring, handy to the new road, and hire as many hands as I can afford to round up what's left of the stock. There ought to be enough head left to make the start of a herd. And according to Van Houck, Father left enough to pay the taxes and carry me for a year or two."

He stopped as Nan seemed about to speak, but she changed her mind.

"That much looks pretty good," he went on. "Left alone, I ought to have the place in pretty good shape by fall—so far as living on it is concerned. It'll take a few years to show any kind of a profit, of course, after the way it's been left to run down. However, there's some other things you ought to know, Nan. I—"

"Cohoon, what are you trying to say?" she asked softly. "Are you asking me to marry you?"

"Yes," he said harshly.

"Why?"

Cohoon hesitated. "Do you want fancy words, Nan, or do you want the truth?"

"Try the truth."

"I've been five years in prison," he said. "I've got a big job to do out on the Grant, and I doubt I'll be able to do it alone."

She said, "I hear no mention of love."

"I've heard all I want to hear of love," he said, "and I wouldn't be surprised but what you have too. I'll say this: I need you, and I'll do my best to make you happy." After a moment, he added, "It's pretty soon for me to ask, I know. But I just got to thinking; this fellow from the East might be wanting to take you back with him. I thought I'd better let you know there's a place for you here, if you want it."

SHE looked at him for a moment longer and then turned abruptly away, looking out toward the desert. "Tell me just one thing, Cohoon," she said flatly. "Where in town did you stop tonight before you came to the Double Eagle? Who did you talk to?"

He frowned, puzzled. "You were the first person I'd spoken to in two days, Nan, except the bartender . . ."

"Then you haven't heard?" He did not speak, and she said, "It's been publicly announced that Claire Paradine is to be married next week, to your friend Westerman. Would that have something to do with your proposal, Cohoon?"

He said quietly, "I didn't know."

"I'd hate to think you were using me for revenge," she said. "You'd be the second man today who wanted me for that. Lawrence James came here all the way from Boston, full of accusations about the life I lead, the company

STAN WAYMAN

Slingshot "Shorty"

Shorty Hutchens shoots a ball bearing into a glass bottle. He also hunts with his slingshot—from wildcats to rattlers

FIFTY-NINE YEARS AGO, eight-year-old William Henry Hutchens, Jr., stole into the study of his preacher-father, filched a broad rubber band from around the pulpit Bible, and made his first crude slingshot. His first bull's-eye: a lizard sunning itself on a rock.

Today, innumerable rubber bands later, "Slingshot Shorty" Hutchens and his homemade "flips" (that's vernacular for slingshot) are as familiar sights around Blountsville, Alabama, as are the squirrels, wildcats, bats, rabbits, rattlesnakes and rats that he fells with astounding accuracy. (One of his two prize slingshots, a 20-year-old flip of poplar wood, bears 61 rattler notches.)

Hutchens' marksmanship must be seen to be believed. "When I'm shootin', I don't really take no sight a-tall," he said recently as he loaded up and whanged a rusty horseshoe hanging on a fence 30 yards away. "I mostly just shoot by my own judgment and the feelin' in my arm."

His tremendous success as a slingshot hunter over the years (squirrels and rabbits he dismisses as easy; rattlers are a bit harder—you have to make them slither sideways so you can hit the side of the head) has led him into the field of trick marksmanship. He'll toss one bottle after another into the air and shatter each with a single shot, just as it starts to fall. Even more spectacular, he fires pellets from yards away into the neck of a propped-up bottle, often blasting out the bottom, but leaving the neck intact.

Hutchens graduated from stone ammunition long ago. For fancy shooting he prefers steel ball bearings; he keeps the garages around Blountsville cleaned out of them, though he clucks his tongue over the current price of three cents a ball. For hunting, he carries around a pocketful of slugs, nuts and lead pellets which he manufactures himself by melting down lead into pencil-like strips, which he chops up with an ax.

In his own adaptation of William Tell's apple trick, Shorty can dust the ashes off a cigar or cigarette at 15 paces. But he frankly admits he prefers to perform this stunt by placing the smoldering object on a fence post.

"I can get the ashes off every time," he explains soberly, "but if the feller holding the cigar suddenly jerked the wrong way as I was shootin'—well, it would be plumb awful . . . you know?" —MARGARET MORGAN MABRY

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I keep. He wanted to marry me to get even with me—to make me suffer for standing him up three years ago. Do you want to marry me to get even with Claire Paradine—to make her suffer?" She tossed her head. "The answer is no, Cohoon. And if you want a reason, I'll give you the look on your face just now when you heard Claire Paradine was marrying Westerman. You're still in love with her. I don't want a man who's another woman's property."

"It's your decision," Cohoon said after a moment. "I'll see you back."

He reached for her arm, and she let him take it and guide her back toward the Double Eagle. As they walked along, a figure suddenly stepped out from behind a nearby adobe shack, crying in a shrill voice: "Get away from him, Nancy!"

Cohoon saw the gleam of the long-barreled revolver. He gave Nan a straight-armed push that sent her stumbling out of the line of fire, just as the gun discharged. Cohoon felt a sharp, clublike blow along his ribs. The gun fired again, thunderously close, and a third time. Then, balanced on one knee, Cohoon got his knife clear. The throw was good.

He got to his feet slowly. There was blood trickling down his side. He saw Nan run forward and fall on her knees beside his assailant. "He'll be all right," Cohoon said, "unless his head's softer than I think."

He stepped forward and picked up his knife; that was the good thing about a knife, it gave you a choice of point or hilt. There were people running down the street now, drawn by the sound of gunfire; Nan would soon have help in caring for the unconscious man.

There was nothing for him here except a possible argument with the marshal; Cohoon started to walk on, but checked himself, looking down at the long-barreled revolver lying in the dust by Lawrence James's outflung hand. Cohoon picked it up and saw that the owner's initials were engraved in a gold plate set into the butt: *R. St.C. P.* Roger St. Cloud Paradine, Cohoon thought—Claire's father.

THE Paradine house was dark, but Cohoon walked up onto the porch and knocked. Presently Claire Paradine, wearing a light-blue robe over her nightdress, came to the door. "Boyd! What do you want at this hour?"

He looked down at her. Her fair hair was loose about her shoulders and the lamplight was on it; she was an image out of his dreams, the dreams that had kept his hope alive for five years. He realized that Nan Montoya had been wise in refusing to accept him; he could never be more than partly hers.

He said, "I want to speak to your father, Claire. I have some property of his to return."

"But—"

There were footsteps behind her. "What's this?" Colonel Paradine's voice demanded. "What's going on here? Who—" He stopped a pace behind his daughter, clearly taken aback at seeing Cohoon. Then he cleared his throat and said angrily: "Mr. Cohoon, I don't think I need to explain why you're no longer welcome here at any time, and particularly in the middle of the night!"

Cohoon said, "My errand won't take long, sir. I simply came to give you back your gun. Next time you lend it, I suggest you pick someone who can shoot."

There was a moment of startled silence. Cohoon drew the long-barreled weapon from his waistband and held it out, butt first. "It *is* your gun, isn't it, Colonel? Your initials are on it."

"Where—"

"Does it matter?" Cohoon drew a long breath and said stiffly: "Colonel Paradine, a few days ago you gave me a sum of money in return for certain services. I should have refused the money, since I could never have brought myself to use it. Instead, I gave it to someone who had been kind to me. Please believe that no conscious slight or insult was intended, and that I deeply regret any hurt my action may have caused any person in this house."

Claire and her father were watching him with an air of bewilderment. Cohoon once more extended the revolver he was still holding. "That ought to satisfy your honor, Colonel Paradine," he said. "Good evening, sir." He looked at Claire for a moment. "And my best wishes, to you, ma'am. I hope you and Mr. Westerman will be very happy."

THEN he was walking down the steps to the street, with a giddy feeling due as much to anger as loss of blood.

He heard the door close behind him, and then a movement in the shadows made him swing around sharply. "I've been looking for you, Cohoon," Bill Black said, coming forward. "Why did you run off, leaving an unconscious man lying in the street?"

"He was lucky to be unconscious. He'd have left me dead."

"I warned you when you first came back to stay away from the Paradines."

"I said it once before and I'll say it again: a badge is a handy tool for a jealous man," Cohoon said. He felt a hot anger rising in him, driving him on. "What a sanctimonious hypocrite you turned out to be, Willie, skulking around a girl's house—"

Black's voice was shrill. "You're under arrest, Cohoon!"

Cohoon laughed. "That's an easy way to get rid of your rivals. Tomorrow morning you can arrest Westerman and the field will be clear."

"Unfasten your gun!" the marshal snapped. "Let it drop, carefully!"

"Why, certainly, Marshal," Cohoon said. He released the buckle without looking down, and let gun and belt fall. "The knife, too?" he asked gently, and heard Black's quick intake of breath.

Then the marshal's hand was swinging down to his gun, but the heavy knife was already lying in Cohoon's palm, and his arm was rising. He felt a moment of regret; there was no sense to this. Then suddenly there was a cry at his left and a flash of movement. Cohoon checked his throw at the last instant as Claire Paradine threw herself between him and Black.

"Boyd, Marshal—"

It was Black who spoke first. "Miss Paradine, this is no place for you!"

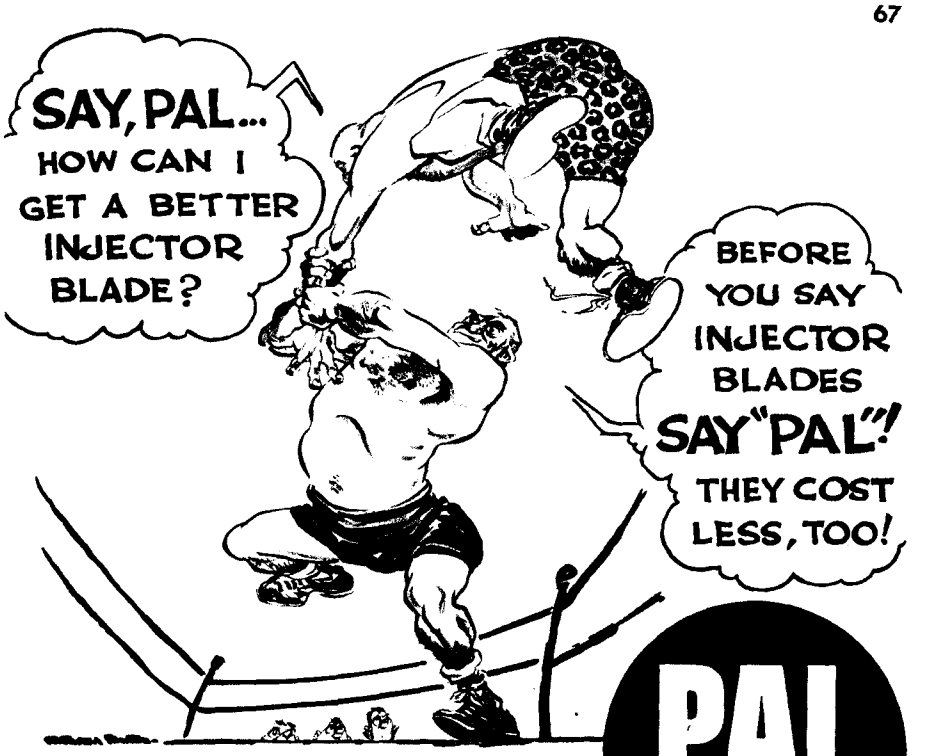
She said tartly, "What's the meaning of this, Marshal Black?"

"He's protecting you, Claire," Cohoon said. "I had been warned not to bother you again."

Black's embarrassment was clear in his voice. "Ma'am, I just figure that the respectable people of the community have the right to—"

"Why, that's mighty sweet of you, Mr. Black," Claire said, smiling and turning to him. "And I'm sure we appreciate your concern. Why don't you come up to the house a minute, Mr. Black? I'm sure Dad would like to know how well you look after us."

She had the marshal by the arm and was leading him away; there was nothing for Black to do but release the butt of his gun and make a show of escort-



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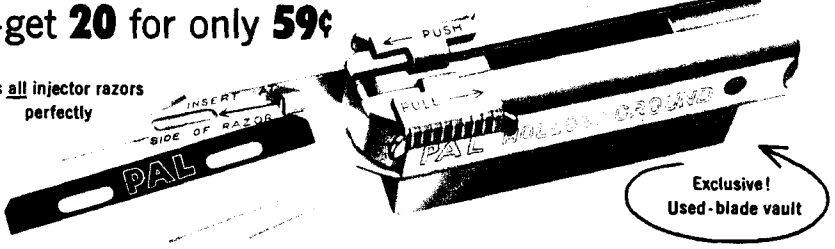

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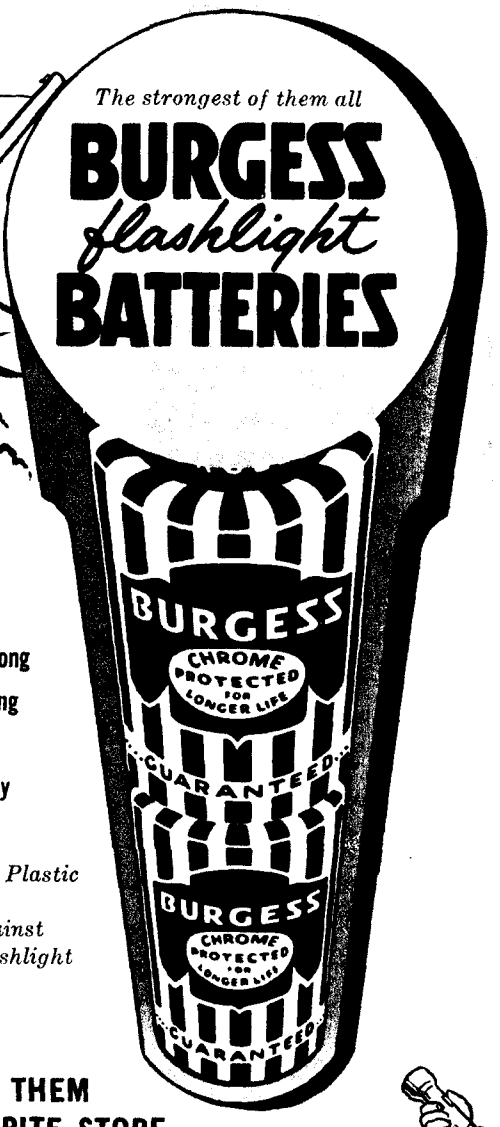

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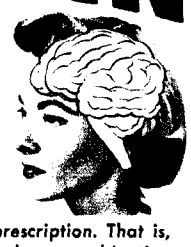

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ing her home. Cohoon stood watching them go. Then, frowning, he sheathed his knife, gathered up his gun belt, and turned away. He would stop by Van Houck's, he thought, and have his wound tended to. And then he would talk with old Judge Clark. The plan he had in mind might deter Westerman from wanting to kill him—but now, after tonight, was it really Westerman he should be concerned about? Young James had apparently been sent after him tonight by Colonel Paradine.

THE building Cohoon sought was diagonally across the street from the hotel. The lower floor was devoted to a feed-and-hardware store. The windows above were shielded by drawn blinds. As Cohoon walked across Main Street in the morning sunlight, he thought he saw one of the blinds move perceptibly. He found the door opening onto the alley between the buildings, climbed to the second floor and knocked at the door. It was promptly opened by Paul Westerman himself.

"Come in, Boyd," Westerman said. He looked pleasant and friendly and important. Cohoon stepped into the office and casually pushed the door aside, as if to make more room for himself to pass; it would not swing back flush to the wall. He glanced at Westerman, who chuckled and said: "All right, Rudy."

A bearded man came from behind the door, a gun in his hand. "Put it away, Rudy," Westerman said. "You've met Jack Rudy, haven't you, Boyd?"

Cohoon thought this was one of the men who had shot at him out on the Grant. "We've come close," he said.

"I have to take a few precautions," Westerman said. "A successful man makes many enemies. All right, Jack. Wait in the other room."

The bearded man hesitated and then went through a doorway at the rear of the office. Westerman closed the door, motioned Cohoon to a chair, and walked past him to sit down behind a great mahogany desk by the windows.

"I suppose you came to congratulate me on my forthcoming marriage," Westerman said. "No hard feelings?"

Cohoon shook his head. "The choice was hers."

"Or her father's," Westerman said blandly.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why, I find that a little money applied in the proper quarter will buy almost anything, Boyd. Not that the girl herself was reluctant to be bought. Very few women are, if the price is high enough."

Cohoon hesitated, and said softly, "I didn't come here to quarrel with you about Claire Paradine."

"But I want to quarrel with you, my boy," the older man said with equal gentleness. "I'm an ambitious man, Boyd, and I've selected a wife suitable for the position I hope to attain. The fact that she's lovely, and not overly intelligent, and that her family is respected and prominent—sit still, Boyd. There's an opening in that picture behind you, and Jack Rudy is there with his gun aimed at your head."

Cohoon looked deliberately around. The painting was a dramatic one with deep shadows, and through a small hole in the center Cohoon could detect a faint metallic gleam. He turned back to face Westerman, and grinned. "I hope his marksmanship has improved since I saw him out on the Grant. Go on, Mr. Westerman."

"To return to the subject of my future wife," Westerman said, "stay away from her, Boyd. She's mine, bought and paid for. I mean that." He smiled abruptly. "Now, what was it you really came to see me about?"

Cohoon did not speak at once. He had to tell himself firmly that Claire Paradine, and whatever bargain she had made for her own or her father's sake, was no longer any concern of his. Yet it seemed that love was a habit that was hard to break.

"I suppose," Westerman was saying, "your visit has something to do with what you discovered out on the Grant."

"That's right," Cohoon said.

"I'm sorry the question had to come up," Westerman said. "I was hoping I could persuade you to leave town before you learned of our little short cut."

Cohoon said, "Mr. Westerman, did Father ever give you permission to haul ore across the Grant?"

Westerman laughed. "I could say yes, and how would you prove I was lying? No, my boy, he refused quite bluntly. He seemed to have a prejudice against mining in general and me in particular. It seems he resented my behavior at your trial too. In any case, Boyd, you're on sound legal ground if you block our road, which is what I suppose you intend to do. We have no right on your property whatsoever; we'll have to go back to hauling over Yellow Ford and Sombrero."

Cohoon glanced at him sharply; Westerman seemed quite resigned—almost happy—over the prospect. "No, you won't, Mr. Westerman," he said gently. "Here's a paper I had Judge Clark draw up for me last night. Read it and see what you think." He started to rise, checked himself, and grinned. "Reckon you'd better come around here to get it; otherwise Rudy's apt to blow my head off."

Westerman spoke to the wall: "All right, Rudy. Put it on the desk, Boyd."

Cohoon tossed the legal envelope onto the desk and watched Westerman pick it up and read it. A strange expression came over his face. "An agreement," he said, "concerning a right of way. . . . But this is most reasonable, Boyd!" He sounded surprised and a little disappointed.

"I thought so," Cohoon said. "Judge Clark said I was crazy."

"I can see his point," Westerman said, still reading. "Even the payments you ask aren't excessive, considering the expense of hauling by the other route. But I shouldn't admit that, should I, since it puts me in a poor bargaining position?" He laid the paper carefully on the desk. "I don't understand this, my boy. I expected a fight. What are you trying to do, buy my friendship?"

"Your friendship is nothing to me, Mr. Westerman," Cohoon said. "I'm just trying to find out if you're a murderer. Your wagons were rolling across the Grant before Father and Jonathan were even decently buried. If you didn't kill them, you certainly took quick advantage of their deaths."

"I'm a practical man, Boyd. Once they were dead, and no one left to stop us, there was no sense losing money by waiting. But I was not responsible for having them killed."

COHOON said, "That's what remains to be seen." He got to his feet. "I'm clearing the decks, Mr. Westerman. As long as your teamsters leave my stock alone, and you make payments according to that contract, you can haul all the ore in the Candelarias through the Grant. I'm not blocking you; I'm not even costing you much money. So there's no further need for you to have me killed or driven out of the country, unless you've lied to me about your part in the murders. If your men come after me again, I'll know why."

Cohoon left Westerman's office and walked downstairs. As he came out of the alley onto Main Street, he saw the southbound stage in front of the hotel, loading for departure. One of the passengers was a young man whose Eastern-style hat was perched precariously on top of a bulky bandage that covered his forehead. Cohoon smiled wryly and watched the stage pull away. . . .

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Colonel Paradine was still having breakfast when Claire excused herself from the table and started out of the room. At the doorway she paused and looked back at her father. "What did Boyd mean by what he said last night, Dad?" she asked. "Where did he get your gun? Surely you didn't—"

The colonel said stiffly, "I gave my gun to no one, I assure you, my dear. I was not even aware it was missing."

CLAIRE glanced upward, in the direction of her brother's room. "I see. So it was young Master Paradine up to his sneaking tricks, trying to kill the man to whom we owe—"

"Claire, I consider that debt paid!" Colonel Paradine interrupted quickly. "You're taking an uncommon interest in Boyd Cohoon this morning, after making a public show of yourself over him last night. If Paul knew—"

Claire laughed shortly. "Paul will undoubtedly hear of it; trust the neighbors for that. But in the meantime you'd better tell Francis to curb that sick pride of his. If he tries any more tricks, I'll go to Paul and tell him who was really responsible for his son's being killed five years ago!"

She was gone before her father could open his mouth to protest. He drank the rest of his coffee absently, got up and walked quickly out of the room. In the library, the long-barreled revolver still lay upon the desk, as he had left it the night before. He looked at it briefly and then called to ask the houseman to summon Francis.

Ten minutes later, Francis stood in the library doorway. "Good morning, Father," he said insolently.

"Come here," the colonel said angrily. "When was the last time you saw this gun?"

The boy walked toward the desk, limping slightly, shielding the leg that had been broken by a bullet during the stagecoach robbery five years before. He looked down at the revolver and laughed. "So he brought it here. I should have guessed that he would, when I learned it was gone. Our Mr. Cohoon has a direct mind, hasn't he?"

"Francis, are you admitting that you took my gun and gave it to a—"

"Dad, stop sounding like a policeman." Francis gazed at his father blandly. "I borrowed your gun, certainly. I'd lost mine the night before in a card game, and needed yours to wear until I could win mine back—which I did last night." He laughed. "So there I was, sitting with two guns in my belt, and this Easterner came in asking for Boyd Cohoon. Cohoon had just taken that new girl outside. Somebody headed the fool in the right direction, just to see the fun. So, having a gun to spare, I lent him yours, to make things a little more interesting."

They faced each other for a long moment in silence. Finally Francis moved to a nearby chair and sat down. "Don't lecture me on gratitude, Dad," he said. "I asked nothing of Boyd Cohoon, and owe him nothing. If you want to hand him money to spend on his pet songbird, that's up to you. If Claire wants to use her charms to save him from arrest—"

"I'm not concerned with whether you like the man or not, Francis," the colonel said. "But that's a different matter entirely from being party to a treacherous attempt on his life. It reflects on the entire family—"

"Why?" Francis demanded coolly. "What's a little more treachery to us, sir? Isn't our whole life—our position here—built on treachery? I'm surprised to hear *you* use the word, sir." He got up and started for the door.

"Francis!"

The boy stopped. The colonel rose slowly, leaning against the desk for support. "I've wanted to talk to you about this, Francis, to explain—"

"Mother has explained it quite adequately, sir," Francis said. "She's quite bitter, of course; I have taken that into account. Personally, I have nothing but admiration for a man who could steal a whole wagonload of gold from the Confederate Army."

Colonel Paradine braced himself against the desk. "It wasn't anybody's gold, Francis," he said. "I want you to understand that. I was in command of the escort; we were to buy supplies; but long before we reached our destination there were no longer any supplies or troops to receive them. It would have done nobody any good but the Yankees. And there was nothing left at home, nothing. The war had been through there; your mother and Claire—that was before you were born—were living on the charity of friends."

Francis smiled thinly. "Why, there's nothing to apologize for, Dad," he said. "We've lived off that money ever since, Mother and Claire and I, even after we learned where it came from. None of us have gone off to starve in honorable poverty, have we? That leaves us small room to criticize." He hesitated, and then said: "Speaking of money, I understand the marshal paid us a visit last night. Did he happen to ask about Cohoon's ten thousand dollars?"

"Why, no. He just stayed a minute."

"Well, he'll be back, sir." Francis smiled unpleasantly. "He's been showing some interest in that money; he seems to think it may possibly have been part of Westerman's Lucky Seven payroll that was stolen. When he comes, are you going to tell him who gave Cohoon the money—and why?"

COHOON planned to make camp on the Grant that night and spend the next day investigating the Willow Spring area, where he hoped to set up ranch headquarters. He had supper at the Van Houcks' and set out after dark, his bedroll lashed behind his saddle.

The Van Houcks' place was near the edge of town, which, blocked by the same arroyo that cut across Creek Lane farther west, had not grown much in this direction. Cohoon headed past the outlying buildings, meaning to circle the town instead of riding through it and having his departure noted.

His thoughts were far away, on the work that lay ahead of him, when a small boy darted out of the shadow of a nearby shack, causing the horse to shy. "Watch where you're running, kid!" Cohoon yelled, struggling to bring the horse under control.

"You are the Señor Cohoon?" the boy asked.

"I am."

"Nan wants you at the Double Eagle," the boy said. "Come to the side door. At once, *muy pronto*." He darted away as quickly as he had come.

Cohoon hesitated a moment and then swung the horse around. A warning instinct caused him to follow the outskirts of town westward, rather than head directly for the Double Eagle.

At the point where Creek Lane was cut off by the arroyo, Cohoon dismounted and tied the horse beside an adobe shack. He set off down the alley behind Creek Lane, gradually engulfed by darkness and the sound of music, laughter and loud voices from the surrounding buildings. At the rear of the

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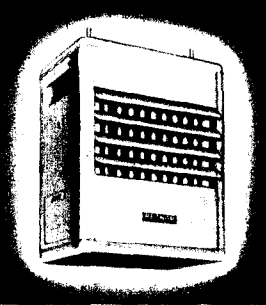

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saloon adjoining the Double Eagle, Flagler's place, he paused to look the neighborhood over.

The space between the two buildings was less than ten feet, and totally unilluminated except by a narrow strip of night sky. He could barely see the Double Eagle's side door. A dozen men could be standing in the darkness on either side. If they weren't, Cohoon reflected, he was certainly wasting a lot of time. He felt the gun at his left hip, loosening it in the holster, but decided against it; there were women in the buildings on both sides, and neither building looked stout enough to stop a stray bullet. He reached instead for the knife, crouched, and threw himself past the corner at a run, sprinting for the doorway ahead.

THE sound of music from the two buildings drowned the sound of his running. He reached the door and grasped the knob. "Nan," he said softly. The door was locked.

This was warning enough. He was dropping even as a club or gun butt swung for his head out of the darkness.

"Here he is!" It was half a whisper, half a cry. "I told you he wouldn't come from the street—"

The whisper ended in a gasp as Cohoon reached up with the knife; his movement was a savage and instinctive reaction to the blow that had barely missed his skull, and to the deceit and treachery that seemed to fill the night like a poisonous mist. It seemed to him that he had been waiting for this moment a long time—ever since he refused a fight with Jack Rudy, not knowing the name then, his first day in town. A man could stay peaceful only so long.

There were several men crouching at the street end of the alley, where the trap had been set. There was no one behind him and he could have fled, but the prison-bred hate was loose in him now, and he called softly: "This way, boys. Come and get it!"

They came. He never learned how many—too many for their own good. He marked one more, deeply and fatally, as they stumbled past, searching for him. It was clear that they had little notion of how to deal with a knifeman in the dark, although by their accents there were some who should have known; south of the border, as well as among the Indians, the knife was an honored and respected weapon. But they came in fast, all together, to crush him to the ground; and he let them take him down and worked silently among them. Sixty seconds of panting murderous confusion followed; then the tight knot of men burst apart in sudden panic. A gun fired aimlessly. Somebody swore.

Cohoon, working toward the street end of the alley, smiled wickedly to himself; they could well continue fighting one another back there for minutes longer. Then a door slammed noisily, and the flickering yellow light of a lantern showed on the street ahead, as someone came out of Flagler's place to investigate the disturbance.

Boyd Cohoon stopped abruptly and crouched low, waiting for the moment when he would be silhouetted against the light for the guns behind him, a fair target. The others had become silent, recognizing the approaching opportunity. Cohoon reached for the revolver at his hip and found an empty holster; the gun had fallen out during the fight. The man from Flagler's stepped into the alley, holding the lantern high.

Cohoon rose and hurled his knife; he was running as it left his hand, weaving from side to side. The lantern smashed; the light flared brightly and died away. A gun fired twice behind him, and a voice that he had heard before, somewhere, shouted: "That's enough! Hold your fire!"

Despite the authoritative voice, there was still shooting behind him; splinters flew from the wall of the Double Eagle as he rolled. Then he was picking himself up around the corner of the building, momentarily safe. The front doorway was only a few yards away; he went inside.

Nan Montoya was singing. Her voice broke at his appearance; the song stopped. He turned and snatched up a rifle from among the half dozen in the rack by the door, cocked it and covered the door.

A man at a table cried, "Hey, that's my—"

Cohoon did not look aside. Running footsteps passed along the street, but no one entered. Presently he lowered the hammer of the borrowed rifle and set the weapon back in the rack. "I thank you for the loan," he said courteously to the man who had spoken.

Then he walked the length of the room to Nan Montoya. He caught her by the arm and pulled her off the stage, marching her toward a door that he knew led to a room behind the stage.

INSIDE the back room, Nan tore free of Cohoon's grip and turned to face him, a baffled expression in her eyes. "About ten minutes ago," he said evenly, "a Mexican kid stopped me as I was riding out of town. Nan wants you, he said; come *muy pronto*. I came. There were half a dozen men waiting for me, maybe more."

"And you think I—"

"I made no accusation. That's my story—what's yours, Nan?"

"I have no story," she said quietly. "I know nothing about it."

He studied her face and found himself still liking what he saw. On the record, he did not qualify as the world's best judge of feminine character, but he said, "I believe you."

"That's very kind of you," Nan said. "It's a pity you didn't believe in me a little earlier, before you squeezed my arm black and blue." Then she added, without emotion, "You look as though a herd of buffalo had run over you. Are you hurt?"

"No. They were too many for the job. They got in one another's way."

Nan looked at him and seemed to shiver briefly. "Well," she said, "it's a pity your shirt isn't as tough as you."

He grinned. "Every time I come around you, Nan, it costs me my shirt, one way or another. Last night young James—"

Her expression softened. "I wanted to thank you for that, Cohoon. For sparing his life. You had every right to kill him, the way he tried to murder you, but—well, I would have hated to see him come to harm." She watched Cohoon take off the remnants of his shirt. Her eyes noted his empty knife sheath and holster. "A shirt isn't the only thing you lost, apparently."

"I must have dropped my gun in the scuffle. I had nothing to shoot and nothing to throw but the knife. I'll look for it on my way out—"

She said sharply, "You'll look for nothing more in that alley tonight, my friend. Sit down while I fetch some water and bandages, and a shirt if I can find one." She turned away from him briefly, bent over her trunk, and then turned back. "Here," she said, "in case you have visitors."

He looked at the little nickel-plated five-shot revolver she had put into his hand. "Nan, I—I'm sorry."

"No need to be," she said coolly. She walked to the doorway. "Assuming I had no hand in it, Cohoon, who used my name?"

"I don't know," he said. "I heard a voice that seemed familiar, but I couldn't place it. I don't even rightly know what they were after."

"Why, to kill you, of course!" She looked at him for a moment and then said, "I'm going outside. Lock the door after me."

A considerable interval passed before he heard her returning. He crossed the room to let her in. She tossed him his hat and held out his gun. "That's all I could find out there—that, and a broken lantern and some bloodstains."

He frowned. "Well, somebody got himself a good knife," he said.

She was tearing strips from an old bed sheet for bandages. "Who, Cohoon?" she asked quietly. "Was it Paul Westerman's men who attacked you?"

Cohoon shook his head. "There were Mexicans in the bunch," he said, "and I even thought I heard some words that sounded like Apache."

"What are you driving at?"

"Why," he said, "Paul Westerman seems to hire only American riders. There's only one other man I can think of who could conveniently muster enough men for a trap like the one I ran into tonight: this outlaw called the General. The one who raided Westerman's mine office a few nights ago."

"The General! But why should—"

"I wish I knew," Cohoon said wryly. "But who else could have done it? Willie Black says the General has agents in town. In fact, Willie seems to think I'm one of them. But I've never even met this General—"

"How do you know?"

He looked at her quickly. "What do you mean?"

NAN said quietly, "The story is that he's a Mexican revolutionary who crossed the border to save his skin. But I've heard a lot about him since I came here, and I've still to hear of anybody who knew him down in Mexico. Nor have I met anybody who admits having seen his face."

After a moment, Cohoon grinned. "You're a clever girl, Nan," he said.

"It's easy enough to put on a mask and a fancy uniform," she went on. "So how do you know you haven't met him? For all we know, the General lives right here in town, gets his own information, and sends a message to his men out in the malpais when he needs them. He slips on his conspicuous uniform, joins his gang for the job, leaves them when it's done—maybe he even joins the posse afterward and helps chase them." She shrugged. "For all you know, Cohoon, the General may be someone you know very well."

Cohoon said quickly, "Westerman hires only Americans, Colonel Paradine's too respectable to take such a risk, and young Paradine's too drunk."

"There's Marshal Black with his air of righteousness," Nan said, "the son of a man who's supposed to've got rich through robbery and murder . . ." Her voice trailed off, and then she said: "*Somebody* robbed the Lucky Seven office. And *I* don't think it was a Mexican bandit."

"Would Westerman rob himself?"

"Why not? It wouldn't cost him anything; he'd just be shifting the money from one hand to the other."

They were silent for a moment, and then Nan said, "Lift your arms now, so I can get this old bandage off. A woman bandaged you, didn't she? That's all right, I did hear you went straight to the Paradine house after your fight with Lawrence. To return the gun before it led to embarrassing questions, no doubt. Well, I'll have to give Miss Paradine credit; she patched you up very neatly. I'd have thought she was the type to faint at the sight of blood."

"You misjudge Claire Paradine," Cohoon said, deliberately provoking. "She can probably ride better and shoot straighter than you."

"That shouldn't be hard," Nan said, "since I've never had a horse off a bridle path, nor fired a gun, in my life.

TIZZY

"That's all there is to the rumor, but you can guess the rest"

COLLIER'S — KATE OSANN

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That pistol I lent you is one Montoya liked to wear in his boot." She glanced up, suddenly suspicious, and blushed. "You're teasing me, Cohoon."

He nodded, smiling. "The bandage was made by Mrs. Van Houck. Nan. you're jealous."

"Yes," she said.

He looked at her. Blushing, she was quite beautiful, and he said, "Then this seems a good time to repeat the question I asked you yesterday."

"The question? Oh!" She hesitated, and then she shook her head. "The answer's still the same," she said. "You would always be hers and not mine. I —I had one meaningless wedding ring, Cohoon. I can do without another."

"Montoya? Is that the way it was?"

She said, "I ran away and married him, against my family's wishes. I'd been told that I was to marry Lawrence —a good match. So, I ran away. We were married on the ship. He was a very charming person, Raoul Montoya, even when he was drunk, which was often. He was a better man than Lawrence, at any rate. He made his living at cards, and he was killed one night in San Francisco, about a year later, over a card table."

Cohoon said, "This is none of my business, Nan. I didn't mean to pry."

"He never loved me," she said flatly. "He just loved women in general, every woman who came along." She looked at Cohoon directly. "So from now on I'm making sure I have clear title to the property before I buy, Cohoon. And you don't qualify."

She finished his bandage and he got up, putting on the fresh shirt she had brought him. He reached for his hat. "Your pistol's on the table," he said. "I thank you for the help."

"Don't act offended; you'll remind me of Lawrence," she said, smiling. "Where are you going now, to the ranch? Or perhaps you'd better not tell me; if someone attacks you on the way, it won't be my doing."

"I'll probably make dry camp tonight between here and Black's Ferry," he said. "Tomorrow I'll head for Willow Spring and see how things look at the east end of the Grant. I want to get some notion of what's to be done before I start paying out wages to a bunch of riders." He looked at her for a moment. "If you should need me, send a messenger to Willow Spring."

"You'd come, after tonight?" She laughed softly. "You're a fool, Cohoon. And I won't need you. There'll be no messenger from me." She walked to the door with him. "But it was nice of you to make the offer. And I'll remember that when you thought I had sent for you, you came."

"Good night, Nan," he said, "and be careful, or you're apt to find yourself in trouble."

She looked at him for a moment; then she put her hands on his shoulders and leaned forward to kiss him lightly on the lips. "Be careful yourself," she said. "Even if I won't marry you, I don't want you killed."

He grinned. "I'll keep it in mind," he said, and went out.

THE next morning, Claire Paradine confronted her father as he came downstairs. "Francis told me that the marshal was here yesterday afternoon, Dad," she said, "and that you told him you had no idea where Boyd had got that ten thousand dollars. First I cheated Boyd of what he had every right to expect, then Francis tried to have him killed, and now you lie about him. Why, Dad, why?"

The colonel looked down at the erect, diminutive figure of his daughter with a feeling that was close to hatred: they never let him forget it, he thought bitterly, never for a moment. Whenever anything went wrong, anything whatsoever, it was always his fault because of what he had done—for their sakes—twenty years ago. His wife with her illnesses, Francis with his women and drinking, and now his suddenly righteous daughter, in an expensive New York dress for which he had recently paid the bill.

He tried to express his anger and resentment, but the words would not come. What he said, was, weakly, "I can't explain, my dear. It's not that I have anything personal against Cohoon—"

"Are you afraid to have it known that *you* gave Boyd the ten thousand dollars—because somebody might ask where *you* got it?" Claire asked hotly.

"Claire!"

"Well, where *did* you get it, Dad? Just a week or two ago you were complaining because all our money was tied up in mining stocks." Her voice was a whisper now, and her eyes never left his face. "I see. You paid our debt to Boyd Cohoon in one big, generous gesture—with your depositors' money!"

THE colonel cleared his throat and said firmly, "I don't know where you got this fantastic notion, young lady, and I suggest you dismiss it instantly. The money was obtained quite legitimately, and it will be repaid as soon as I can liquidate a few of my investments. Considering the fact that it was used to free you from an unpleasant obligation, my dear, I consider your attitude unfair, as well as ungrateful."

He turned and left the house, feeling pleased with himself for having had the last word. He walked quickly away, and as he turned the corner, a rough-looking man in range clothing spoke to him: "You'd be Mr. Paradine?"

The colonel stopped. "I'm Colonel Paradine."

"Mr. Westerman wants you in his office."

The summons had a peremptory sound that was offensive to the colonel in his present mood. "Indeed?" he said, "You can tell Mr. Westerman—"

"Tell him yourself," the man said, and sauntered away.

Colonel Paradine looked after the broad, retreating back of the man with indignation, and then set out reluctantly to see his future son-in-law.

Westerman greeted him at the office door. "I'm sorry to take up your time, Colonel," he said with soothing deference. "However, in view of the unfortunate situation in the Lucky Seven—"

The colonel felt a spasm of fear contract the muscles of his throat. "Is something wrong at the mine, Paul?"

Westerman closed the door and locked it. "Please be seated, Colonel," he said, walking to his desk. "No, I wouldn't say the trouble was *at* the mine, exactly. The loss of the payroll three nights ago was quite a blow. I'm trying to raise the money, but meanwhile the men still haven't been paid. And now young Cohoon has laid down an ultimatum"—Westerman picked up a legal-appearing document and tapped it against the palm of his left hand—"refusing us passage across the Grant unless we pay him an exorbitant toll for every ton of ore hauled."

"But—but isn't there something—"

"Oh, we could take it to court, of course—those old Spanish land titles are always somewhat shaky—but it

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would cost money," Westerman said. "Oh, I suppose we could use force, but I hesitate to do so, under the circumstances." Westerman shrugged his shoulders regretfully. "So I see no alternative to closing down the mine, at least for a while."

"Closing it down!" Colonel Paradine gasped. "But you can't—" He checked himself. "Isn't there some other way of getting the ore out?"

Westerman said dryly, "Certainly. We can carry it over the mountains by pack mule. Or we can haul north over Yellow Ford and Sombrero, a two-day detour for the wagons under the best conditions. No, sir, I'm afraid there's no choice. The mine will have to shut down. I thought, as a matter of friendship, I'd let you know in advance."

The colonel's mind was working clearly now, after the initial shock, and he asked, "How much time do I have? I was planning to sell—"

Westerman was shaking his head. "I'd like to do it, sir, but you can see how it would look if I gave my future father-in-law time to dispose of his stock. There's really no need to be alarmed, Colonel. The silver's still there. Given a little time, we'll find a way of getting it out at a profit; you won't lose your money." He hesitated, and then said, "Of course, if you're in immediate need of funds, I personally will be happy to advance you whatever you need, with the stock as security."

"I hate to take advantage of your generosity, Paul. I already owe you—"

"Think nothing of it. I'm glad to be of service, and it's all in the family, isn't it?" There was something faintly unpleasant about Westerman's smile, but the colonel chose to disregard it. "Just name the figure, sir," Westerman said.

IT WAS always a distasteful business, borrowing money. Colonel Paradine got through it as fast as possible, scrawling his signature at the bottom of the paper Westerman put before him. Westerman went out of the room then, and after a time he came back with a small satchel, containing in gold and bank notes the sum agreed upon.

"Well," the colonel said, rising, "thank you very much, Paul. I must be leaving now—"

"Go straight to the bank," Westerman said sharply. "That money goes into the bank, Colonel. Nowhere else."

Colonel Paradine stared at him in amazement. "Really, Paul, I—"

"You old fool," Westerman said softly. "Do you think I've nursed you along this far, just to have you smash everything by your stupidity? Get that money into the bank and straighten up your affairs before somebody gets wind of the situation. I don't want my future wife's father to land in prison for pilfering from the funds entrusted to his care! I need Claire, Colonel, and I need you, and I need the bank; they're all part of my plans, and I'm not going to have them broken and dirtied by your clumsiness. Now get out of here—wait a minute! Let's get things straight between us, once and for all. Do you really think I don't know why you gave ten thousand dollars to Boyd Cohoon? Do you think that in five years I haven't managed to learn who really robbed that stagecoach with my son Harry?"

The colonel listened to the soft, mocking voice in a kind of paralysis of shock. Then he was plunging forward blindly with his cane raised. Arms closed on him from behind, holding him, and he stopped struggling.

"All right, Rudy." Westerman had not smiled at the spectacle. "Come to your senses, Colonel," he said. "You need me even worse than I need you. Now get that money into the bank, and—" He stopped abruptly and turned to the window, hearing the sound of gunfire close at hand.

AFTER her father's angry departure, Claire Paradine left the house and walked quickly toward Main Street, a decision forming in her mind. She turned the corner and continued on toward the hotel, beyond which was the marshal's office.

Her resolve was strong for the first few steps, but presently it faltered; it began to seem unfair to do what she had in mind without at least letting her father know, so that he could take some action to protect himself. She turned and hurried back along the street toward the bank.

When she entered the building, she saw that Francis had not yet come in, and John Fergus, one of the tellers, informed her that her father, also, was late in arriving.

Claire went into the rear office to sit down and wait for him. It was from there that she heard a harsh, accented voice order the people in the bank to

COLLIER'S "Let's take a coffee-break" BILL KING

put up their hands. She was standing up, looking about for a means of escape, when the door was thrown open by a masked man with a gun, who dragged her out into the main room. There, feeling as if she were caught in a kind of nightmare, she found herself lined up against a wall with the tellers and half a dozen customers, while the robbers systematically went about their business.

There were four of them inside the building, she saw, all masked. The leader, who held two guns on the prisoners, was a plump man of medium height, dressed in a colorful uniform liberally adorned with gold braid. Claire watched him with fearful interest: this, then, was the notorious General. It was a little difficult to take him seriously in that gawdy costume, but the guns in his hands were steady.

Beside him stood a taller man, wearing a large black hat, a close-fitting embroidered black jacket, and tight black trousers. The other two bandits were more conventionally dressed.

A shot sounded in the street outside. The General whispered something and the tall outlaw said sharply, "Hurry it up there, *amigos!*"

"The vault is locked, señor," one of the bandits called.

Outside, the single shot had been followed by a sporadic firing, mostly, it seemed, by other outlaws stationed outside the bank. They were not entirely unopposed, however; at the front of the bank a window shattered as a bullet from across the street carried away part of the frame.

Abruptly the General's tall lieutenant swung his rifle barrel to cover young John Fergus. "You," he said, "open the vault."

Fergus squared his shoulders. "Open it yourself!" he cried.

"Johnny!" Claire shouted. "For Heaven's sake, open it, Johnny!"

"Very well, Miss Paradine," Fergus said stiffly. He turned and moved away, followed closely by the tall bandit.

Claire leaned against the wall, shaken. The firing outside was growing in intensity. A ricocheting bullet from outside struck the wall directly above her.

At last one of the outlaws came running from the vault to speak to someone at the door; two more men came inside to help with the bags into which the money had been loaded, and they began to leave. The second-in-command came back into sight still holding his gun on young Fergus, whom he waved back into line among the prisoners. The General, still holding his guns ready, stepped aside to allow the laden men to pass, and collided with the man beside him.

The impact threw the General off balance. He stumbled, and one leg seemed to give way under the strain; he caught himself with an odd, skipping little jump. It was a meaningless incident, over too quickly for anyone to have taken advantage of it, even if his lieutenant had not been standing by with a cocked rifle.

THE tall lieutenant moved over to join the General, and the two of them waited until the last man from the vault had gone outside. Then the General spoke softly to the man beside him. The tall bandit shifted his rifle, looked at the prisoners and said, "The next time we pay you a visit, *amigos,* do not annoy us with stubborn delays." With that he coolly raised his rifle and fired; young John Fergus clutched at his chest and crumpled to the floor.

Claire glanced at Fergus's body in shock and horror, and then she forced her attention back to the gaudily costumed man in the doorway. She had been staring at him incredulously ever since his curious little stumble and re-

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covery a moment ago, remembering someone whose leg had been smashed by a bullet five years before.

Now she saw the General look directly at her; and even as she told herself that this was insane, she knew that the hair beneath the gold-trimmed cap was fair, and the eyes in the shadow of the visor were blue—as blue as her own. She knew also that he was aware she had recognized him. She saw him lift and steady his guns, and she knew a moment of utter terror. No! Oh, no! she cried silently—I won't tell! I promise!

The General laughed—the sound muffled by his mask—and turned away. Claire watched until the doorway was empty; then, to the sound of running horses and redoubled firing outside, she fainted.

NAN MONTOYA was awakened by the sound of men's voices in the other room, and the Mexican servant's angry outcry. Nan slipped out of bed, pulled on a robe to cover her nightdress, snatched up Montoya's little gun, and stepped through the doorway.

The servant, Jesusa, was engaged in an uneven struggle with three men who were trying warily to deprive her of her knife. There were more men by the front door. Marshal Black was standing a little apart, with the look of a man performing a necessary but distasteful duty. Nan aimed her gun at him. "Tell them to stop, Marshal," she ordered. "Tell them to let her go!"

Black stiffened. "Put that gun down, ma'am. I represent the law—"

Nan slanted the small revolver slightly downward, sighting along the barrel, and pulled the trigger. The bullet struck closer to the marshal than she had intended; dirt from the floor sprayed over his boots. "Now take your law and get out of here, Mr. Black," she said quietly.

"All right, you men," the marshal said reluctantly, "let that woman go." He looked at Nan. "Miss Montoya—"

"*Mrs.* Montoya!"

"Mrs. Montoya, you're obstructing justice. We're looking for Boyd Cohoon—"

She made her voice even. "Well, go look for him somewhere else. He isn't here." She glanced around at the marshal's men. Their set faces held a look of cruel anticipation. This was an angry, ruthless mob, she realized with a start—a lynch mob.

"Tell us just this, ma'am," Black said patiently. "Did you see Cohoon last night?"

"Yes."

"And do you know where he was headed when he left you?"

She had gained herself time enough, now, to know how to answer this question. "Yes. But tell me, what's Cohoon done that's so terrible?"

Black ordered his men outside and then turned to her. "It's no joke, Mrs. Montoya," he said earnestly. "The General held up the bank half an hour ago. A man was murdered in cold blood."

"And you've decided to pin this Mexican bandit's crimes on Boyd Cohoon, Marshal? Despite the fact that the General's been operating pretty steadily for several years, all of which time Cohoon was in prison? It must be nice to wear a badge and be able to point the law at anybody you don't happen to like."

Black blushed. "My personal feelings aren't involved," he said stiffly. "Nor are we trying to pin anything on Cohoon that doesn't belong there. The General will answer for his own crimes in due time. But Cohoon, acting as his lieutenant, killed a man this morning, murdered him deliberately and without provocation, on a word from his chief. A knife was found on the floor afterward, and witnesses have identified it as—"

"A knife!" Nan said quickly. "Is that your evidence, Cohoon's knife? Marshal, Cohoon was lured into the alley next to the Double Eagle last night, by someone using my name. He lost his knife and gun in the fight—you don't have to take my word for it. Just ask Miss Bessie or anybody who was there and saw him come in."

Black had listened to her with silent patience; now he shook his head, almost sadly. "Whether he lost it or not last night doesn't matter, ma'am; he had it today at the bank. The knife is just corroborative evidence anyway. I tell you, Mrs. Montoya, he was recognized and identified; there's no possible doubt. If you know where he can be found, it's your duty to tell me."

Nan looked at him for a moment; the marshal was clearly at the end of his patience. "Well, I suppose you're right," she said, "although I'm sure your witness was mistaken." She hesitated, feigning reluctance, and continued presently: "He told me—he told me he was riding over into the Candelaria Mountains by way of Yellow Ford, wherever that is. He wanted to investigate a mine owned by Mr. Westerman, I don't know why. That's all I know." She glanced at the marshal quickly. "You'll see that he gets a fair trial, won't you?"

"Of course, ma'am," Black said. "Thank you for the information."

She opened the door for him; when he had gone, she closed it and leaned against it, suddenly dizzy and trembling. She tried to think clearly, but all that came to her was the memory of her own voice saying, "There will be no messenger from me." I'll have to go warn him myself, she thought.

She tried not to think of how little she was prepared for the responsibility of saving a man's life. It had been years since she had ridden a horse, and she knew nothing of this country, except what she had seen from the stagecoach. I'll need a horse, she thought: a horse, water, a gun and clear directions. Can I trust Miss Bessie?

A peremptory knock on the front door interrupted her thoughts. She walked swiftly into the other room, feeling for the revolver that was still in her pocket. Gripping the gun in her right hand, she unlocked the door with her left hand. "*Now* what do you want?" she called. "Haven't you pestered me enough for one morning—"

THE door swung open. Instead of Marshal Black, as she had expected, she found herself confronted by a small, fair, blonde girl in a blue-flowered dress. The two women faced each other in silence for a moment. Nan was startled to note that her visitor was noticeably disheveled; her face was shockingly pale, and her eyes had a pink, swollen look, as if she had been crying. "I—I'm looking for Mrs. Montoya," she said.

"I'm Mrs. Montoya," Nan said. "You're Claire Paradine. That takes care of the formalities. Come inside, Miss Paradine." She stepped aside to let Claire pass.

The smaller girl turned to look at Nan. "Mrs. Montoya," she said, "I've got to get a message to Boyd Cohoon. It's a matter of life and death. Can you get in touch with him?"

(This is the second of three parts)

Nan studied the girl's pale, pinched face for a moment. "You're the second person to come looking for him this morning. The marshal just left. What's the message, Miss Paradine?"

"If the marshal's already been here, you ought to be able to guess!" Claire Paradine cried breathlessly. "I want you to warn Boyd; you've got to warn him! They—they're like wild animals. If they catch him, they'll hang him without a trial. I heard them laughing about it as they rode off!" She buried her face in her hands.

Nan said quietly, "This concern for Cohoon's welfare seems to have come over you very suddenly, Miss Paradine. Have you decided that you want him back?"

"No," Claire gasped. "I mean, I don't know. You don't understand. Please, you must warn him. I couldn't stand it if he were killed. I simply couldn't stand it!" She looked up, and her eyes were wide and dark. "You see, I—I lied about him."

"You what?" Nan stared at the girl in growing comprehension. "*You* were the witness? *You* identified the murderer as—"

"I couldn't help it! They wanted to know if I'd recognized anybody. They knew I'd seen *something*. I couldn't help it, I tell you! They showed me the knife they'd found, and it was Boyd's knife. It *was!* I didn't lie about that. Then they wanted me to say it was Boyd; they *told* me to say it was Boyd—they just kept at me until I said—" Abruptly she sank to her knees beside Nan's cot and pressed her face against the coarse blanket, weeping.

NAN looked down at her grimly; it was no time for anger or hate or even contempt. She thought of Boyd Cohoon, who had given up five years of his life for this girl—but that was his business. There was a germ of an idea in the thought, however, and she remembered Cohoon's voice, the night before, saying teasingly, "She can probably ride better and shoot straighter than you."

Nan turned the notion over in her mind. Claire Paradine could undoubtedly find her way to Willow Spring unaided; and Cohoon would believe her warning. If you go yourself, you'll have nothing but his gratitude, Nan told herself sharply, even if you manage to find him in time. If you send *her*—if they're alone out there together—who knows? Try it and see.

"Look, Miss Paradine," Nan said coldly. "*I* can't warn him. A girl in my profession can't afford to interfere with the law."

"The law!" Claire Paradine cried scornfully. "They're nothing but a mob of hoodlums—"

"Whom you have sent out to hang a man," Nan said. "I'll do this much: I'll tell *you* where to find him. He's heading for a place on his ranch called Willow Spring, by way of Black's Ferry. I told the marshal he went the other way, but I doubt if he believed me."

Claire hesitated for a moment and then walked quickly to the door, opened it and ran out. After a moment Nan moved to the window to watch her hurrying up the street.

Suddenly the blonde girl came to a halt and stood for a moment in the street, as if making a decision. Then she turned on her heel and marched into an alley between two buildings—and came out leading a saddled horse. In another moment she was into the saddle and off at a gallop.

—DONALD HAMILTON

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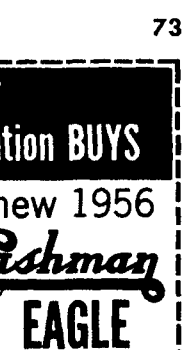

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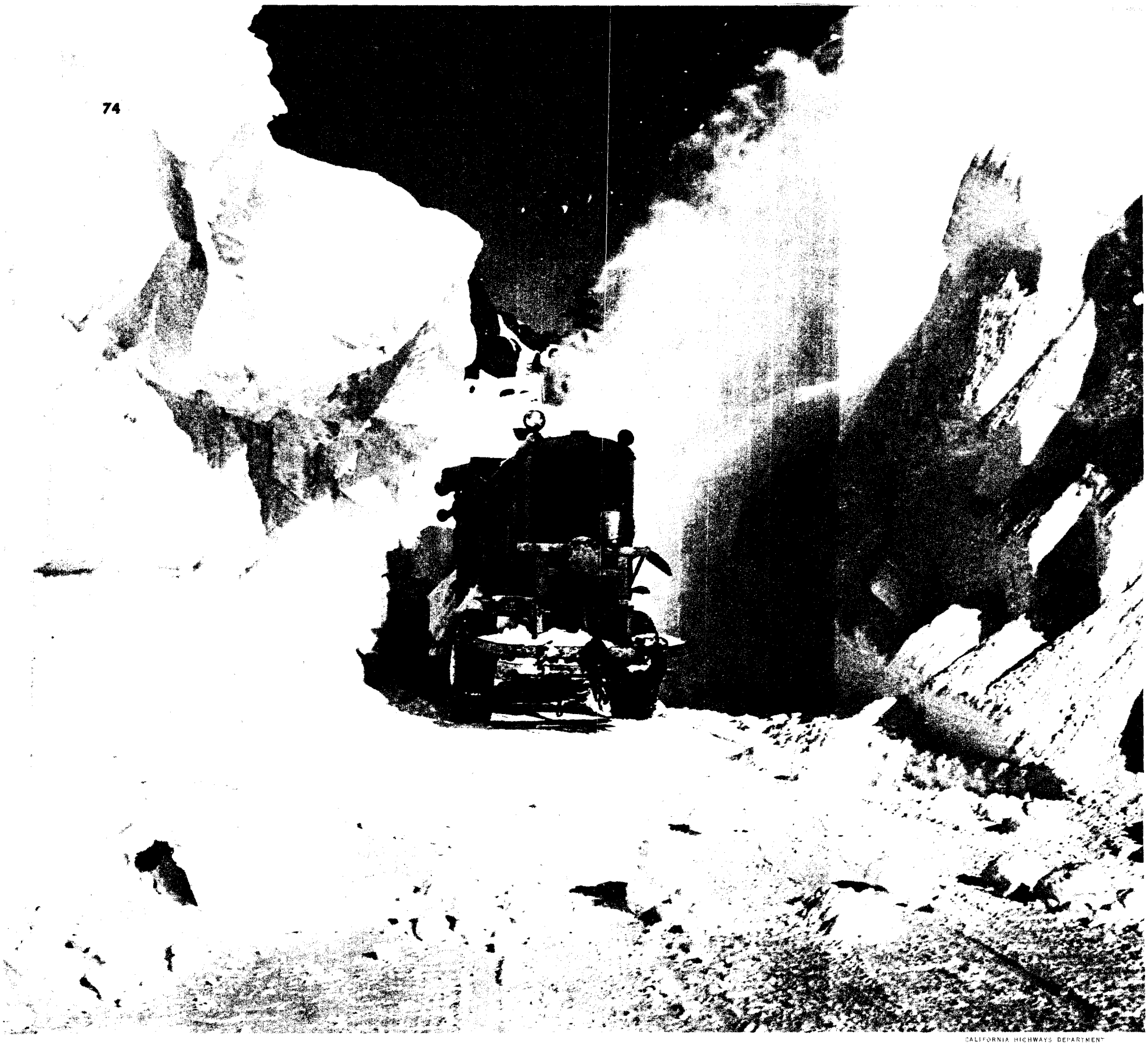

CALIFORNIA HIGHWAYS DEPARTMENT

Rotary plows are California Division of Highways' heavy artillery in battle against snow. Here one clears the road between Soda Springs and Donner Grade

Out Where It Really SNOWS

Ten-foot snows, 25-foot drifts, huge snowslides—it's all in a day's work for the men who keep open vital roads across the Sierra Nevada. Snow? One day a driver left his car a moment—and a sudden slide knocked it clear across the valley

By HAL ROTH

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WINTER came early to the towering peaks of California's Sierra Nevada this season. Lauriston H. Frink, the highway foreman at Yuba Gap, 5,500 feet high on Highway 40, was up at 2:00 A.M. on November 13th to greet it. The forecast was for "moderate to heavy snow" and he wanted to be there when the first flake fell.

November 13th was a Sunday, the last day of a three-day holiday. The early storm would surprise thousands of weekenders who had left California for Reno and the mountain resorts. It could trap thousands of their cars in the mountains—unless Frink, his sturdy machines and his rugged men could keep the road open.

This thought did not bother Frink unduly. He has battled Sierra storms for 25 years, and he knows what to expect.

There would be the usual snarlup of cars left on the vital east-west highway when chainless tires slipped and skidded on the icy roads. There would be the unpredictable tricks of nature—the snowslides, the sudden descent of tons of boulders, the trees capsized by the wind. There would be the usual quota of fools and the unforeseen failure of equipment. There would be hardy men going about a tough, dangerous routine job, taking the worst the screaming wind and the relentless snow could offer —but above all, keeping the vital transcontinental road open.

In the beginning, all blizzards look alike in the Sierra and the highway crews battle them all with the same intensity. In November's storm, the first flakes fell at 5:00 A.M. By eight, the first pushplow was sent onto the highway by Frink, although only an inch of dry snow whitened the road.

So far, the wind was an ally, driving the light snow off the road, but Frink knew the battle must be started early lest the storm gain control. Now the traffic began—over 700 cars an hour, packing the snow into a slick blanket beneath the wheels. Frink ordered a motor grader to follow the pushplow to scrape off the dangerous pack.

Frink was ranging his road in a pickup truck, listening to the slap of the chains on the snow and the radio crackling in the cab. "Car 348 to Car 344. Hello, Lauriston, this is Clarence Walters. I've got about a dozen cars stalled at the junction of 40 and 20." "Car 344 to Car 348, I'll get the highway patrol right over. Out." Traffic was stalled for a time at Cisco Grove, with motorists standing dolefully in the snow reading the signs: "Chains Necessary."

For three days the storm continued. Seventeen inches of snow fell at Donner Summit, 15 inches at Baxter, 30 inches at Echo Summit. The Big Road was kept open and the cars crawled bumper to bumper over the cleared highway. But the snow was too heavy in some places and strategic withdrawals had to be made on other routes over the Sierra Nevada. On the big highway map in the Division of Highways maintenance office in Sacramento, the red markers had gone up for the winter on Ebbetts, Sonora, Luther, Carson and Tioga passes. The engineers said these passes were too high, too dangerous, and too expensive to hold. "Not enough through traffic to justify the tremendous cost," they said.

The big battlegrounds of the winter are on Highways 40 and 50, the most important trans-Sierra routes. The snow-eaters do not win all the battles but it is not for lack of trying: years of hard experience, strong men and taut organization guide them.

Battle plans are carefully prepared. During the summer, snow equipment is improved, overhauled and painted. Stores are trucked in, spare parts ordered and stored. Radio communications nets are checked. New men are recruited and trained. Thousands of orange snow stakes are placed along the sides of the highway, 70 to the mile, so snowplow operators can find the road when it is snow covered—and so they can avoid the edges which sometimes rim canyons thousands of feet deep.

As soon as the first snow appears, the pushplows roll out of their stalls. They are the first line of defense—four-wheel-drive, four-ton trucks loaded with gravel. Traveling at 20 miles an hour, they push the snow from the road into neat windrows on the shoulders. Behind them, at five miles an hour, come the road graders, scraping off the packed snow.

As soon as piles of snow grow large enough to hamper the pushplows, the strategists order out the heavy weapons—the rotary plows. They lift the snow out of the way by picking it up in the front augers, pushing it into a whirling fan, and ejecting it through a chute in a 200-foot ribbon aimed far from the roadway. When a rotary has passed, the snowbank looks as if it has been cleaved by a jumbo guillotine. A skirmish is won; the snow is gone from the highway—for a while.

Of necessity the California Division of Highways plans for the worst, since it is committed to keep the roads open. The snow crews and equipment are the motoring public's safety insurance. As the first snows come, the highway crews are strengthened. At Yuba Gap, off-season loggers are hired for the winter. Between storms the 26-man Yuba Gap crew is usually kept on a 40-hour week. But four men have to be on duty at all times, for when a storm comes, one man has to enforce the chain boundary, one man take care of putting up the many "Chains Necessary" signs, and two men begin running pushplows. The full crew is then immediately called and put on two 12-hour shifts.

Preparations go on continually. Gasoline is trucked in (during storms each maintenance station will use as much as 900 gallons a day). Hundred-pound sacks of rock salt are loaded into some of the trucks. The breakdowns from the last storm are repaired. The rotary augers and the plow blades are checked for wear. Every machine is lubricated. Five-gallon cans of extra antifreeze are strapped to the fenders. Finally, each slot in the big garage at Yuba Gap has a waiting machine, bright orange, gassed and oiled, ready for the snow.

Every afternoon at four thirty, the weather forecast coming into Yuba Gap is carefully scanned, and if a storm is due, a 12-hour work shift is made tentative for the next day. "But you never really know about the storms until they hit," says a veteran driver. "Some guys claim they can tell about the weather by the way their bones ache or the color of the sky. But all that doesn't mean much to us. We figure the worst storm will always come tomorrow morning and we try to be ready for it."

The most innocuous storms can build up to fantastic and continuing heights—like the snarling growlers in 1952. No one in the highway crews will ever forget that year.

On January 10, 1952, the snow pack measured six feet. The steadily working highway crews had control of the roads. But the snow kept coming and the wind was bad.

On January 11th, only a foot of snow fell, but the accompanying wind helped the enemy, and the rotary plows were down to half a mile an hour. On Saturday, another two and a half feet of snow fell. Every piece of equipment was ordered out on the road, which had become a narrow trench, energetically held open by the snow crews. Reluctantly, Jack Snider, then foreman at Yuba Gap, ordered the road closed to all but emergency traffic and at Colfax the California Highway Patrol established a roadblock.

Near Yuba Gap, a pushplow driver guiding his blade into a curtain of white was jarred out of his seat when the blade smacked into an invisible, immovable object. Climbing out into the swirling confusion of ice and snow, the driver found a tree across the road. He hurried back and radioed for help.

At Airport, six miles west of Yuba Gap and one of the worst places on Highway 40, a rotary driver and his swamper were jolted from their noisy world of whirling whiteness when a boulder crashed down on the rotary and smashed the windshield. Glass fragments, snow, ice and wind suddenly burst in on the two startled men. Their call went out over the radio. "Hello, Snider, can you hear . . ."

The other rotary driver was having trouble with his fuel pump. He didn't want to stop, and tried to nurse the machine along, but his engine kept dying, then roaring, and the whole rotary shook. Finally it quit entirely and the snow began piling up against the still augers. "Hello, KMA 296," he called to Snider. "I got to have a tow in . . ."

BY SUNDAY the storm had stopped and the pushplows and the quickly repaired rotaries began gaining on the snow, although there was no respite for the men. On Sunday evening another great storm blew in on the Sierra. Eight feet of snow had fallen since the previous Thursday and the resulting drifts covered hundreds of the 14-foot orange snow sticks marking the edges of the road.

By late Sunday night, the road was down to one lane in places, and the snowbanks were higher. Snider's boss, the district maintenance engineer, R. I. Nicholson, was on the radio. "KMA 296, this is Nicholson. I am ordering Highway 40 closed. The gates are across the road at Auburn and Donner Lake."

They had lost—the first time since 1938 that the highway had been given up. For the moment, the storm had won. But Nicholson and Snider marshaled their forces. A new rotary was almost ready to go in Sacramento. "All it needs is a new coat of orange paint," Nicholson was told. "In a couple of days . . ." "Never mind the paint," growled Nicholson. "You can paint it next summer. Get it started up to Yuba Gap."

The new storm piled another two feet of snow on the Sierra Nevada. At Donner Summit the whirling anemometer verified what the old-timers knew: "Wind, 110 miles an hour." Far down in the snow canyons, the men struggled to keep the snow machines going.

At last the great blizzard cut off all ground communication in the Sierra Nevada. Sixteen miles east of Yuba Gap, nine major snowslides squeezed shut the eastern approach to Donner Pass.

At 6:00 A.M. Monday morning Snider was out in his pickup. The blizzard whistled outside his windshield.

"KMA 356 to KMA 344. Hey, Snider," radioed old Poncho from his rotary. "I haven't seen the two pushplows working at Airport for a long time. I think they must be stuck." Soon after, word came that the second rotary was now disabled and stuck at Airport. With the highway abandoned and rapidly filling with snow, Snider wanted all his machines at Yuba Gap. He hurried back in that direction in his pickup.

A rotary and two pushplows were idle at Airport and the men were sit-

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"What the snow crews dread is a sudden storm when all the skiers are at the resorts. We have to plow a single lane into a snarled and snowbound tangle of cars"

KEN MC LAUGHLIN

These snowbound trucks are on California Highway No. 40 in Sierra Nevada. The state has spent as much as $2,445,000 on snow removal in a single year

ting in their cabs while the inexorable snow piled up around them. Snider had to go after his men.

Back at Yuba Gap, Snider found that the last rotary had just been repaired. "You two fellows plow toward Airport," he instructed the crew. "The mechanic and I will follow in the pickup with a load of gas."

The rotary got to Airport at noon. The second rotary had been repaired sufficiently to enable it to get to lower elevation. One pushplow was completely snowed over and given up. The snowblade was unbolted from the other pushplow and it joined the pickup truck and the rotary. The trio began slowly working back upslope toward Yuba Gap, the pickup and the pushplow following the rotary.

"Hold it—hold it," called the rotary driver over his radio at two o'clock, "I can't see. The windshield wiper just busted."

Snider, in the pickup, grabbed his microphone. "Steer to your right," he ordered. "A little to the left. Okay, straight now." With the powerful spotlight of the truck aimed to the side, Snider was able to recognize an occasional tree or rock during pauses in the storm. This, together with his intimate knowledge of the road, enabled him to radio steering instructions ahead. The blind rotary continued eastward, slicing into the drifts while Snider directed it from behind. By seven o'clock the little procession had gone two miles.

THE STORM INCREASED. Wind-driven bullets of snow drummed against the radio antennas, and contact between the two vehicles became worse and worse. Suddenly, unable to hear Snider's radio warnings, the big rotary lurched off the highway. For three hours the party tried to maneuver the tanklike machine back to the road. It was cold; the men were hungry. One man lost his gloves. Darkness and storm and exhaustion forced the crew to hunt for shelter. Arms linked and backs to the wind, the seven human icicles waded through drifts toward Lakeview Lodge, a half mile away. Near midnight they reached the lodge, stamping their feet and blowing reddened noses. The hot coffee was wonderful.

Exhausted, but happy that his men were safe, Snider had just collapsed into a chair when he got a phone call from the Southern Pacific Railroad. "Our streamliner The City of San Francisco is snowbound east of your Yuba Gap station and 200 passengers are marooned. Can you help us?"

"I don't know what we can do," said Snider. "We just abandoned everything. It's impossible outside. I can't promise anything, but we'll do what we can."

Earlier that day the Southern Pacific had appealed to the Army. At Colfax, sergeants directed the loading of weasels and snow vehicles on flatcars. For short-wave communication, two black-and-white California Highway Patrol cars were hoisted on a flatcar. But unknown to anyone, up the tracks a rescue plow train had been buried under a snowslide and the engineer killed. Rail travel to the stalled train was impossible.

Jay Gold, a foreman for the Pacific Gas & Electric Company, made trip after trip on skis to the stalled train, carrying food for the passengers in his knapsack. He tried too hard, made too many trips, and carried too much. Gold overexerted himself, collapsed—and died.

At dawn, Snider and his crew left the lodge and slogged through the drifts to the stuck rotary. If they could dig it out, it might cut a path to the train. But first the seven men had to move the trucks out of the way—which meant digging a 135-foot roadway eight feet wide through snow 10 feet deep. An elderly volunteer from Lakeview struggled out with coffee and sandwiches. It took the crew all day to get the rotary going and the trucks in position so the pickup could steer the still blind rotary by radio. The blizzard was like a driving white fog.

"LET'S GO," radioed Snider to the rotary driver from the pickup, "steer to the right." The truck trio crept east and by 3:30 A.M. Wednesday made it back to the Yuba Gap station. A mechanic quickly mounted a new windshield wiper on the rotary. Another crew jumped in. The rotary went back to work, headed for the railroad. It kept drilling through the drifts until it was 500 yards from the stalled train. The blizzard stopped. The railroad workers tramped out a path from the train and met the rotary. Soon a motor caravan was taking the passengers—marooned for 96 hours—to safety. The highway crews started back to work on the monumental drifts. On the following weekend, by patiently grinding away at the snow, the road gang had an emergency road cleared to Donner Pass. A week later the Division of Highways bulletin read: "U.S. 40—open to all traffic to Donner Summit."

But the report added, "Road closed, Donner Summit to Donner Lake." The eastern approach to Donner Pass is a tiny scratch on sheer granite cliffs. The nine slides had closed the road and thousands of tons of snow and ice hung above, cracked, and ready to topple. Not only did the road have to be plowed, but the overhanging snowbanks had to be eliminated.

Highway foreman Johnny Lloyd ordered his rotaries against a section of Donner Grade nicknamed "Big Shot." Since only one rotary at a time could cut its way through the snow, a second rotary lumbered after the trail-breaker to widen the cut. Frequently the progress was only 40 feet in 24 hours. Some snowdrifts were 25 feet high. Gasoline was trucked in for the rotaries. The sunless highway trough was a cold place to work a 12-hour shift. Vehicles broke down. Vehicles wore out. District maintenance engineer Nicholson called for more rotaries. Machines were rushed from Los Angeles, 500 miles away.

Since the rotaries can get rid of snow only when it's fed into the augers, men had to climb up on the snowbanks and use long crosscut saws to drop the ice-encrusted snow into the rotary augers below. Dynamite and black powder were used to blast the ice masses clear. Long cables were passed around snowbanks by hand, the ends tied to a motor grader, and huge chunks of snow pulled down, like toppling trees, so a rotary could chew up the snow and push it out of the way. Sometimes the snow would freeze again before the rotary could throw it out.

After the assault forces had driven out the bulk of the snow the power graders moved in to mop up. The blades of the graders worked right down to the surface of the concrete and macadam and removed the accumulated ice cake and ridged frozen slush. Sometimes a grader was used to cut a ledge under a snowbank so a rotary could get partially underneath. Then its slicing bars could drop the snow into the augers.

The last member of the snow team was the sander, a dump truck equipped to spray sand mixed with four per cent rock salt on icy spots. The sand made the highway as safe as possible.

Victory was won. Big Shot was opened to traffic. Highway communication between the east and west was restored and hundreds of stalled truckers, chain-smoking and drinking coffee in the roadside restaurants, threw down their playing cards and fired up their diesels.

Highway 40 had been closed for a record 28 days during the 1951-'52 season—which recorded 793 inches of snow.

Because they offer the shortest routes from San Francisco to mid-continental points, Highways 40 and 50 are the most heavily traveled trans-Sierra roads, although they are neither the lowest nor the least affected by snow.

Across U.S. 40 and 50 goes most of the chain-clad east-west winter traffic: military truck convoys, tourists, traveling salesmen, soldiers on

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furlough, itinerant workers and the big interstate diesel trucks loaded with everything from lettuce to ball-point pens, from china dishes to fuel oil. Hurrying to the West Coast, huge trucks laden with high explosives for the military pause for tire chains at Donner Lake and strain up Donner Grade, their diesels snorting a staccato bark in the cold air. Sometimes the chains slip and the drivers have to get out and adjust them with blue fingers. . . . The skiers, the hunters, the Reno-bound gamblers all hurry over U.S. 40 and 50.

Before 1931, nobody went east in the winter by automobile, unless he shipped his car by rail or detoured through southern California. In 1929 and 1930, the Division of Highways began experimenting with vehicles specially designed for snow removal. For the snow crews, cookhouses and dormitories were built along the highways and special winter garages and repair shops were constructed for the machines so they could be serviced and repaired near their work. On U.S. 40 and 50 there are about 20 men on regular duty, plus a winter reinforcement of 65 which may swell to 100 during a severe winter.

Weekend storms are a double problem, for in addition to the regular work of clearing the roads, thousands of skiers head for the mountains. The very snow that attracts the skiers works to keep them from getting to the resorts. Not only does the snow hamper the highway traffic, but it fills the parking areas. The road crews try to keep roadside parking places cleared and many of the resorts have their own snow equipment for plowing their parking lots.

"What the snow crews dread is a sudden storm when all the skiers are at the resorts," says George Hellesoe, chief maintenance engineer. "Pleasure drivers don't realize the seriousness of mountain winters and when a sudden storm dumps a foot or two of snow on the cars, the highway department has to plow a single lane into a snarled, snowbound tangle and move the cars out, one at a time."

During a severe storm no attention can be given to parking places or the road may be lost. Only emergency traffic is allowed. The highway patrol has a tough time with skiers. Some of them will swear to anything to get to the resorts. Although most of the skiers are capable drivers, some don't understand about parking and leave their cars on the roads. Then the snowplows can't get through.

On Highway 40 at Donner, the problem is not only depth of snow but the wind. Highway 50 gets heavier snowfalls and has severe slide problems. The worst slide area is on Meyers Grade. "The force of these slides is fantastic," says George Hellesoe, "and there is no warning. They just happen, bang!

"A man stopped his big sedan near a place called Twin Bridges," recalls Hellesoe, "and walked down the road to take a picture. Suddenly a slide came down the mountain with boulders, broken trees, ice, earth, and snow cutting a swath a quarter of a mile wide. The slide whooshed across the highway, picked up the parked car, carried it down over a meadow, and pushed it across the American River and up the opposite slope. The man was okay, but the car wasn't found till weeks later, spread over half an acre."

THE HIGHWAY CREWS have to be ready for anything. A busload of schoolboys was up near Echo Summit for a day of snow fun. A sudden storm closed the road and the boys had to be fed and housed at a highway maintenance station for a week.

Another afternoon the foreman on Highway 50 calmly gave work orders when his radio reported: "A stone as big as a house is on the road." A boulder, estimated to weigh 4,000 tons, had dropped on the highway near Kyburz. The road crew had to bulldoze a detour around the rock so traffic could continue. The only way to remove the rock was by drilling and blasting it apart. "It was sure lucky that no one happened to be driving along when *that* cinder fell," said a workman. "We would have had one two-dimensional car."

What does highway snow removal cost? The seasonal expense depends on the weather. Snow control on 4,000 miles of California highway cost $580,000 in 1945-'46; over $1,700,000 in 1948-'49. In 1953-'54, with a snowfall of 307 inches on Donner, the state's snow-removal costs were $1,243,688. The fall of 793 inches in 1951-'52 cost the state a record $2,445,000; that year on Donner Pass alone, the snow removal cost $352,000.

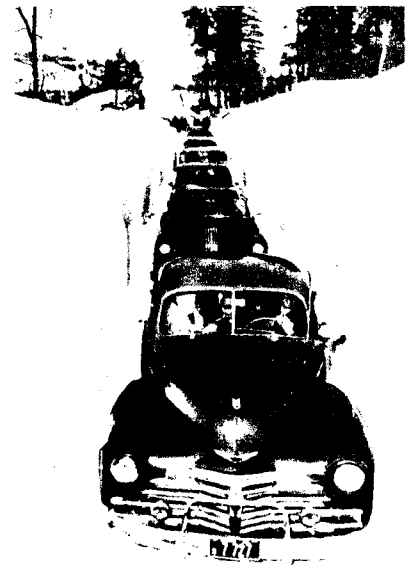
The biggest hazard to motorists is skidding. During storms no one is allowed to cross the passes without chains. Signs along the highways give ample warning and chain boundaries are set up with patrolling flagmen to stop unprepared motorists. Drivers new to the region often counter impatiently: "I'm a good driver and I don't need chains."

But the flagmen, backed by years of sad statistics, are adamant. "After all, madam," said a flagman to one irritable lady, "you're crossing 8,000- and 9,000-foot mountains in the winter—and you're darned lucky to get across at all."

THE END

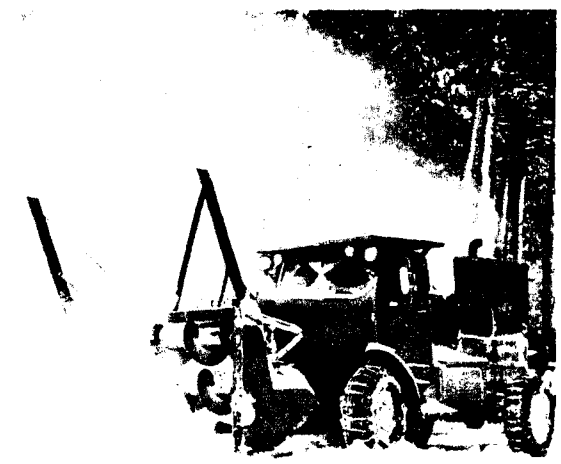
SACRAMENTO BEE

This was scene after storm dumped new snow layer on Donner Pass route. Note drifts around trucks in the foreground



INTERNATIONAL

Hemmed in on both sides by towering walls of snow, cars snake in single file through the Sierra's Emigrant Gap



HAL ROTH

Rotary plow eats away snowbank along Route 40. During record 1951-'52 winter, 793 inches of snow were recorded in the area

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BUSINESSMEN IN GOVERNMENT:

Ready, Able—and Hamstrung

THE BUSINESSMAN willing to serve his government finds the going increasingly rough, even in the present so-called "businessman's administration."

First there was the hullabaloo over the appointment of Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Motors. To serve as Secretary of Defense, Mr. Wilson had to divest himself of his stockholdings in General Motors, and did so at considerable personal sacrifice. But that didn't end his troubles. Whenever a government contract goes to General Motors a cry of "favoritism" is made. It doesn't matter if GM is the company obviously best qualified and equipped to do the job; if GM gets the bid it is favoritism, per se.

Now a new set of regulations has been set up, governing the employment and behavior of "dollar-a-year men," WOCs (men serving Without Compensation), experts and consultants. No one retained in these categories may make recommendations on policy other than to "appropriate persons" in the government. Under no circumstance may they recommend purchase of goods or services from their own firms—even when those firms may be the only ones qualified to provide such goods or services. Employment of these specialists must be justified in writing by the department involved. The experts must undergo not one check, but continuing checks on their personal business connections and interests.

Astringent as they are, these precautions still do not satisfy everybody. Some Democrats, eager to make political capital out of the issue, complain that the restrictions are not nearly as severe as they should be. The antitrust division of the Justice Department reportedly is preparing a fresh set of regulations designed to plug "loopholes." In today's frantic climate, few businessmen would be surprised if some zealot were to suggest that every industry executive in government be required to wear a large scarlet "B"—for Businessman—around his neck, as identification.

The problem is, of course, in part political. Some of the irksome restrictions surrounding businessmen in government today are directly due to the fact that we do have, to a large degree, a "businessman's administration." President Eisenhower was elected on a program of efficiency in government and on the promise to "clean up the mess" of favoritism and influence peddling in the previous Democratic administration. On a platform like that, the Republicans must be acutely aware of the practical political necessity of preventing any messes of their own.

But the difficulty is more permanent, and lies a good deal deeper, than mere political considerations. Clearly, an urgent continuing requirement in any administration is the service of men of rare administrative talents. The federal government today has become overwhelmingly complex: it is, in truth, the biggest business on earth. As the Hoover Commission has amply demonstrated, inefficient bureaucracy, overlap of functions and sheer waste have cost the taxpayers billions of dollars. To cope with this problem, the Eisenhower administration set out frankly to apply big-business talents and techniques to the operation of government.

Almost inevitably, the most able administrative experts whom the government seeks to attract are men who have risen to positions of high authority and responsibility in private life. In the process many have accumulated personal wealth and influence as a result of their successful careers. The uncomfortable paradox lies in the fact that the government, seeking their services on the basis of patriotic duty, now demands that they strip themselves of the rewards acquired through the very talents which the government wishes to use. Even more crucial is the fact that because of the succession of Congressional committee grillings, partisan propaganda harpoonings and ever-harsher regulations, the businessman who goes into government may well be stripped not only of the tangible rewards of a successful career, but of his dignity and good name as well.

It is hardly fair to invite, on the basis of patriotism, able leaders into the government, then eye them with continuing suspicion as if they were housebreakers. Nor is it sensible and practical. Such badgering procedure can only increase the reluctance of able men to participate in the responsibilities of government, and leave the nation with the chronic problem of having its vast affairs too largely run by second-rate men.

No one questions the necessity of protective regulations against the occasional individuals who exploit their office and take advantage of the public weal for private gain. But the present "conflict-of-interest" regulations and other restrictions being imposed seem not only excessive, but bear the mark of special legislation against a special group.

Teachers, lawyers, writers, economists and laboring men who come into the government all have personal interests, too. Why should businessmen be subject to special scrutiny simply because of the nature of their occupation?

It is an axiom of our democracy—of our law, of our sense of fair play—that a man is considered innocent until proved guilty. Certainly the businessman in government has an equal right to the assumption that he is loyal, honest and dedicated in the public service until proved otherwise. It is patently unfair to penalize him for the infractions or dishonesties of a few. Certainly, if businessmen respond to the present regulations by staying out of government, the nation, in the long run, will be the loser.

Spruce-Up Time

TEN MILLION NEW HOMES have been built in the United States since 1945—but the nation's old dwellings are decaying so rapidly that they present a serious national problem.

Housing is the nation's biggest fixed investment ($250 billion)—and the most shamefully neglected. Of every ten American nonfarm homes, one is a slum, four need repairs and the other five always stand in need of at least routine annual maintenance.

All this, in a time of unprecedented national prosperity.

The results of this downward spiral can be seen everywhere. The longer the homeowner waits to make needed repairs, the costlier the job becomes. And when the dwelling passes the point of no return it becomes the malignant core of a slum. Five million dwellings are slums today, in spite of all current efforts toward prevention and eradication. Slums are spreading, along with all the misery and the problems they generate.

This year, great efforts are being made to turn the tide. ACTION (American Council to Improve Our Neighborhoods) is consulting with planners and community leaders throughout the nation in an effort to arouse the public.

The seal shown above is the symbol of Operation Home Improvement—another concerted, nation-wide effort to combat dilapidation.

Operation Home Improvement has the active support of President Eisenhower and local chambers of commerce and the building industry. It aims to acquaint American communities and householders with their stake in the problem, and to get them to face up to it and whip it.

The campaign is based on a valid premise: that pride in one's home and community can be as infectious as slovenliness—and far more rewarding and economical. From any viewpoint—the welfare of the community or the self-interest of the homeowner—the program makes sense and deserves vigorous support.

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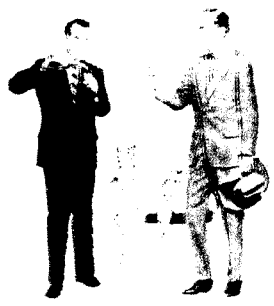
You owe it to yourself to taste this lighter, milder, lower-priced bourbon

OLD TAYLOR 86



YOUR VERY first glass will show you that OLD TAYLOR 86 is the finest straight bourbon whiskey you've ever tasted.

Only a superbly rich bourbon like OLD TAYLOR has the deep, mellow character to retain its extra-satisfying flavor in this lighter, milder, lower-priced 86 proof bottling.

Here is the lightest, mildest *good* bourbon made—a worthy companion-whiskey to famous bonded OLD TAYLOR—"The Noblest Bourbon of Them All." Try it!

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